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The Gentle Christmas Image of the Madonna

Al Capp's TV Satire Helen Reddy: Acid Rock to Jerome Kern

Bob Considine's Christmas Story Maxfield Parrish Picture Portfolio

George C. Scott—His Own Favorite Director Hot Dog Skiing: Aerobatic Sport

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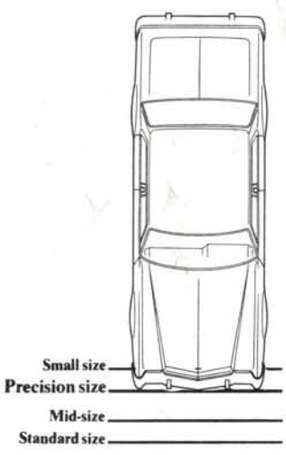
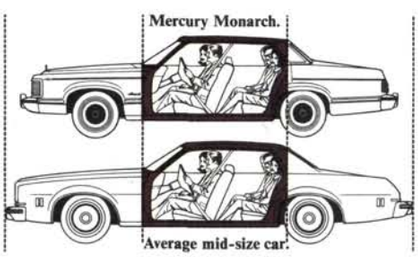
Monarch Ghia 4-door sedan. Comes equipped with precision cast 250 CID 6-cylinder engine, front disc brakes, fully reclinable European style bucket seats, solid state ignition, white side wall steel-belted radial-ply tires, 19.2 gallon fuel tank, high level ventilation, quartz crystal controlled digital timepiece, map pockets, carpeted luggage compartment, deeply grained vinyl roof, wire spoke wheel covers, body guard molding, foot-operated parking brake, flush mounted windows and door handles.

Lincoln-Mercury introduces a new precision size luxury car engineered to give good gas mileage and comfort for five adults. Mercury Monarch 1975.





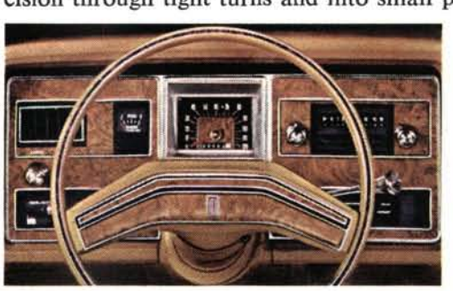
Precision size luxury. The precision size Monarch 4-door is over a foot shorter than last year's average mid-size car. Yet Monarch has more headroom and just 1.5 inches less legroom.

The idea behind the new precision size Monarch is simple: design a moderately priced car trim enough to get good gas mileage. But roomy enough to seat 5 adults in comfort. It meant engineering a small car around people instead of crowding people into a car.

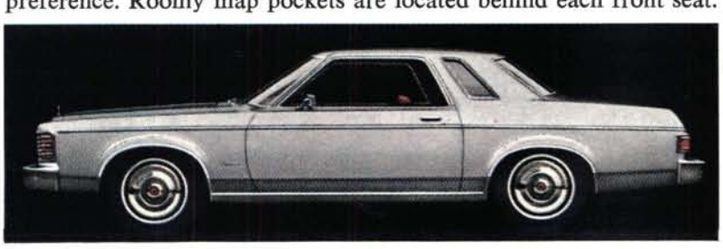
Gas mileage. 18 to 26 mpg under highway conditions and 14 to 18 mpg under city conditions.

Based on results of tests conducted by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (as of 8-9-74) using a dynamometer to simulate city and highway driving conditions on this type of car equipped with 250 1-V engine and frequently purchased options. Your gas mileage will depend on the type of driving and driving habits, maintenance, road and weather conditions, and how your car is equipped. For example, conveniences such as air conditioning (when in use) and automatic transmission can result in lower gas mileage.

Functional luxury. Instrumentation in the Monarch is clustered for easy reading. Monarch has been engineered to maneuver with precision through tight turns and into small parking places.



Practical luxury. Monarch Ghia's European style bucket seats are designed for long distance comfort. Each is individually reclinable and completely adjustable so you can set them to your own personal preference. Roomy map pockets are located behind each front seat.



$3764.00* Monarch 2-dr. coupe with precision cast 200 CID 6-cyl. engine, front disc brakes, reclinable buckets, solid state ignition, steel-belted radials, 19.2 gallon fuel tank, high level ventilation, opera windows. Optional whitewalls $32.60 extra.

Options include:		
250 CID Six	Power windows	*Base sticker price excluding dealer preparation, destination charges, title and taxes. Optional 250 CID Six required in California.
302 CID V-8	Select Shift transmission	
351 CID V-8	Air conditioning	
Power steering	AM/FM	
Power moon roof	Multiplex tape	
Power brakes	Rear window defroster	

Monarch has been engineered with more luxuries and offers more options than we've ever built into any small car.

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"When we crashed, our combined speed was about 100 miles an hour. I sprained my wrist."

James Jonas speaks for the Air Bag.

This is James Jonas' 1974 Buick Electra after the crash. A few days later he bought another one—again equipped with air bags.

Last February, Mr. and Mrs. James Jonas of Bay City, Michigan, bought a new Buick, factory-equipped with an Air Cushion Restraint System.

That decision may have saved their lives. Because just two months later, a pickup truck jumped the divider and smashed head-on into their car.

Combined speed of impact—nearly 100 m.p.h. There were injuries. But for Mr. Jonas the injury was minor: a sprained wrist. Mrs. Jonas' injury was considered moderate: a hairline fracture of the pelvis.

The occupants of the other car, without the air bag system, were not so lucky.

The other driver's injuries were serious: basilar skull fracture; broken left leg; broken ankle.

His passenger's condition was critical: fractures of the skull and ribs; cerebral contusions; lacerations of the face, neck and arms.

The air bag system worked for the Jonases. And it could work for you. It saves lives, and prevents serious injury.

Let's think about it. James Jonas did. A few days later, he bought another Buick—equipped with air bags.

"After my experience with the air bags, I believe they should become standard equipment in the future."

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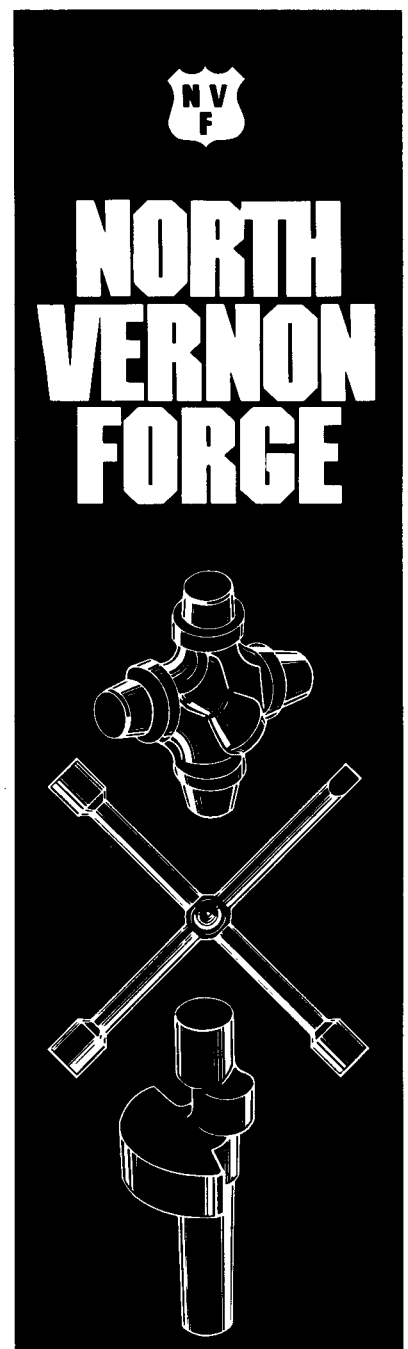

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Letters to the Editor

Et Tu, Too

Charles Brady's article "You Sprechen Fluent Deutsch in Eine Hour" (October *Post*) brings to mind a series of "bilingual" verses that some long-forgotten contributor to the *Yale Record* used to write more than fifty years ago. He was equally proficient in German and French, but my favorite was a Latin-English arrangement which went like this:

Robertus Jones, Yalensius,
a magnus homo fuit.
His soçii unanimi
Dixerunt that he knew it.
Robertus flunked historiam
Expulsus est ad domo
Et now he is at Rosenbaum's
[a tutoring school of that day–Ed.]
A sad sed wiser homo.
Latin in one easy lesson?

John Howard Hanway
Pelham Manor, New York

Thrifty Dutch

To this Pennsylvania Dutchman from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania (married to a Scotchman–a very thrifty combination), your "Sprechen Sie Deutsch" in the October *Saturday Evening Post* brought me grins, laughter and a fond, long-forgotten memory.

As a young girl in the first quarter of this century, I was told it was easy to learn Pennsylvania Deutsch–just add a few syllables, thus "Die kuh has over die fence ge-jumped and all de cabbages ge-et!"

Let's have some more articles on BAD.

Bernice G. Fraser
Washington, D.C.

Yours, Truly

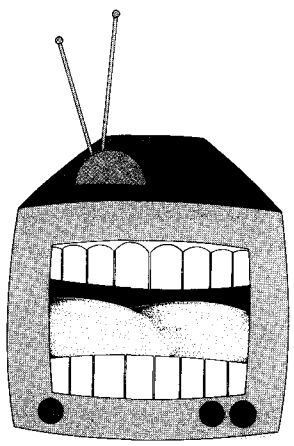
My wife and I were happy beyond imagination when the *Post* resumed its important place in our society. We have both watched the content critically since she again became a subscriber. And we have not been disappointed in what we have found. . . .

We are not inclined to write letters to the editor even though we probably should. However, as regards the *Post,* we are so happy that it has resumed the publishing of timely and important articles as well as interesting stories; therefore, we break the old tendency to be quiet.

Now the reason for this letter. We read David Brudnoy's article, "What It's Like To Be a TV Conservative," with much pleasure. It was like a fresh breath of air in an atmosphere filled with vindictiveness. We intend to see that our young people are aware of this article and to call it to the attention of others who should be informed about the article, if they have not yet seen it.

I feel that the *Post* could do much for the future of our great country by taking on the job of publishing the truth and the nature of our system of free enterprise, pointing out the truth about freedom–the freedom that recognizes that freedom entails a good measure of restraint so that the "other guy" may also enjoy it.

Theodore O. Jenney
Columbus, Ohio



The Eye of the Beholder

Thank God for David Brudnoy. Someone finally put into words my exact feelings about television. It is the biggest socialistic brainwash, and many Americans sit there like robots and soak it in. Now I would like to know how these socialist thinkers and unpatriotic Americans acquired all the channels? They must be the wealthy who took from the poor, thinking they could also take their minds and make sense of them.

Mrs. Footsie Gray
Houma, Louisiana

Contacts After Cataract

Thank you for the article, "Soft Contact Lenses–The Eyes Have It" by Lawrence Galton, in the August/September issue.

I had a cataract removed from one eye in May. During my recuperation I came to realize how handicapped I would be, for the rest of my life, unless I could wear a contact lens. After weeks of frustration and discouragement I have learned to wear and value my contact lens. I sincerely hope research in this area will continue.

Ellen M. Hansen
Lansing, Michigan

Problem With Soft Contacts

May I comment on the article "Soft Contact Lenses: The Eyes Have It," which appeared in the August/September issue of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

First, I believe you have done many readers a service by presenting the article. You, however, have not mentioned one difficulty that may be decisive as to whether one chooses soft lenses.

The picture shows the small size of the lens so that it has the appearance of a small soap bubble. Some wearers may be unable to see it on their fingertips. It is very light in weight, and if the fingertips are wet, one may be unable to feel its presence. If it is dropped, there may be no sound, no feel of something dropped.

The lenses are stored mounted on small forms, one at each end of a small container used for cleansing and storing them. Unless the wearer changes the liquid only while wearing the lenses, it is quite possible for them to be poured out and discarded with the fluid, if they should come off the mounting forms. In the fluid, they are not easy to see.

Unless the wearer has a certain amount of finger sensitivity and dexterity and the ability to see the lenses he is working with, he may require twice-a-day assistance from another person in order to wear and care for the lenses.

Soft contact lenses are not for everyone.

Georgia N. Taylor
Odessa, Texas

Clare not Fair?

Subject: "Woman, A Technological Castaway," by Clare Boothe Luce (January/February *Post*).

Disgusting! Most frustrated, bitter women's lib article I have read. Almost makes me ashamed of being a woman. In her article she seems to have trouble getting her mind above a man's waistline. Why does she hate men so much?

If libbers would scream for equal pay for equal work, I'd scream with them. But I've never been ashamed of being a woman. Being a wife and mother is the most important job in the world. I like being a woman and I like being treated as a woman. . . .

Ruth S. McFarland
Sumner, Virginia

P.S.–I know this is a long time to wait to write–but it took me this long to cool off just a wee bit.

Power to Hickel

Have just finished reading the wonderful article on Alaska by Walter Hickel. Whatever he writes is spellbinding. Could he contribute more–on anything but especially on some phase of Alaska? He should be President of the United States someday!

Lillean Kay Anderson
Hinchley, Minnesota

Tennessippi? Never!

Rebecca Webb Wilson

I must tell you about the funny thing that happened to me on the way to growing up.

All the time I was in high school in Jackson, Tennessee, I had stars in my eyes over a girl called Becky Webb, who took honors in everything in sight, and at the same time cut a wide swath among the boys. I couldn't forget her, and it is my pleasure to know her to this day. Consequently, I was not too surprised to read her outstanding story, "The Pall," in your November issue of the *Post*. It really is beautifully done.

What surprises me, though, is how Becky could have spent all that time in Jackson, Tennessee, right there in school, and at the same time be living in Jackson, Mississippi, at least according to the notes about her in your "Keeping Posted." The commuting must have been something awful for the poor girl . . . or, sirs, you have erred and given the state of Mississippi an unwarranted claim to one of Tennessee's most talented young women.

What have you to say for yourselves? Wars between the states have been fought over less.

Al Hubbard
Cambridge, Massachusetts

We surrender. Rebecca Webb Wilson was indeed in Tennessee all the time, and the sovereign state of Mississippi will have to yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts.–Ed.

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Thomas Palmerton

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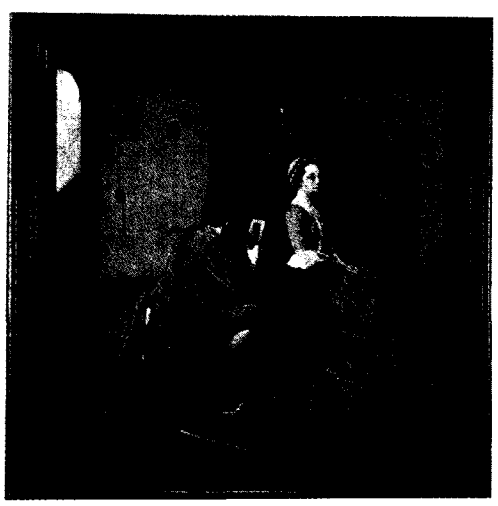

4. **"The Colonial Silhouette Artist"**
Norman Rockwell

5. **"The Impressionable Years"**
Tom Ryan

6. **"Now What Did I Do With That Nutmeg?"**
Nathan Jones

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THE GENTLE CHRISTMAS IMAGE OF THE MADONNA

The tale of the Inn where there was no room still glows with inspiration and aspiration for modern man. Thoughts on the Christmas cover of The Saturday Evening Post.

By Frederic A. Birmingham

On the flyleaf of the tiny, battered book in my hand is the name of my grandmother, and the date, December 25, 1869. Perhaps that is why her very last marker, a frazzled bit of ribbon, is found placed in the pages of the Christmas story as St. Luke told it. That quiet unworldly beauty may have been her last thought and dream:

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.
And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.
And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.
And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David.
To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.
And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.
And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.
And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.
And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone about them; and they were sore afraid.
And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

In our modern civilization we have managed with our usual maddening proficiency to destroy so much of the beauty and meaning of the past and especially our link to the true significance of Christmas. Fortunately, we have not succeeded altogether. But it is to bring vitality to the past that the *Post* has portrayed on its holiday cover, in the persons of the young and the living, the touching and ancient theme of mother and child.

We are as much concerned with tradition as with religion, although both may be the same in this case. We want, in the words of that memorable old song, to "set a watch lest the old traditions fail." And so we decided to pass by, at least for this particular season, Santa Claus and his tinseled sled and the wondering eyes of children with their gifts.

We are not above a little fantasy, especially for the very young who treasure it so. We mean nothing against the merry elf of Christmas. But it begins to look as though—however stimulating old Santa may be for wassailing on the green, for filling (and emptying) the flowing bowl, and for finding the right gifts to make an annual offering of love and affection—as a symbol of anything approaching spirituality, perky old Santa has had it. We have only ourselves to blame.

Some aeons ago when I was a small child, sitting on the laps of dozens of department store Santas, and exchanging greetings with red-nosed bell shakers on the corner of every street in the city where I was born, it became an irrevocable part of my childish Christmas lore that a whiskey breath was as much a part of the beloved Santa Claus as his beard and twinkling eyes. When I got a little older, and understood that Santa is just fun, like Mickey Mouse or Marshal Dillon or Roddy McDowall in his ape makeup, I didn't hold it against him. I was not even disillusioned when one of those medical oracles in the newspapers presented a dire case against jolly old Santa in terms of gathering cholesterol and inevitable arteriosclerosis. I figure that if Santa shakes his belly like a bowl full of jelly when he laughs, that's his business. But now it would appear that we are doing something peculiarly American—having created Santa Claus, we appear to be destroying him.

For we *did* create him. We could not let the legendary St. Nicholas be thin and revered as he was. He was not "different" enough for us. True, he had been good enough for most everybody

---

This restrained and still expressive portrait of Madonna and Child is the center panel of a triptych painted by an unknown Flemish master around 1520. The original is 35½ inches high, and 23 inches wide. The painting, reproduced by special permission of the Indianapolis Museum of Art, was the gift of Mrs. Albert J. Beveridge, and was formerly in the collection of Mrs. Marshall Field.

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else in the rest of the world.

Santa's metamorphosis took some hundreds of years, but we made it. He started out as a patron saint, revered Nicholas, enshrined in the sixth century at Constantinople. Scholars have opined that the Dutch called this good saint *"Sanct Herr 'Cholas"* (if you say it fast enough you'll have "Santa Claus" out of poor Saint Nicholas). After that the Vikings dedicated a cathedral in Greenland to Nicholas, Columbus built a port in Haiti for him, and Jacksonville, Florida was once named after him. Tristram P. Coffin, the distinguished researcher into the lore of St. Nicholas, reports that in Wales and Crete he is invoked by fishermen, in Southampton and Tripoli he guards sailors and merchants, in Russia he still protects Communists from wolves, in Poland and France he brings babies and husbands home, and in Aberdeen and Bologna he gives passing marks to students.

That was the revered figure which America of the Victorian age seized upon and made into the pranksome Yule reveler. By the time Washington Irving, Clement Clarke Moore (who wrote "A Visit From Saint Nicholas") and Thomas Nast, the leading cartoonist of that era, got through with him, Saint Nicholas was obliterated and Santa Claus was enthroned in his stead. They succeeded far beyond their intentions, only to fail as times changed. Santa Claus in our day brings his bags full of toys to tiny tots in every conceivable way—in old-time steam locomotives, in balloons and through fake fireplaces—but it would appear that he had his Last Hurrah recently in Florida. After landing from a helicopter in the parking lot of a shopping center, in keeping with the fun-loving habits of our time, he was promptly ripped off by a mob of screaming children, some of whom were reputed to be carrying driver's licenses—his clothes were torn off, his toys stolen, and he was rendered fit only for a trip to Dr. Welby's fun and games operating table.

No one wants to lose Santa. Doc Welby will patch him up and send him back to shopping centers all over the land. But, happily, we can here still treasure another Christmas tradition unacquainted with mob hysteria.

The ancient image of the Madonna is popular as well as religious, in the sense that all the people in the Western world have found it meaningful and beautiful for nearly 2,000 years. Gazing at the frame itself of the photograph on the cover of this issue of the *Post*, we reach out thoughtfully and touch the actual wood which some reverent hands fashioned into this classic shape around 1520, craftsman unknown. But just pause to think of some of the felicities of his time and of the joy he and the unknown Flemish artist who painted the Madonna and Child (opposite) derived from their work.

The known universe was smaller then, but in a sense larger too. Heaven and earth were intertwined in daily living, and hell was far distant. It was a time which called for heroes. A man lived so noble in deed and character as to be known throughout all lands as the Lion-Hearted. Leonardo da Vinci—artist, engineer, anatomist, poet, sculptor, painter, inventor, philosopher, military scientist—finding a friend he had called upon not at home, could sketch a simple message on the door in chalk, a circle so flawless in symmetry, so perfect in nature, that only one man in the entire world could have drawn it. Even those condemned for heresy had this magnificence—Joan of Arc praying amidst the flames for her executioners.

Such was the light which shone also in art, a vision which has never since been even remotely approached. Thus the painting of a Madonna such as we see here by the Flemish unknown could be the event of an artist's lifetime. He had no doubts about what he was doing—he was portraying the Mother of Heaven and her sacred Child. His absolute all went into what he did.

The same subject of lyrical grace and joyous maternity painted by Italian artists to the South would have been much more sensual in treatment, more lustrous in color. But that is not to say that our unknown Flemish artist had less to convey. For hundreds of years prior to the time he put his brush to this work, there had been visual symbols which bound all artists together in a secret language used when painting the Madonna. Even each color of the painting represents a certain message. The red of the Madonna's mantle has yellow and pink contributing to its luminosity; her blue gown has a greenish tinge which makes it flat and dull. Yet in the artist's color language of symbolism, this red stood for love, and blue represented truth. The Infant plays with the apple, symbol of His sacrifice to come. Angels float around Mary's head bearing her a crown, as she sits in a garden removed from an earthly mood and protected from the mundane landscape by a grass-covered parapet.

But the world calls to our artist in spite of himself. Behind the divine figures is the Flemish landscape, where the painter, having completed his quaint and gentle Madonna, gives free rein to his imagination as well as to his observation. His background is a substitute for nature: the long dismal winter of the soggy Low Countries gives way to a visionary farm country of incredible springlike richness, people of happy and useful purpose going about their daily chores. What if his actual native countryside is flat and uninspiring to paint? He borrows joyously from the German and Italian terrain and scatters mountain crags all over the low countryside he knows full well is flat as a puddle of water. For he is happy, almost ecstatic, in the delineation of the most tender and beautiful image of his spiritual world.

So we have this precious heritage preserved in such paintings, to emulate modestly as best we know how the eye of photography. We have the inspiring insights of the past—almost but not quite forgotten. There is, for example, one of the unexpected thrills of all literature hidden in a tiny, virtually unknown poem by Gilbert Keith Chesterton, an early 20th-century medievalist:

The Donkey

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

THE MESSIAH

193

Nº 44.– CHORUS

"HALLELUJAH!"

Rev. xix: 6; xi: 15; xix: 16

Allegro (♩=72)

G. F. Händel

Organ or Piano

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Hal- -le-lu-jah!

22945

The Messiah, An Oratorio, *reproduced with the permission of G. Schirmer, Inc., New York.*

And from Chesterton's brief classic springs the thread back to the story of the Madonna. They say, according to whispers handed down since that very first night at the Inn, that at midnight on Christmas Eve, if you go out to the stable, you will find the witnesses of that supreme moment, the oxen and the ass, able at this time only to speak as men do, in memory of the tiny baby in the manger.

It is not likely that many of us will have that opportunity today. There are not many ways in which we can find in the simplicities of nature certain rules of our own lives. We live in ranch houses without ranches, in apartment complexes, in dormitories, in condominiums, and goodness knows where else. But if you would touch the storied scene in the stables, if you would reach out and touch the centuries which went before us, and know something of the mystery in the mind of the painter of this and all other unforgettable Madonnas, do this: Seek out some gentle animal for the sake of Christmas, and sense more truly some of the meaning of God by gazing into the innocent eyes of one of His creatures.

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Sunshine costs less in Southern California

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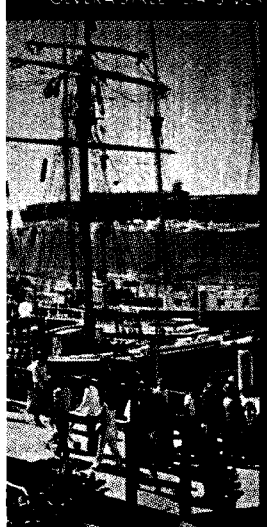
DISNEYLAND, THE MAGIC KINGDOM

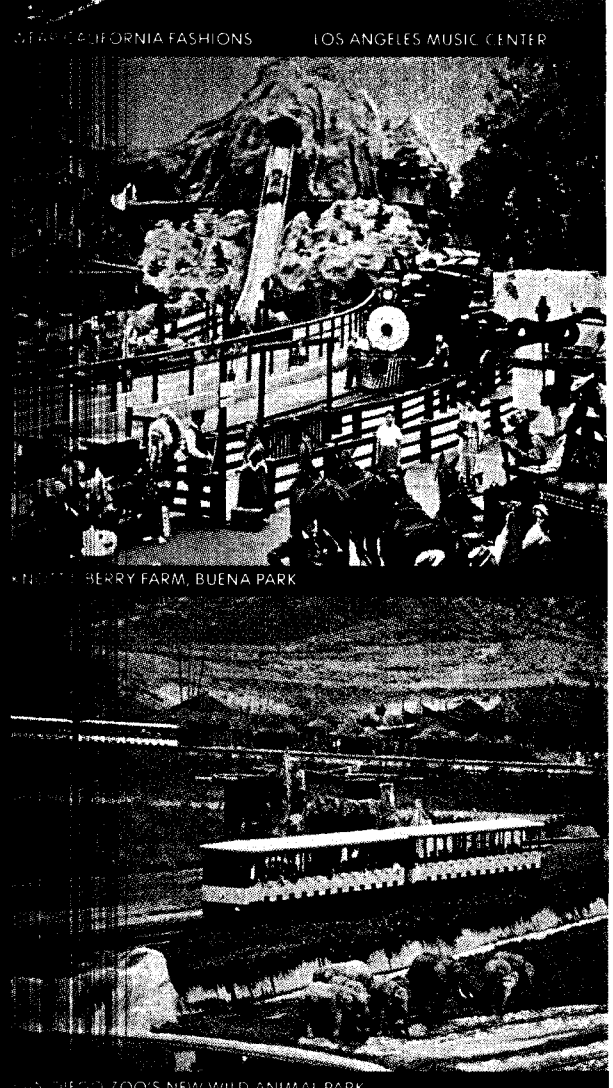
CALIFORNIA FASHIONS

LOS ANGELES MUSIC CENTER

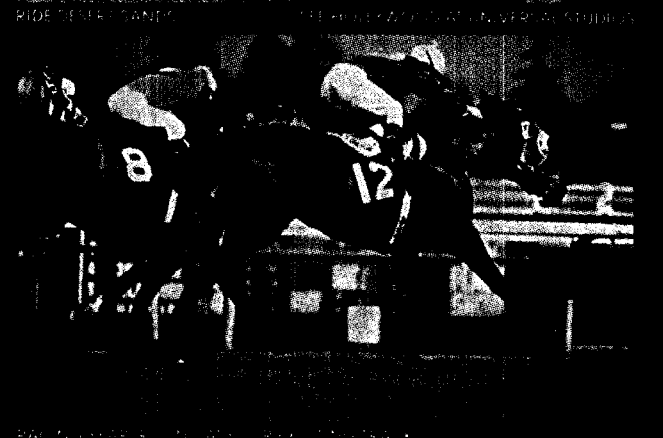


EXPLORE MARINA DEL REY

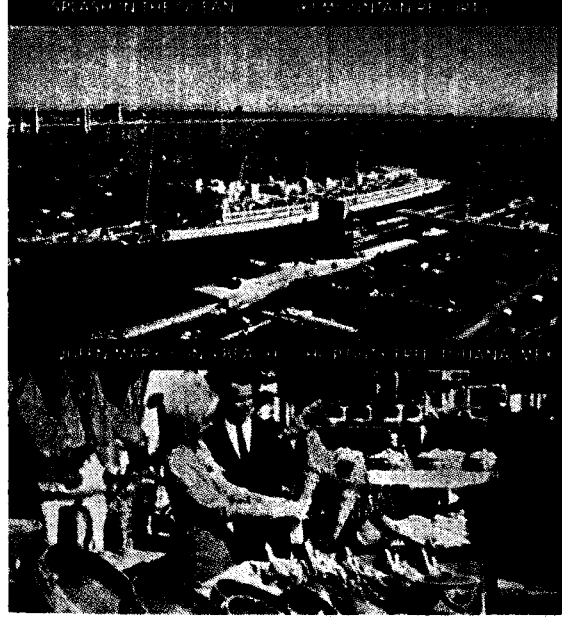
YEAR 'ROUND GOLF



KNOTT'S BERRY FARM, BUENA PARK



SAN DIEGO ZOO'S NEW WILD ANIMAL PARK



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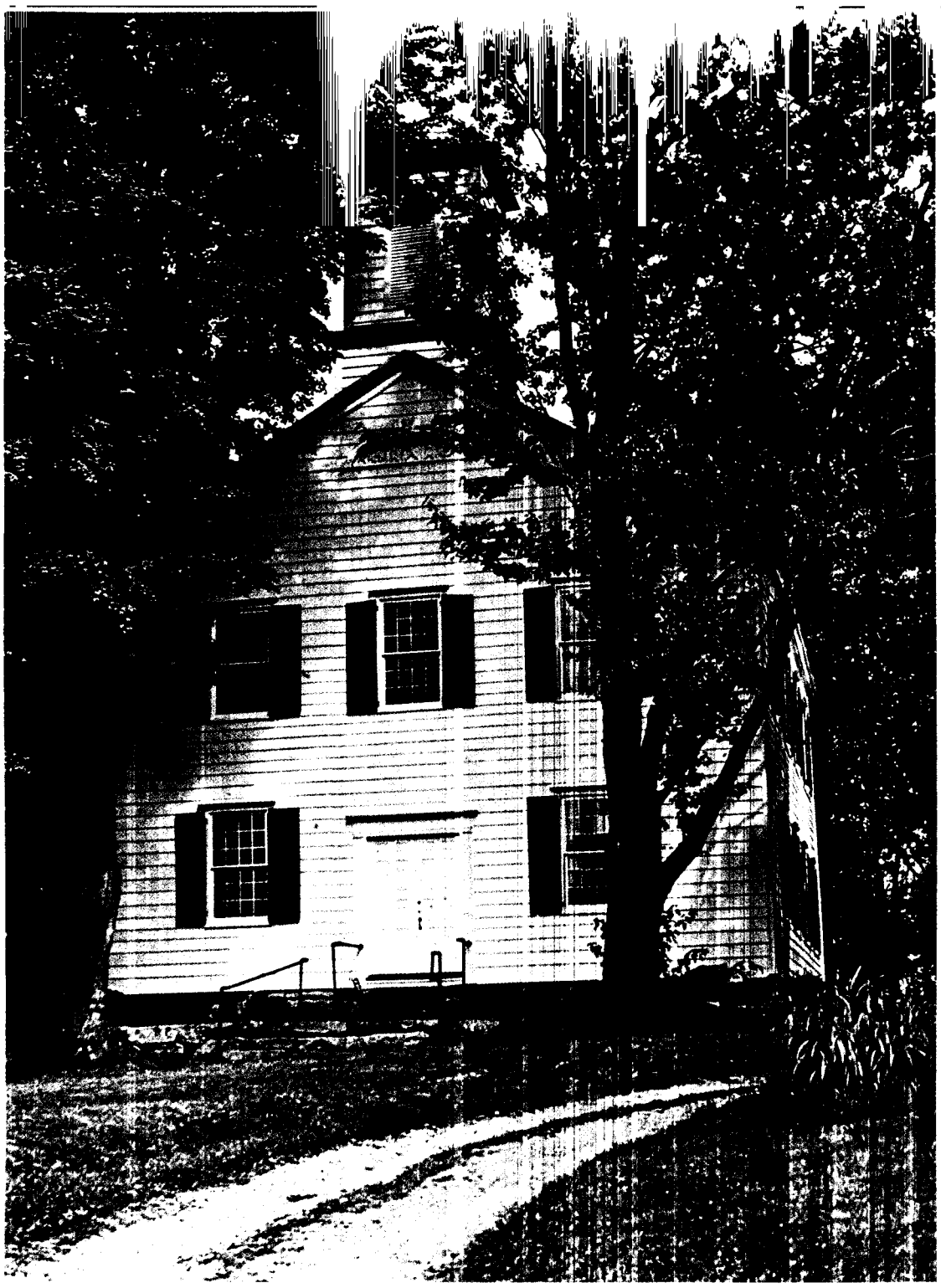

In Brewster, New York, the citizens had the odd idea that a church built in 1794 might possibly have a higher value than a parking lot.

Amid the clutter of gas stations, roadside stands and small industrial plants that line New York State's Route 22 above Brewster, passing motorists can glimpse a most unexpected sight. On a knoll beside a cattle pond, a white clapboard colonial church lifts its square belfry among the maple trees that still surround it. The Old Southeast Church has stood there since 1794, a building modest in its proportions but giant-sized to those of its neighbors who have long fought to rescue it as a precious piece of Americana.

Quietly holding itself aloof from the jingle and clatter of the marching years, the church has heard the rumble of oxen teams that pulled their wagonloads from coastal harbor to Hudson pier, the horns sounding on the frosty air as great stagecoaches thundered northward along the Croton Turnpike. It has seen its congregation ride up on horseback, men in box wagons and fringed buggies and scarlet sleighs with high runners. At one point more than a half thousand worshipers filled its numbered wooden pews.

All this of the church's history I had learned from an arrow-straight old lady of ninety-one when we purchased her farmhouse some thirty years ago. From her, too, I heard of that day in 1849 when a great iron horse drew into a brand-new whistle-stop called Brewster and how the congregation slowly began to shift to the town that grew up around the station. By the 1880's the Presbyterian Church there held the greater part of them. In 1932, the Old Southeast Church sadly admitted defeat and closed its doors on regular Sunday worship.

As a child, my youngest daughter had served cookies and punch at the occasional vespers services that were still held there; and in 1969, when she became engaged, she decided that the church was where she would be married. We obtained the key, climbed the huge fieldstone steps at the entrance, crossed the plain vestibule and stood before the bare dusty dais that had served as its pulpit. A startled bird flew up from the gallery and fluttered through a broken pane. A squirrel peered out of a hole in the ceiling. Wild things of the woods and fields had taken over.

" 'Holiness Becometh Thine House,' " read my daughter slowly, looking at the faded gilt lettering that arched on the wall above the pulpit. There was a silence. The window before us framed a stir and rustle of brilliant fall branches as the wind started up a faint rattle of shutters against clapboarding. A line of cows moved down to the edge of the ruffled pond. "We could give it a good cleaning," my daughter said suddenly. "I think this is great."

And so it was. Scarlet ivy twined the brass chandeliers that hung from the church's high ceiling, asters banked the dais. The bride on her father's arm, radiant in a Victorian wedding gown, promenaded around the wide rectangular aisle to the wheezy bridal march pumped from the ancient reed organ.

Back home for the reception, I listened to friends exclaim over the unexpected beauty of the old church. A gray-haired lady with a young face came toward us. "Have you heard," Eleanor Fitchen said, "that the factory next to the church wants to buy it and use the land for a parking lot? We need your help. We need all the help we can get!"

Eleanor had organized a Landmarks Preservation Committee whose members felt that their first job was to alert the community to the threat to its heritage. From the archives, the committee had traced back to 1735 when the earliest settlers, from Cape Cod, erected a log meetinghouse in a vast stretch of unbroken wilderness. By 1762 they had formed the first presbytery outside New York City and built a frame church close to the site of the present one. The first minister, the Reverend Elisha Kent, died in the fateful year of 1776, and his flock endured the horrors of the Revolution. Some were pitchforked in their beds by marauding Tories; others watched the sky flare up to the east where Hessian troops burned nearby Danbury, Connecticut. At last they set thirteen candles before their small-paned windows to flicker their bright message of victory to the dark hills. A decade after the Peace of Paris was signed, the congregation paid tribute to their new Republic with the raising of a fine new church—the one that now stood in our midst.

All this was grist for the mills of the local papers, and soon letters and phone calls swamped the office of the town supervisor. The president of the factory next door offered to buy the land and donate the old church to the Landmarks Committee so that it might be moved to a new location. Another would-be buyer asked if he could turn it into a country house. A school wanted it for a chapel.

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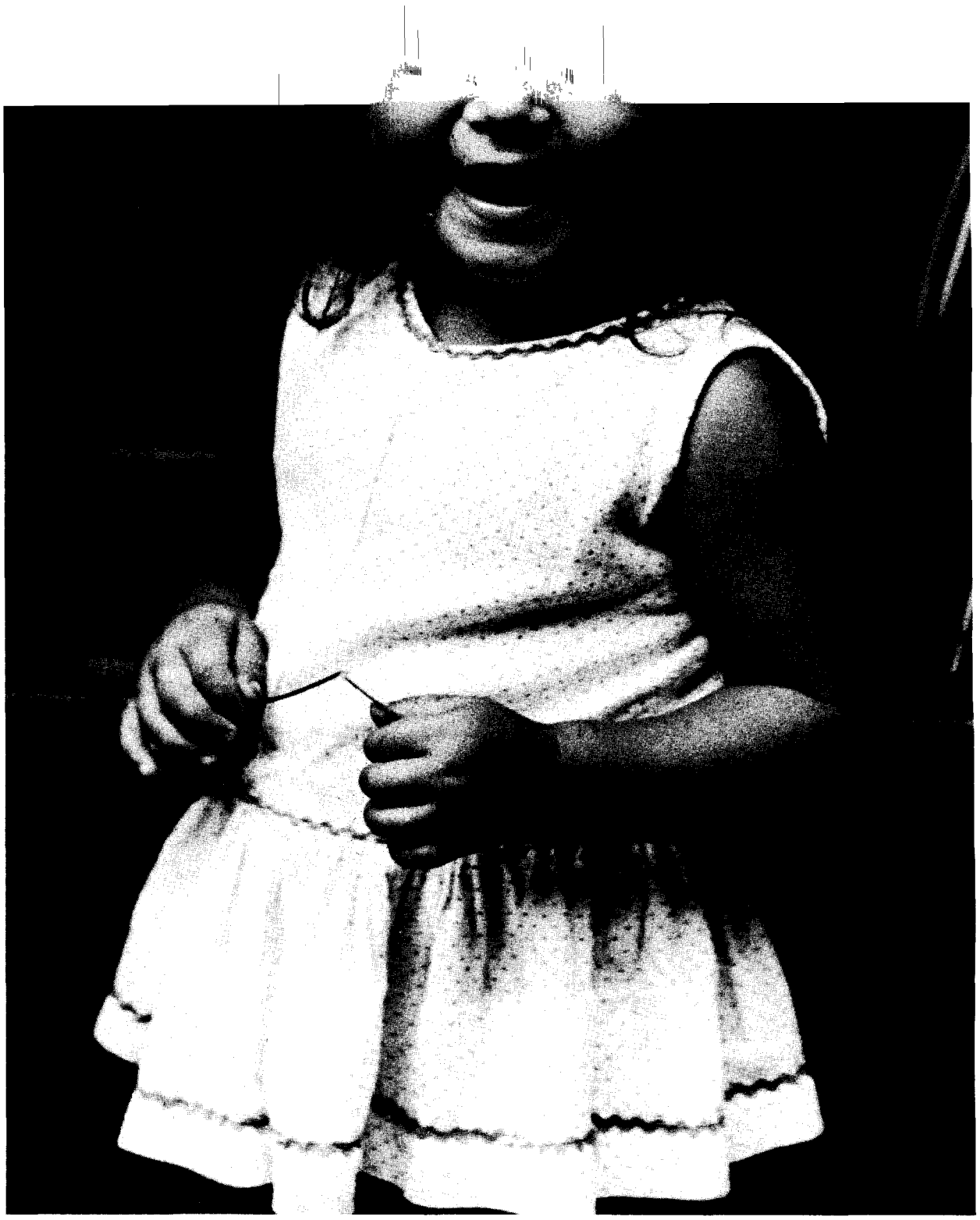

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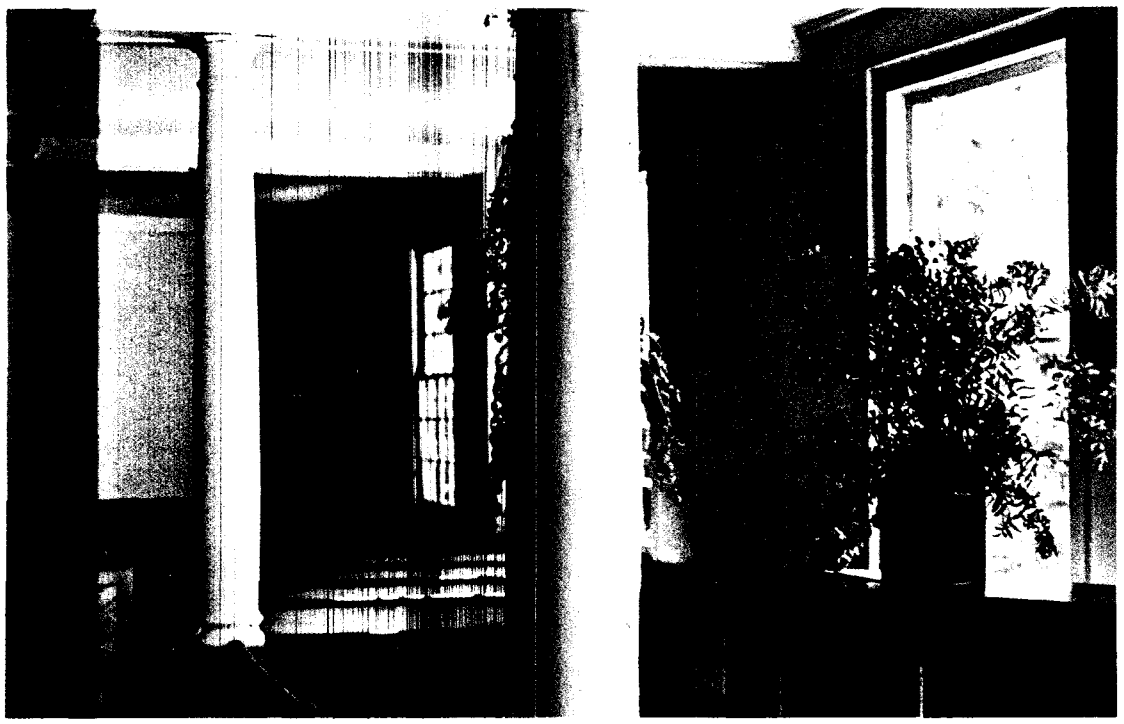
Preserve a church built in 1794 or accept a parking lot on its hallowed ground: that was the challenge set the citizens of Brewster, New York. The church won out. With its homey faded gold lettering (top), greenery warming the columns (center) and a proud signboard (bottom) proclaiming the structure is here to stay.



Explaining that for the church to be called a historic landmark—and qualify for state or federal landmark-preservation funds—it must stand on its original site, the Landmarks Committee steered matters to the point to where we heard no more of the old church's sale. Instead, a tour of the gracious old colonial homes in the neighborhood raised enough money to begin badly needed repairs. Under the guidance of architect-historian John Mesick, door and window frames were tightened, foundation mortar firmed, the crooked terrace realigned.

Throughout the summer of 1970, volunteers spruced up the Old Southeast Cemetery. As they arrived, uniformed Girl Scouts stood ready to care for their small children. A scoutmaster led his Boy Scout troop in regular assaults on weeds and head-high brush with tools provided by the local hardware store. Interested citizens followed in their wake, chopping, pruning, spraying a fifteen-foot swath of vegetation.

As summer wore on and the cemetery cleanup continued, there stood revealed the headstones of five of the early pastors of the church. With autumn there emerged the grave markers of some of those first settlers of Putnam County; a family of Crosbys, from whose ranks had sprung Enoch, immortalized in James Fenimore Cooper's *The Spy;* some dozen Barnums, whose descendant would make his circus world famous. Rows of small headstones stood in mute testimony to tiny lives mowed down by epidemic and long dark winters. Walking among them on a raw windy day, while the dried leaves whirled about my feet, I had a sudden vision of a great continent of superhighways and soaring skyscrapers supported, as it were, by that bedrock of fortitude and suffering laid down by the forgotten lives of our pioneers.

Funds continued to trickle in. Christmas cards of the church, designed by local artists, went on sale, and that December there was a special Christmas appeal. In March 1971, a handsome check came from a wealthy summer resident whose daughter wished to be married there. One well-wisher, in that old-time blend of thrift and generosity so typical of our early church fathers, donated green carpeting for the aisles.

To me, not the least of the joys of following the church's resurrection was to watch the carefully procured artisans, painters, carpenters, stonemasons who, following in the footsteps of father and grandfather, still labored by hand with old-time skill and integrity.

By the fall of 1971, work on the dangerously slanting belfry had begun. As the renovation continued, Old Southeast Church became a center of religious and cultural activities. In the summers of 1972 and 1973, two series of chamber-music concerts were held there. Soloists from world-famous orchestras, some of whom had homes not far away, donated their talents. Sitting in my boxed pew on a day of full summer, listening to flute, harpsichord, viola and cello, I looked around, newly aware with the church's refurbishing of the harmonious grace of slender pillars, the sweep of classic proportions. What a shining jewel of architectural splendor had been hidden all these years in our midst!

There was one final testing of the resilience and determination of those anxious to save the old Church—musicians going down to practice found that a bolt of lightning had struck the

Continued on page 107

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The Saturday Evening Post Proudly Presents:

Norman Rockwell Christmas Cards

At age 22, Norman Rockwell created his first cover painting for The Saturday Evening Post. Since that eventful day of May 20, 1916, his works have appeared on 317 Saturday Evening Post covers. Never in the history of art has the work of one man had such a vast, appreciative audience.

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A "The Golden Rule"
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B "Christmas Trio"
The Saturday Evening Post – Dec. 8, 1923
May the joy of Christmas stay with you throughout the New Year

C "Saying Grace"
The Saturday Evening Post – Nov. 24, 1951
May the blessings of Christmas be yours and happiness fill each day of the New Year

D "Christmas"
The Saturday Evening Post – Dec. 21, 1935
Thinking of You and Sending Best Wishes for The Christmas Season

E "Freedom of Worship"
Original Oil Painting – 1943
May this Joyous Season and your coming year be filled with the Blessings of Health and Happiness

H "Mr. Coachman"
The Saturday Evening Post – Dec. 3, 1921
In the Spirit of Warm Friendship and Good Cheer, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

K "God Bless Us Everyone"
The Saturday Evening Post – Dec. 14, 1934
May the blessings of Christmas be yours and happiness fill each day of the New Year

M

M "The Discovery"
The Saturday Evening Post – Dec. 29, 1956
The Season's Greetings and Sincere Wishes for your Happiness throughout the New Year

R "Extra Good Boys and Girls"
The Saturday Evening Post – Dec. 16, 1939
Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year

S "Doctor's Waiting Room"
The Saturday Evening Post – March 9, 1929
"Love . . . the Greatest Gift of All" Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

T "Freedom From Want"
Original Oil Painting – 1943
May the Abundant Life be yours this Christmas Season and throughout the coming year

V "Waiting for the Muggleton Stagecoach"
The Saturday Evening Post – Dec. 17, 1938
With warm and friendly wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year

X "Looking Out to Sea"
Original Oil Painting – 1919
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MASK OF SANITY: Part I

By Dr. Hervey Cleckley

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

Part I of this penetrating analysis of psychopaths masquerading as our very own friends and relatives reveals the protective coloration by which they often successfully conduct themselves as normal people. We also see them as they really are—disrupting our lives and their own with never a wandering instinct toward self-discipline or responsibility. Part II, to appear in the January/February 1975 issue of the Post, *will portray actual (anonymous) sociopaths in case histories from Dr. Cleckley's extensive studies into this fascinating facet of abnormal behavior.*

Sociopathic personality disturbance, antisocial reaction, is thus defined: Chronically antisocial individuals who are always in trouble, profiting neither from experience nor punishment, and maintaining no real loyalties to any person, group, or code. They are frequently callous and hedonistic, showing marked emotional immaturity, with lack of sense of responsibility, lack of judgment, and an ability to rationalize their behavior so that it appears warranted, reasonable, and justified.

A millionaire notable for his eccentricity had an older and better-balanced brother who, on numerous fitting occasions, exercised strong persuasion to bring him under psychiatric care. On receiving word that this wiser brother had been deserted immediately after the nuptial night by a famous lady of the theater (on whom he had just settled a large fortune) and that the bride, furthermore, had, during the brief pseudoconnubial episode, remained stubbornly encased in tights, the younger hastened to dispatch this succinct and unanswerable telegram:

"Who's looney now?"

This, at any rate, is the story. I do not offer to answer for its authenticity. It may, however, be taken not precisely as an example but at least as a somewhat flippant and arresting commentary on the confusion which still exists concerning *sanity*. Although most patients suffering from one of the classified types of mental disorder are promptly recognized by the psychiatrist, many of them being even to the layman plainly deranged, there remains a large body of people who, everyone will admit, are by no means adapted for normal life in the community and who, yet, have no official standing in the ranks of the insane.

Many of these people, legally judged as competent, are more dangerous to themselves and to others than are some patients whose psychiatric disability will necessitate their spending their entire lives in the state hospital. Though certified automatically as *sane* by the verbal definitions of law and of medicine, their behavior demonstrates an irrationality and incompetence that are gross and obvious.

The psychopath shows a striking inability to follow any sort of life plan consistently, whether it be one regarded as good or evil. He does not maintain an effort toward any far goal at all. This is entirely applicable to the full psychopath. On the contrary, he seems to go out of his way to make a failure of life. By some incomprehensible and untempting piece of folly or buffoonery, he eventually cuts short any activity in which he is succeeding, no matter whether it is crime or honest endeavor. At the behest of trivial impulses he repeatedly addresses himself directly to folly. In well-marked cases, it is impossible for wealthy, influential, and devoted relatives to place the sociopath in any position, however ingeniously it may be chosen, where he will not succeed eventually in failing with spectacular and bizarre splendor. Considering a longitudinal section of his life, his behavior gives such an impression of gratuitous folly and nonsensical activity in such massive accumulation that it is hard to avoid the conclusion that here is true madness—madness in a sense quite as vivid as that conveyed to the imaginative layman by the terrible word *lunatic*.

From *The Mask of Sanity*, © 1964 by H.M. Cleckley, published by the C.V. Mosby Company.

It is difficult, however, for society to hold these people to account for their damaging conduct or to apply any control that will prevent its continuing. Those who commit serious crimes have a history that any clever lawyer can exploit in such a way as to make his client appear to the average jury the victim of such madness as would make Bedlam itself tame by comparison. Under such circumstances they escape the legal consequences of their acts, are sent to mental hospitals where they prove to be "sane" and are released. On the other hand, when their relatives and their neighbors seek relief from them and take action to have "lunacy warrants" drawn against them, not wanting to be restricted, they are able to convince the courts that they are as competent as any man.

When we consider these sociopathic personalities, we find not one in one hundred who spontaneously goes to his physician to seek help. If relatives, alarmed by his disastrous conduct, recognize that treatment, or at least supervision, is an urgent need, they meet enormous obstacles. The public institutions to which they would turn for the care of a schizophrenic or a manic patient present closed doors. If they are sufficiently wealthy, they often consider a private psychiatric hospital. It should also be noted here that such private hospitals are necessarily expensive and that perhaps not more than 2 or 3 percent of our population can afford such care for prolonged periods. No matter how wealthy his family may be, the psychopath, unlike all other serious psychiatric cases, can refuse to go to any hospital or to accept any other treatment or restraint. His refusal is regularly upheld by our courts of law, and grounds for this are consistent with the official appraisal of his condition by psychiatry.

Dr. Cleckley—Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at the Medical College of Georgia in Augusta—is obviously gifted in at least two disciplines: medicine and writing. Author of The Caricature of Love *and of the famous* Three Faces of Eve, *he indulges in pure poetry in the dedication of his study of the psychopath:* The Mask of Sanity *(published by C.V. Mosby Company), from which the article has been extracted.*

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Nearly always he does refuse and successfully oppose the efforts of his relatives to have him cared for. It is seldom that a psychopath accepts hospitalization or even outpatient treatment unless some strong means of coercion happens to be available. The threat of cutting off his financial support, of bringing legal action against him for forgery or theft, or of allowing him to remain in jail may move him to visit a physician's office or possibly to enter a hospital. Subsequent events often demonstrate that he is acting not seriously and with the understanding he professes but for the purpose of evasion, whether he himself realizes this or not. He usually breaks off treatment as soon as the evasion has been accomplished. He is distinguished by his ability to escape ordinary legal punishments and restraints. Though he regularly makes trouble for society, as well as for himself, and frequently is handled by the police, his characteristic behavior does not usually include committing felonies which would bring about permanent or adequate restriction of his activities. He is often arrested, perhaps one hundred times or more. But he nearly always regains his freedom and returns to his old patterns of maladjustment.

Without suffering or enjoying in significant degree the integrated emotional consequences of experience, the psychopath will not learn from it to modify and direct his activities as other men whom we call sane modify and direct theirs. He will lack the real driving impulses which sustain and impel others toward their various widely differing but at least subjectively important goals. He will naturally lack insight into how he differs from other men, for of course he does not differ from other men as he sees them. It is entirely impossible for him to see another person from the aspect of major affective experience, since he is blind to this order of things or blind in this mode of awareness. He fails to know all those more serious and deeply moving experiences which make up the tragedy and triumph of ordinary life, of life as it is lived at the level of important human experience.

However intelligent, he only assumes that other persons are moved by and experience the ghostly facsimiles of emotion or pseudoemotion known to him. However quick and rational a person may be and however subtle and articulate his teacher, he cannot be taught awareness of significance which he fails to feel. He can learn to use the ordinary words and, if he is very clever, even extraordinarily vivid and eloquent words which signify these matters to other people. He will also learn to reproduce appropriately all the pantomime of feeling; but the feeling itself does not come to pass.

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Even his splendid logical faculties will, in real life situations, produce not actual reasoning but that imitation of reasoning known as rationalization, for in the synthesis by which reasoning contributes to sound judgment, the sense of value, that is, the value of truth and feeling, cannot be missing. When this is missing, the process is only rationalization, something which, however technically brilliant, does not satisfactorily guide and shape action. And no difference between the two is more fundamental.

Let us attempt to say what the psychopath is in terms of his actions and his apparent intentions, so that we may recognize him readily and distinguish him from others.

More often than not, the typical psychopath will seem particularly agreeable and make a distinctly positive impression when he is first encountered. Alert and friendly in his attitude, he is easy to talk with and seems to have a good many genuine interests. There is nothing at all odd or queer about him, and in every respect he tends to embody the concept of a well-adjusted, happy person. Nor does he, on the other hand, seem to be artificially exerting himself like one who is covering up or who wants to sell you a bill of goods. He would seldom be confused with the professional backslapper or someone who is trying to ingratiate himself for a concealed purpose. Signs of affectation or excessive affability are not characteristic. He looks like the real thing. Everything about him is likely to suggest desirable and superior human qualities, a robust mental health.

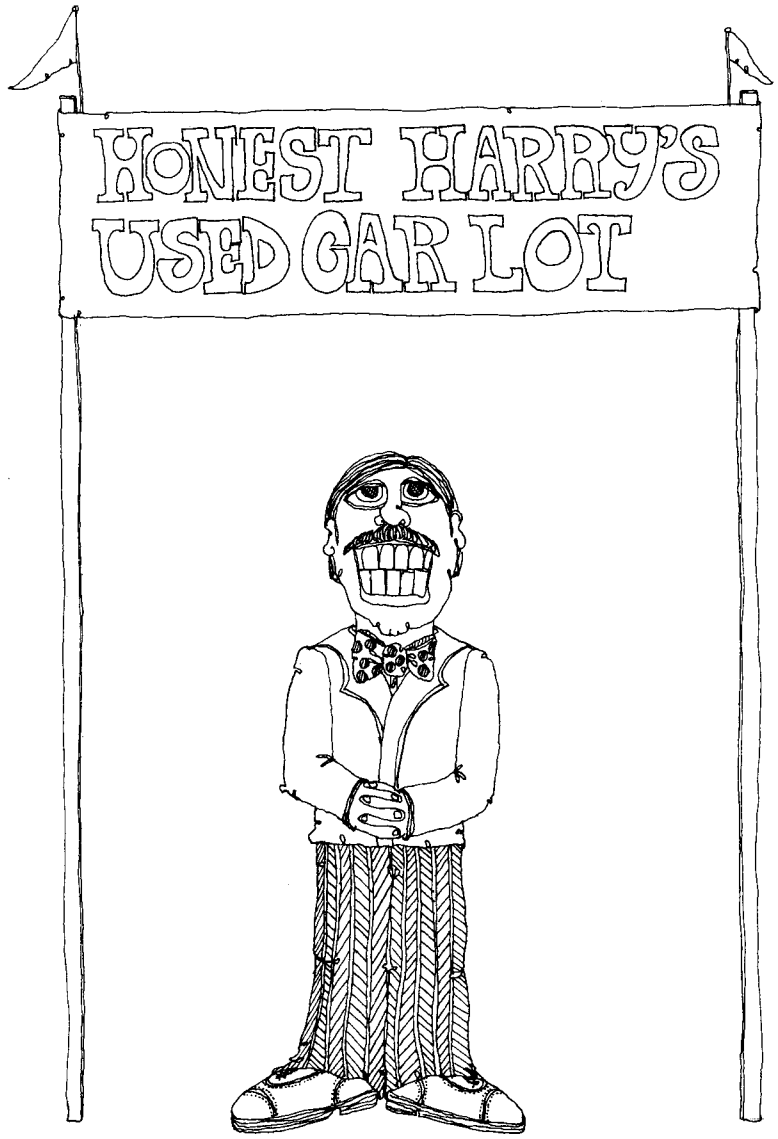
The so-called psychopath is ordinarily free from signs or symptoms traditionally regarded as evidence of a psychosis. He does not hear voices. Genuine delusions cannot be demonstrated. There is no valid depression, consistent pathologic elevation of mood, or irresistible pressure of activity. Outer perceptual reality is accurately recognized; social values and generally accredited personal standards are accepted verbally. Excellent logical reasoning is maintained and, in theory, the patient can foresee the consequences of injudicious or antisocial acts, outline acceptable or admirable plans of life, and ably criticize in words his former mistakes. The results of direct psychiatric examination disclose nothing pathologic—nothing that would indicate incompetency or that would arouse suspicion that such a man could not lead a successful and happy life.

Not only is the psychopath rational and his thinking free of delusions, but he also appears to react with normal emotions. His ambitions are discussed with what appears to be healthy enthusiasm. His convictions impress even the skeptical observer as firm and binding. He seems to respond with adequate feelings to another's interest in him and, as he discusses his wife, his children, or his parents, he is likely to be judged a man of warm human responses, capable of full devotion and loyalty. Regularly we find in him extraordinary poise rather than jitteriness or worry, a smooth sense of physical well-being instead of uneasy preoccupation with bodily functions. Even under concrete circumstances that would for the ordinary person cause embarrassment, confusion, acute insecurity, or visible agitation, his relative serenity is likely to be noteworthy. Within himself he appears almost as incapable of anxiety as of profound remorse.

Although the psychopath is likely to give an early impression of being a thoroughly reliable person, it will soon be found that on many occasions he shows no sense of responsibility whatsoever. No matter how binding the obligation, how urgent the circumstances, or how important the matter, this holds true. Furthermore, the question of whether or not he is to be confronted with his failure or his disloyalty and called to account for it appears to have little effect on his attitude.

If such failures occurred uniformly and immediately, others would soon learn not to rely upon psychopaths or to be surprised at their conduct. It is, however, characteristic for them during some periods to show up regularly at work, to meet their financial obligations, to ignore an opportunity to steal. They may apply their excellent abilities in business or in study for a week, for months, or even for a year or more and thereby gain potential security, win a scholarship, be acclaimed top salesman or elected president of a social club or perhaps of a school honor society. Not all checks given by psychopaths bounce; not all promises are uniformly ignored. They do not necessarily land in jail every day (or every month) or seek to cheat someone else during every transaction. If so, it would be much simpler to deal with them.

The psychopath's unreliability and his disregard for obligations and for consequences are manifested in both trivial and serious matters, are masked by demonstrations of conforming behavior, and cannot be accounted for by ordinary motives or incentives. Although it can be confidently predicted that his failures and disloyalties will continue, it is impossible to time them and to take satisfactory precautions against their effect. Here, it might be said, is not even a consistency in inconsistency but an inconsistency in inconsistency.



The psychopath shows a remarkable disregard for truth and is to be trusted no more in his accounts of the past than in his promises for the future or his statement of present intentions. He gives the impression that he is incapable of ever attaining realistic comprehension of an attitude in other people which causes them to value truth and cherish truthfulness in themselves.

Typically he is at ease and unpretentious in making a serious promise or in (falsely) exculpating himself from accusations, whether grave or trivial. His simplest statement in such matters carries special powers of conviction. Overemphasis, obvious glibness, and other traditional signs of the clever liar do not show in his words or in his manner. Whether there is reasonable chance for him to get away with the fraud or whether certain and easily foreseen detection is at hand, he is apparently unperturbed and does the same impressive job. Candor and trustworthiness seem implicit in him at such times. During the most solemn perjuries he has no difficulty at all in looking anyone tranquilly in the eyes. Although he will lie about any matter, under any circumstances, and often for no good reason, he may, on the contrary, sometimes own up to his errors (usually when detection is certain) and appear to be facing the consequences with singular honesty, fortitude, and manliness.

It is indeed difficult to express how thoroughly straightforward some typical psychopaths can appear. After being caught in shameful and gross falsehoods, after repeatedly violating his most earnest pledges, he finds it easy, when another occasion arises, to speak of his *word of honor*, his *honor as a gentleman*, and he shows surprise and vexation when commitments on such a basis do not immediately settle the issue. The conception of living up to his word seems, in fact, to be regarded as little more than a phrase sometimes useful to avoid unpleasantness or to gain other ends.

The psychopath apparently cannot accept substantial blame for the various misfortunes which befall him and which he brings down upon others. Usually he denies emphatically all responsibility and directly accuses others as responsible, but often he will go through an idle ritual of saying that much of his trouble is his own fault. When the latter course is adopted, subsequent events indicate that it is empty of sincerity—a hollow and casual form as little felt as the literal implications of "your humble and obedient servant" are actually felt by a person who closes a letter with such a phrase. Although his behavior shows reactions of this sort to be perfunctory, this is seldom apparent in his manner. This is exceedingly deceptive

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and is very likely to promote confidence and deep trust. More detailed questioning about just what he blames himself for and why may show that a serious attitude is not only absent but altogether inconceivable to him. If this fails, his own actions will soon clarify the issue.

Whether judged in the light of his conduct, of his attitude, or of material elicited in psychiatric examination, he shows almost no sense of shame. His career is always full of exploits, any one of which would wither even a rather callous specimen of the ordinary man. Yet he does not, despite his able protestations, show the slightest evidence of major humiliation or regret. This is true of matters pertaining to his personal and selfish pride and to aesthetic standards that he avows as well as to moral or humanitarian matters. If Santayana is correct in saying that "perhaps the true dignity of man is his ability to despise himself," the psychopath is without a means to acquire true dignity.

Not only is the psychopath undependable, but also in more active ways he cheats, deserts, annoys, brawls, fails, and lies without any apparent compunction. He will commit theft, forgery, adultery, fraud, and other deeds for astonishingly small stakes and under much greater risks of being discovered than will the ordinary scoundrel. He will, in fact, commit such deeds in the absence of any apparent goal at all.

Despite the extraordinarily poor judgment demonstrated in behavior, in the actual living of his life, the psychopath characteristically demonstrates unimpaired (sometimes excellent) judgment in appraising theoretical situations. In complex matters of judgment involving ethical, emotional, and other evaluational factors, in contrast

with matters requiring only (or chiefly) intellectual reasoning ability, he also shows no evidence of a defect. So long as the test is verbal or otherwise abstract, so long as he is not a direct participant, he shows that he knows his way about. He can offer wise decisions not only for others in life situations but also for himself so long as he is asked what he would do (or should do, or is going to do). When the test of action comes to him we soon find ample evidence of his deficiency.

The psychopath is always distinguished by egocentricity. This is usually of a degree not seen in ordinary people and often is little short of astonishing. How obviously this quality will be expressed in vanity or self-esteem will vary with the shrewdness of the subject and with his other complexities. Deeper probing will always reveal a self-centeredness that is apparently unmodifiable and all but complete. This can perhaps be best expressed by stating that it is an incapacity for object love and that this incapacity (in my experience with well-marked psychopaths) appears to be absolute.

True enough, psychopaths are sometimes skillful in pretending a love for women or simulating parental devotion to their children. What part of this is not pure (and perhaps in an important sense unconscious) simulation has always impressed this observer as that other type of pseudolove sometimes seen in very self-centered people who are not psychopaths, which consists in concern for the other person only (or primarily) insofar as he enhances or seems to enhance the self. Even this latter imitation of adult affectivity has been seldom seen in the full-blown psychopath, although it is seen frequently in those called here partial psychopaths. In nonpsychopaths a familiar example is that of the parent who lavishes money and attention on a child chiefly to bask in the child's success and consciously or unconsciously to feel what an important person he is because of the child's triumphs. Although it is true that with ordinary people such motives are seldom, if ever, unmixed, and usually some object love and some self-love are integrated into such attitudes, in even the partial psychopath anything that could honestly be called object love approaches the imperceptible.

What positive feelings appear during the psychopath's interpersonal relations give a strong impression of being self-love. The psychopath seldom shows anything that, if the chief facts were known, would pass even in the eyes of lay observers as object love. His absolute indifference

Continued on page 119

BACKING THE POST

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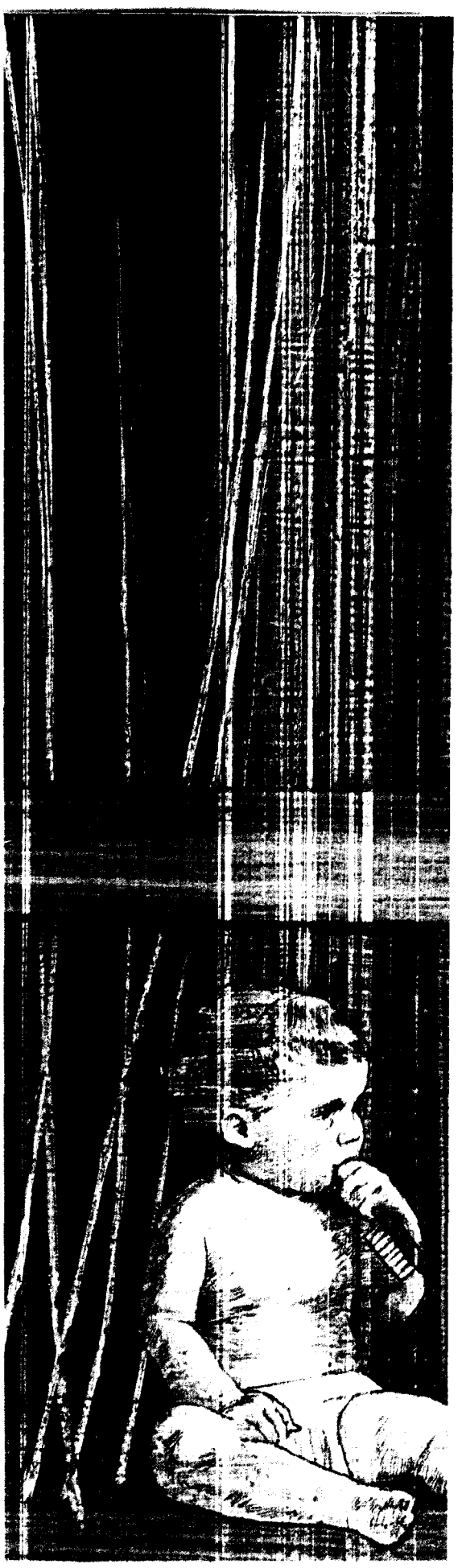
HARDHEAD

A really good law man knows that there's more than one way to catch a fish.

By Mary Freels Rosborough

Illustrated by David Taylor



It was moondown and the tall cypresses that turned the water inky black were no darker than the shadows of two men, slipping between the trees along the bank of the Suwannee.

They were the Dixon boys, Clem and his cousin Bert with their seine. They carried no lights for the way was familiar and fishing with a seine was against the law; and they wore heavy boots since rattlers strike low.

It was so still their passage through the hammock where the seine was hidden had been slow but not a twig snapped nor a palmetto frond rattled in the hot Florida night. Now they moved faster and young Clem, who went first, held an arm above his head fending off the huge spider webs which hung from tree to tree. Clem didn't mind the whir of a rattler half as much as the creepy feel of cobwebs on his face, when he didn't know how close a green-eyed, furry old spider big as a silver dollar might be.

They found the rowboat tied to a cypress knee and waited a moment in silent caution. Nothing stirred in the dark woods or on the dark river. Everything was asleep except game wardens and that old hoot owl up on the ridge.

Bert lashed the seine to a sapling, dumping the bulk of it into the boat, climbing in himself. As Clem rowed soundlessly upstream, Bert began to play out the seine, its weights making small clucking noises as they hit the water and sank. Behind them a line of corks lay like a string of beads on a black mirror.

This was an old familiar job best done in the dark of the moon. They must finish up tonight. Beddow's truck would meet them at dawn in the hammock for the last of the week's haul of catfish, to be shipped to the Kansas City markets.

Sharp daylight blazed on the tobacco field and May-Ellen Dixon on the back porch felt sorry for her husband, as he doggedly followed the tobacco sled down the green rows. It was picking time and Clem must work steadily in spite of the heat, which seemed to rise in puffs right out of the sand at every step. . . . Worse too, for someone who had spent half the night on the cool river.

She shook her head over Clem's waywardness as she sat rocking the baby. What'd he want to go messing around with Bert and that man Beddow, seining and breaking the law? Wouldn't there be enough money if he tended his tobacco and worked at other farms during slack time? She sighed with a sinking feeling. . . . Yes, there'd be plenty—if it weren't for Marty. Fanning the baby hard with a palmetto frond, she felt torn by two loyalties, thinking helplessly of her sister, away sick and alone.

Clem never mentioned Marty; yet he was doing wrong because of her, and she was no blood-kin of his. May-Ellen felt all mixed up about the right and wrong of things.

Choppy the mule swung the sled about in the turnrow and waited despondently while Negro pickers stacked their armfuls of tobacco leaves on the sled. Clem waved and May-Ellen flung up an eager arm. A sudden warmth that had nothing to do with summer poured over her. She watched him fondly, a bronzed giant of a man whose black boots matched his hair, whose blue jeans his eyes . . . eyes turned reckless lately. Why did things go so contrary for Clem, she wondered. Last year he'd worked day and night raising more tobacco than ever, only to have the bottom drop out of prices. That's when he'd started this "bootlegging" fish business with Bert.

The baby slept uneasily across her knee . . . so little to be the spitting image of anyone as big as Clem. How Clem loved him, solemn little Clemmie whom they called "The Reverend." Then there was Arline, two, and Susy, four. A handful for her, taking care of a lap baby, a crawler, and a yard'un all at the same time. That was why they'd sent for Marty last year, to help when the Reverend was born.

May-Ellen didn't notice Marty was sick, being used to her tall gauntness, her tired voice. She'd been living with deaf old Aunt Ray since May-Ellen married Clem. But when they needed Marty, Aunt Ray took her walnut bed and went to live with kinfolks in Hamilton County. . . . No, May-Ellen never noticed how slow Marty moved, the way she sometimes leaned against the wall. But Doc Waller did, and asked how long she'd had that dry cough.

They hadn't known what to make of it when Doc Waller said Marty had lung trouble. "T.B." he called it, a sort of nickname, May-Ellen reckoned. He had said Marty couldn't stay there around the children. She'd nowhere else to stay, Clem told him mildly, and said he'd build a lean-to room for her soon as the tobacco was in. He'd look out for Marty. Doc Waller got very cross and said sure Clem'd look out for her, but it'd be in a rest home in Orlando; that he wasn't going to have three children with "T.B." on *his* conscience!

Doctors were queer, hard people, May-Ellen thought, sighing, but they knew everything, like preachers and God, and you had to do what they said.

Now May-Ellen put the baby on the bed and went out to skin the catfish Clem had brought home for his breakfast. She saw Tom Hatcher, the game warden, driving in the yard. The dogs rushed up to bark ferociously at his old Ford, only to stop shamefacedly as they recognized a friend. He climbed out speaking affectionately to May-Ellen, whom he'd known as a child.

"Morning, Mister Hatcher." May-Ellen hooked the catfish on the nail in the pine tree. She slit

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"Honey," the game warden said slowly, "I think a heap of you . . . but if Clem was to be caught doing wrong, he'd have no money to pay his fine. He'd have to go to jail. . . . I'd hate that mighty bad."

down the blue-gray skin deftly and began to pull it off with a pair of pliers. "Hot early, this morning."

"Right smart." The game warden leaned against the grindstone in the shade, fanning himself. Perspiration trickled down his forehead into his jutting eyebrows. Under them his eyes glanced keenly around the place. He had walrus mustaches that jutted as fiercely as his brows and made his mouth look stern. But his question was mild: "How's Marty? Heard lately?" He always asked that first.

"Yes sir, a real letter!" May-Ellen beamed. "She sat up yesterday. Told me to send her quilt scraps, says she's been lazy long enough."

He nodded. "Just like her." His face didn't change. He just stared down into the inside of his hat.

Clem had sworn old Hatcher was sweet on Marty but May-Ellen was sure this wasn't so. Because the day they told him Marty had lung trouble and was going away, he never said a word, hardly, only stared. He had tiptoed awkwardly inside, patted Marty's hot hand and told her to be a good girl and get well soon, that she'd had a fine maw and paw and he'd promised them to look out for their girls. . . . That was all. Nothing in that, nothing at all to make Marty's sad eyes look like live coals in her thin face.

May-Ellen yanked hard on the catfish skin, feeling sad, remembering this.

"I been up 'fore day on my job." Hatcher was rumbling on. " 'Twas cool then. Oh, I found me a good seine up the river a piece, this morning. Too wet to burn, so I had to chop it up some. Don't know who it belongs to but whoever it is is heading for a heap of big trouble unless he puts a stop to his poaching."

May-Ellen's yellow head bent low. The remaining catfish skin came off with a jerk. " 'Scuse me, Mister Hatcher, I got to cook this for Clem's breakfast."

"Nice cat," he said judiciously. "Must weigh

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more than a couple of pounds."

She smiled tremulously, "Clem was out at sunup. Said he had a hankering for a nice fresh cat for his breakfast." They walked to the porch where a half dozen bamboo poles were stacked conspicuously.

"Well, now," Hatcher murmured in faint surprise, "Kinda funny; those lines look bone dry."

May-Ellen moistened her lips. "Things dry quick . . . in the heat." She gazed at him pleadingly, her eyes round and blue and scared.

The game warden stood silent an instant. No one moved except the hound dog, scratching a cool place for himself in the sand.

"May-Ellen, honey," Hatcher said slowly, "I think a heap of you girls, but my job's 'bliged to come first. If Clem was to be caught doing wrong, he'd have no money to pay his fine. He'd have to go to jail . . . I'd hate that mighty bad."

May-Ellen felt frozen. You couldn't jail people like Clem, who loved the woods and could walk softer'n a deer and fool the birds with their own whistles.

Her knees shook as she went up the steps. Then she heard Clem's voice.

"Howdy, Mister Hatcher! You not goin' 'thout seein' me?"

"I been looking for you, Clem."

Clem came up, mopping his hot face. His wet shirt clung to him, outlining his magnificent build. "Whew! I'm as wet as if I'd been in the river."

"Don't reckon you have?" drawled Hatcher.

Clem grinned recklessly. "I been out in that field, picking tobacco."

"Nice stand of leaf," Hatcher said, moving toward his car.

"It'll be in the curing barn, next. week."

"That ought to keep you busy, day *and night*," Hatcher said.

Clem looked stolid and dull, the way he could look sometimes. He wasn't much on talking anyway. In silence he watched the game warden cross the littered yard, past the iron syrup kettle and a tubful of patent medicine bottles. His old Ford sagged to one side as he got in, coughed angrily, then rattled out of the yard.

"Oh Clem, he's going to get you!" breathed May-Ellen. "He warned me."

Clem said harshly, "They call it a free country—and somebody tells you when to fire your gun in the free woods, when to drop your line in a free river! A season for this, a law against that!" He gave a hard laugh. "Pretty soon there'll be a game warden to tell us when to have young'uns!"

May-Ellen stared at him, bewildered. Such a long bitter speech from Clem. This wasn't the easygoing boy she'd married. She carried the fish to the kitchen and thrust a frying pan on the stove. This was a stranger, this Clem, snapping back, ugly as an animal caught in a trap. And it came over her suddenly that he was caught in a trap. Marrying her had done it. The babies coming and her sick kinfolks to take care of, and the tobacco not selling good.

Her heart sank lower, remembering the seine. She had to tell him.

She said abruptly, "He found your seine this morning. He chopped it up."

Clem's face darkened with rage. He strode over to the basin on the porch to wash up, saying nothing. He began pumping water, his arm muscles bulging.

That evening Clem and Bert, who lived down the road, had their heads bent over the mail-order catalogue, arguing on the size and price of a new seine.

They were sitting on the porch in the early dusk, the sleepy children fretting around their feet. May-Ellen hung her dish towels to dry, then sat near them, pulling the baby into her lap. "You boys might' near got caught last night," she said heatedly.

"Mind out!" Clem muttered.

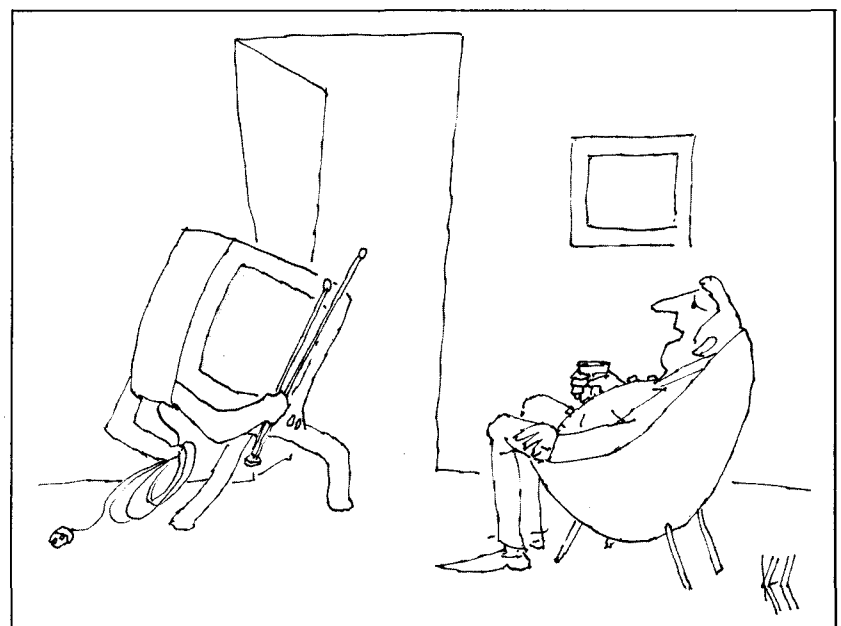
Bert, satisfied at the discord he had wrought, ducked down the steps and was off. May-Ellen sat silent.

Then Clem's hand was gentle against her face and neck. "Stop frettin'," he said soberly. "Maybe this'll be the last time, if the crop money comes in big."

Moving slowly as if drugged, she went in to light the lamp and get the babies to bed. She sponged off the Reverend's hot little body, sprinkling baking soda gently on him. He was wheezing again, his grave eyes gazing up at her trustingly. He'd always been a kind of weakly baby.

She found Clem watching her. "It's the baby," she stammered. "It's him, Clem. I need you—to help me raise him . . . and what'd the Reverend think when he grows up and hears his paw went to jail for——"

"Hush your mouth!" Clem suddenly shouted.



"Agnes! I think the TV is going out on us."

"How can you be so hardheaded? Leave fishing be. The tobacco crop'll be in soon."

Bert said lazily, "What do we do for money, now?" Clem said nothing.

"My young turkeys'll help out," she told Clem quickly.

He nodded. "In the fall, honey." No one mentioned Marty but she was there with bills from the rest home and doctors, every month.

Clem closed the catalogue. It was almost too dark now to read.

"Go put your kids to bed." He hugged the little girls, glancing at May-Ellen. "And quit your worrying. Maybe I kinda like fishing." His tone was good-natured. She knew Clem figured it was his privilege to catch and sell fish. He needed money and the streams were full of fish.

Bert shoved back his chair. "Don't do no good talking to women, Clem," he said with a snicker. "In one ear and out the other or else goes in both ears and out their mouths!"

May-Ellen said severely, "Bert, you've got no wife and kids to shame if you go to jail, but Clem——"

The next week was heaven, and May-Ellen's tense nerves relaxed. She didn't have to lie awake fearing for Clem. She was guiltily glad the game warden had found the seine.

Everyone on the farm was working at top speed. May-Ellen superintended the Negro women and girls in the stringing shed. All day they tied bunches of tobacco leaves in "hands" on long sticks. Later the sticks would be placed across the rafters in the tall fire barn for the curing, which magically turned green tobacco into silky golden "bright leaf." The crop was almost in.

Clem worked tirelessly through crowded days. He was up half the nights tending his fire in the low brick furnace connected to the fire barn.

May-Ellen went out to keep him company, one night. She found him squatting morosely in the weird glow, thrusting the scrub-oak saplings which protruded from the low door, deeper into the furnace as they burned. What was going on in Clem's head? she wondered a little fearfully. Did he envy Bert his freedom and blame her for burdening him?

Looking up, he said abruptly, "Reckon by rights, you shouldn't a-married me, M'Ellen. I'm due to come to a bad end, accordin' to old man Hatcher."

"Maybe you shouldn't a-married me!" she flashed back, but her heart sank. "Then you'd be free as Bert, instead of having the lot of us on your hands."

"*Bert*? Pshaw!" Clem exclaimed, then surprisingly chuckled. "How'd I have any peace of mind, less'n I married you? Little yellow-headed thing on your paw's farm and me studyin' 'bout you so hard I couldn't plow straight!"

The rush of happiness almost choked her. And Clem never, never threw Marty up to her. She touched his hair, his shoulder comfortingly, "It's all right now. And the crop money'll come in time."

He jammed a sapling deeper into the glowing furnace. "It's not all right," he said harshly. "I'm tryin' to tell you. Bert and I went and ordered another seine."

She shrank back. After he promised! And he'd have to borrow on the new crop to pay for the seine. She found him gazing at her defiantly.

"You're thinkin' the Reverend won't have no cause to be proud of his Paw," he muttered, and as quick as that her anger was gone. So easy to get in the trap. So hard to pull out.

Later that week, the game warden dropped in again. It gave May-Ellen a scare, for Clem and Bert had left at dark to try out the new seine.

"Where's Clem?" Hatcher demanded.

"Out chopping wood for the fire barn," May-Ellen said before she thought. She rocked in silent agitation as Hatcher turned and stared at the high woodpile.

Hatcher's face was bleak. "I've warned that hardhead when I had no business to. Sometimes a man's got to be caught, May-Ellen, to be saved."

"What you going to do, Mister Hatcher?"

Hatcher looked skyward. "It might be goin' to rain," was all he said. He lumbered down the steps and over to his car. He drove off, his headlights plunging through the dark trees, long, searching lights hunting for Clem. She watched them numbly. She must go to the river and warn Clem. But how could she leave the babies? She felt all twisted inside. She must stay here with the babies. . . . She must go and find Clem.

The hound dog slunk up on the porch out of the wet. May-Ellen seized him and dragged him inside. She peered into the bedroom. The Reverend was a small mound in the middle of their big bed. The little girls sprawled safe in sleep on the other bed. "*Mind the babies!*" she whispered sternly to the hound.

She shoved a bridle on the mule, led him out of the barn and mounted him. She dug her heels in his flanks

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and galloped out the gate.

She took a shortcut through the Barrows' field and into the woods. Hatcher would have a good three miles by road. Palmetto thickets rustled like live things as the mule crashed through them, his hooves splashed through water, clacked on gravel. Ahead was the faint purling of the river, and like a menacing echo from over the ridge came the dim throbbing of a car.

The trees thinned and there was the river, all flattened out and quiet before her. Somewhere in that darkness Clem was rowing a boat in a wide arc toward shore, against the current, against the heavy net glistening with fish. But there was no sound of oars, only the silky rustling of the rain.

Then in a clearing was the deeper shadow of a car . . . Clem's! It was filled with sacks of fish, the night's haul. Coming nearer, the throbbing of that car kept on and on, like her heart pounding.

She slid from the mule's back. Ahead was a young tree bending oddly toward the water, bending in jerks although no wind stirred the other trees. It was the sapling to which the seine was lashed. She could see the taut line. She had found Clem. He was out there at the other end of it. And Hatcher would find him, too.

In a panic she cupped her hands, calling, "Clem! Clem!" Her voice was a thin shriek, lost in the night and the rain. "Clem, he's coming! *You hear, Clem?*"

Only the dull sound of the rain answered her.

Then came a faint halloo. Miraculously Clem had heard her call, had understood . . . "*Cut me loose!*" The order came eerily from nowhere. Clem's voice reaching out and finding her, giving her orders, putting the heart back into her.

She grabbed the line struggling with the knots, but her strength was useless against the terrific pull of the river. She ran to the car, hunting wildly for a tool, finding Clem's old jackknife with the broken blade. Back again to the seine, she splashed heedlessly into the water, sawing frantically at the steel-like line. Clem's freedom in her hands! Oh God, let it cut! Let the rusty old knife cut.

Her hands were frozen, clumsy; the rain poured over her, blinding her. Then the line snapped, whipped past her like a hissing snake into the dark water. She had an instant thought of all those fish spilling out every which way, surprised, escaping . . . the way Clem would probably have to do now!

Suddenly the throbbing was louder, was all around her. The game warden's car came crashing through the palmettos and the night was split open by the glare of his searchlight. The black water was split open, and there was Clem's boat caught and held fast, caught and pinned against the wall of darkness. The small bobbing boat was utterly unreal until two figures in it came alive and at the same instant, dived overboard.

Continued on page 32

You're not going to lose summer. You're going to find yourself.

When summer goes away from wherever you are, there are several places it goes to stay. And we're not about to say we're the only place it goes.

Just the nicest place.

A place where you can not only find that fine summery feeling, but a place where you can find the real you. Wherever the real you may turn up.

Maybe the best of you turns up on the golf course. (We have 34 of the best of them.) Or around the swimming pool. Playing tennis (on 50 of the best). Riding horseback into the sun-dazzled desert. Wandering wide-eyed into canyons. Seeing the sights that are new.

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THE CASE FOR AMERICA

A noted columnist gives the back of his hand to those who condemn America without awakening to her attributes.

By Ernest Cuneo

While it is true enough that criticism, and particularly self-criticism, is the mark of a great civilization, it is even more true that no civilization was created by criticism itself. Of course, critical analysis is of immense usefulness. Perhaps its foremost advocate, the immortal Socrates, represents the technique at its zenith. No one could reasonably question the enormous contribution of Socrates to the evolution of the human mind.

Significantly enough, he was called the "Gadfly of Athens," since he stung his fellow Athenians into a reexamination of their basic premises. But, let it be noted, Socrates was not Athens. Gadflies must have something to sting, and if Socrates was the Gadfly of Athenians, it follows that the Athenians and their civilization were the workhorses. They were to Socrates what Shakespeare was to the London critics. Criticizing Shakespeare is one thing; duplicating him is quite another. In short, there is a vast difference between the workhorse in the traces and the gadfly on his rump.

Obviously enough, it would have been tragic for both Socrates and Athens if the gadfly were mistaken for the horse, or indeed, that large numbers of Athenian youths should assume that their full moral contribution to their glorious civilization would be fully satisfied if they were to become its gadflies. In final analysis, there is a vast amount of effort, often boring and arduous, necessary to meet the infinite daily needs attendant upon any people clinging to the surface of this remarkable planet.

Unfortunately, the current torrent of American intellectual thought is to elevate criticism of American institutions and American methods to the apex of the American way of life. Criticism, nonconformity, and dissent, for their own sakes, are taught as the very essence of our existence as a nation and a people. Thus, a Ralph Nader achieves the status of a national hero by spectacular unveilings of some failure of a product, made as if he were the consumers' Socrates. But even assuming that Nader correctly and usefully points out a failure, could anyone in his right mind conceive of Ralph Nader duplicating that utterly miraculous institution taken for granted by most Americans, known as the supermarket? The discoveries of that distinctive American contribution, the scientific research team, have made available no less than 5,000 different items within walking distance of nearly every American home. Foreigners, especially the Russians, stand agape at what they regard as its wonders. But these products are mere evidence of the American system. Not only do these products compete with others, but the supermarkets themselves compete for the volume as a whole.

Thus, to mistake that minor-league Socrates, Nader, for America is even less excusable than

"Who ate all the grapes?"

mistaking Socrates for Athens, for Socrates was indeed a giant. But when a distinguished American labor leader, certainly no protagonist of American business, declares that the supermarket is the greatest example of economic democracy, it carries enough weight that one sometimes wonders why American labor must make the case which American business is not making for itself. The labor chief's reasoning is irrefutable; he explained to a foreigner that every American product must stand for election every day, because every American woman makes an election each time she makes a purchase. Moreover, such is the quality of the products offered that other nations using them have had a rise of their actual physical stature of two inches in three decades, the result of the intense American research necessitated by American competition.

In proper perspective, it must be fully acknowledged that the contributions made to the American civilization by its learned, competent and ofttimes acid critics, such as H.L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, and Sinclair Lewis, have been extremely useful. But by no stretch of the imagination can their works be considered as of nearly the impact on American life as those of Robert Fulton, Eli Whitney, Samuel Breese Morse, Alexander Graham Bell, or Wilbur and Orville Wright. Moreover, though it is unfashionable to the point of intellectual treason even to mention the obvious, it is clear that without the Henry Fords, Thomas Edisons, Walter Chryslers, Alfred Sloanes, James Hills, Commodore Vanderbilts, Errett L. Cords, C.K. Smiths, John Deeres, General David Sarnoffs, and others, who translated the scientific discoveries into practical effect by putting together the American industrial complex, the great inventions would have remained merely interesting theories. Instead, these men brought the discoveries as finished products into the mainstream of American daily life.

Of course, the American industrial complex has many faults. Of course, like all things human, it has had to grope its way, particularly in the field of human relations. But constructive criticism is one thing and blind hate another. Currently, it is under all but maniacal attack by the intelligentsia as a sinister industrial-military complex. This is historical nonsense. For example, if the American intelligentsia are agreed on one concept, it is that Hitler's totalitarian Nazis were the greatest threat of the twentieth century to the basic freedoms, including their own. Yet, except for the American industrial-military complex, their own freedoms, including the right to criticize, would have perished as testified by even Josef Stalin.

The full, honest answer to the carping American intelligentsia, of course, is that they may criticize the American Way if they wish, but they should tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in doing so. Precisely, if they wish to be gadflies, then in all fairness, they should identify the body politic they are stinging.

By way of throwing down the gauntlet to them, I ask them to consider the following challenges:

It is agreed that the American public utility system has many serious faults and alert criticism and regulation is justified. But why not state that it is also true that their electric switch on the wall of practically every American home makes instantly available for an American family the equivalent of 1,500 slaves in ancient Rome?

Moreover, as our ecologists and environmentalists quaver with sobs over the desecration of the American land, is it not fair to note that as a result of the "desecration," this purportedly ravished acreage is capable of feeding and clothing the whole world with, of course, the assistance of the machinery designed and produced by the intellectually despised American industrial complex?

Ernest Cuneo is a man of many accomplishments. He is a lawyer—an authority in libel and constitutional law; he is the author of two well-received books—Science and History *and* Life With Fiorello. *But he is above all a newspaperman, well known for his column "Take It or Leave It," and more recently for his original "news behind the news" column, "The National Whirligig."*

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Again, it may be fair criticism that some drugs are priced too high. But in perspective, it is also true that there are remedies as close at hand as the nearest drugstore and at a salable price of a few dollars—remedies for which stricken Louis XIV would have given the half of France. For the most part, these are the result of teams of American scientists who found the magic remedies. But these leave the question of where, if not in the purchasing price, the manufacturers are to be compensated for the experiments which did not work. For assuredly, if they could charge for only the ones which were successful, they could not support the tremendous expense of research.

There are prices which are unconscionable. Nevertheless, American drug and medical research has conquered many of the scourges of mankind. In the overall history of the human race, the purported high price of drugs is comparatively insignificant.

Again, tears akin to the flood of the Mississippi roll because of the curtailment of American wildlife, most notably the 20 million buffalo. But obviously enough, 20 million buffalo and 100 million automobiles are two incompatible forms of energy in the same area. Which of the intelligentsia would give up his Volkswagen to ride a buffalo?

This same intelligentsia will recount with shining eyes how Rome was a great builder of roads. No one mentions that the United States built 42,000 miles of eight-lane superhighways in twelve years, fifty times more rapidly than Rome; and this was only a fraction of the new mileage.

This is only one facet of how productive America continues to utilize its environment for vast improvement of American everyday life. It may be argued that superhighways are no advance, but those who so hold are free, thanks to the Bill of Rights, to walk if they wish.

This rate of change is so sweeping that it is estimated that 55 percent of the American people earn their living in industries which did not exist in 1920. Among other things, whole new schemes of transportation have appeared: airlines, gas lines and inland waterways, among others. Thus, due to its herculean effort since 1945, the United States now has 27,000 miles of navigable inland waterways moving billions of ton-miles per annum. Even Tulsa, Oklahoma, is an international port, and seagoing vessels dock at Chicago. Moreover, the U.S. Army Engineers, whose accomplishments make the building of the Pyramids seem a kindergarten exercise, have channeled and dammed the country's streams to vast good effect. The perfervid ecologists and extreme conservationists damn their dams; yet without the dams of the U.S. Army Engineers, the unprecedented floods of the last two decades would have wreaked havoc on millions of acres of the same sacred soil for which these zealots deem themselves the sole and self-appointed guardians.

These American scientific advances, of course, redound to the immeasurable benefit of all mankind. As one instance, the effect of insecticides eliminating disease-laden insects, particularly the lethal mosquito, not only made the Caribbean among the healthiest places on the globe, but transformed life in Ceylon. In Ceylon, not only was the death rate cut to a third, but the packaged American K rations visibly increased the appearance of a whole people. In fact, to a considerable degree, the world population explosion in some sections is caused not so much by the increase in births as by the successful war American medicine and research teams are waging against the death rate.

Actually, there is no field in which the progress of man hasn't been accelerated to the point of revolution in the twentieth century. Indisputably, the foremost leader in this progress has been the U.S.A. Yet, the nihilistic nonsense is purveyed ad nauseam on the campuses that the machine is enslaving man. In heaven's name, how? By a thirty-five-hour week from which American industrial cornucopia comes ten times the gross national product of only thirty years ago?

It would be a fair and indeed fundamental criticism if the American intelligentsia were to retort that such product-cataloguing deals merely with the physical world and avoids the effect on the spirit of the American people. This must be answered, for long before America was discovered, that summary of final profundity on man's mortal existence was propounded in the question, "What doth it benefit a man though he gain the whole world only to lose his own soul?"

This raises the interesting question of what soul America has to lose.

Historically, the soul of America was born on July 4, 1776. Much has been said of the immortal words of that document. But it is often overlooked that it was not a mere recitation of words. When its signers pledged their lives, fortunes and sacred honor, they were describing a fact. They would have been hanged as traitors had they lost. Among other lesser things, their fortunes, which were considerable, were part of the stakes. General George Washington, for example, the wealthiest man in the colonies, was the first to put his neck in the noose. Two centuries of waves of criticism by his denigrators and debunkers have only served to prove that his integrity was as much granite as the monument which bears his name. True, he was not a great strategist; but this only doubly emphasizes that his character alone took the forlorn Continental Army through the ordeal of Valley Forge and the Republic to victory. Thus, if nothing else, the Declaration of Independence proves the magnificent spiritual daring of the American in the field of the abstract. Thereafter, the War for Independence proved that, once committed, an American will indomitably serve his ideals at the expense, if necessary, of his lifeblood. Of course, this does not describe the entire American population of the time. There were high percentages of detractors and defectors; but they did not found America. This only underlines that America, in fact, was born of the spirit, and most of its history is nothing but the record of that spirit. Thus, if the Pilgrims had listened to common sense, they would have remained in Europe. What men in their right senses would embark with their families in cockleshells to cross the wild North Atlantic to hack out a living in a howling wilderness?

Tocqueville, visiting the United States in 1840, thought optimism was the most distinguishing characteristic of the American people. He reported, "The incredible American believes that if something has not been accomplished, it is because he has not yet attempted it." Here one can rest the case for the validity of American optimism, because even more incredibly, since Tocqueville wrote that, the American has attempted—and accomplished—a walk on the moon.

This magnificent courage, this boundless faith, this indomitable optimism was never even questioned until the current intellectual malaise. With a plow, an axe, a bag of seed and a Bible, the nineteenth-century American couples who "desecrated" the Great Plains (into enough amber fields of grain to feed the world) trudged up through the passes of the Alleghenies, on through the more forbidding Rockies, to build a West Coast whose gross national product alone is higher than that of all but a few countries. The price was high, practically the same as the suffering at Valley Forge, though in the nineteenth century it was paid by the pioneer women. They died young, often in childbirth, and almost always after a short life of the hardest kind of work amidst mortal

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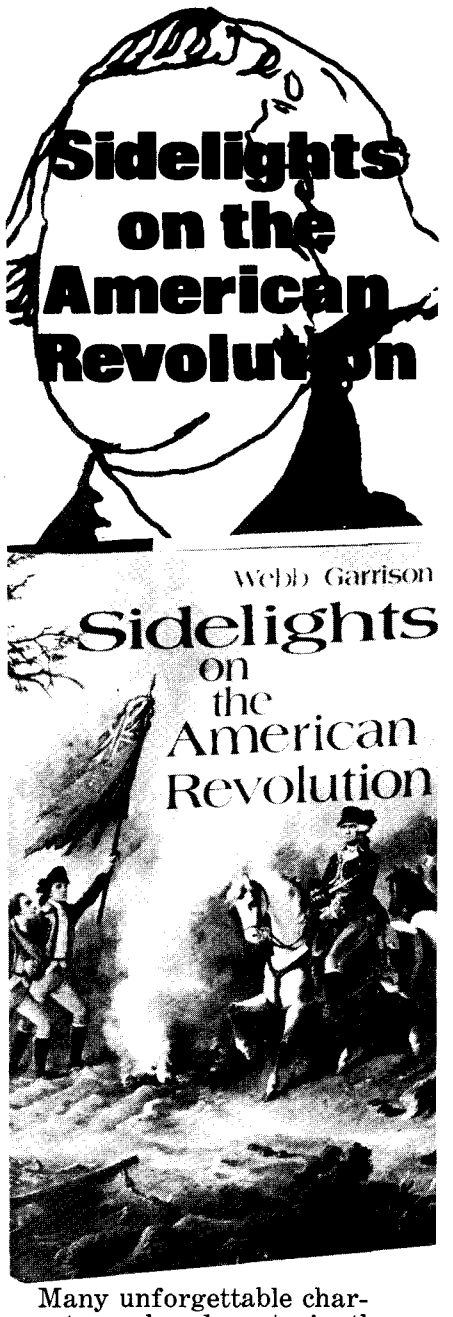
A tax collector who fought taxation? Who was America's first woman soldier?



Many unforgettable characters played parts in the drama that was to become the emergence of the United States of America! WEBB GARRISON captures these not-so-famous people, places, and events which made up the better part of the Revolution. His capsule accounts are packed with tantalizing tidbits of Americana. Who was the first martyr of the Revolution? What brought about the myth of the Minutemen? Find out about the execution of the first American soldier and Benjamin Franklin's Tory son. It's fun, educational, and sometimes amazing! Get a behind-the-scenes view of the birth of a nation. *Bibliography. Subject index.* $5.95

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VISITING EUROPE? HAVE A GREAT TIME BEFORE YOU GO

By Leonard Bernstein

Monique was chic, sleek, unique.

For years I've been telling people that they *have to* learn the language before visiting a country in Europe, and for years everyone's been looking at me strangely.

I will admit that people have some good ideas why you *shouldn't* learn a language:

1. It takes a lot of time.
2. English is spoken in most European countries.
3. You will use the language for only two weeks.

Furthermore, it's true that the taxi drivers in Lisbon will overcharge you whether you speak Portuguese or not. And fluent French won't save you a franc in the twenty-dollar-a-head restaurants of Paris.

So why learn a language?

This is why: Did you ever consider whom you might get to teach you?

Three years ago we decided to spend our summer vacation in France. I thought it would be helpful to know a few French words, so I called International House in New York City—the residence for 500 foreign students.

"I'd like to hire a tutor in French—are there any available?"

"Would you like a male or female tutor?"

"Well, I don't know. I hadn't given that any thought."

"O.K. then, we will send you whoever is available. Now where would you like your lessons?"

"Is it possible to get a tutor to come to my office?"

"Oh, yes. Our tutors will give you lessons anywhere you like."

"Well then, my office—tomorrow at five."

"Fine, a tutor will call you before then to confirm. Good-bye."

I put down the phone and thought about what I had just arranged. How could I have bungled that question about male or female? A female French tutor! I could flunk the course and I wouldn't mind. I picked up the phone.

"Listen, I think I just spoke to you about a tutor in French. Well, you see, my wife might want to take lessons with me and she would feel more comfortable with a female. So do you think you could arrange. . . ."

(Last year International House received 267 calls from men who wanted language lessons, and 243 thought their wives might want to take lessons with them.)

"Let me see who is available," she said. "Ah, yes, you will receive a call from Monique."

Monique! I could picture her right away. Five-foot-seven, 115 pounds. I can't tell you the rest.

The balance of the day was wasted. Business associates came in for important decisions. I told them to see me later in the week. The phone rang—I grabbed for the receiver.

"Phone call for you, Mr. Bernstein—from Mr. Brody."

Damn it!

"Listen, Susan, if I get a call from someone named Monique, don't lose it. Yes, Susan, that's Monique. M-O-N-I-Q-U-E. How come all of a sudden you need the spelling?"

At 4:30 that afternoon the call came.

"Ah, Meestaire Bernstein, I weel come to see you tomorrow at five. I bring all my things weeth me. . . ."

"What things? What things?"

"Oh, my lesson books and notes, but we

Continued on page 79

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Ford Mustang II. The success car of '74 is doing it again in '75.

New Ghia styling. New exciting choices and features. Even a V-8. Look close and you'll see Mustang II has even more going for you in '75.

The elegant Mustang II Ghia.

In its first year Mustang II ran away from all its so-called "competition" combined.

And for '75, we've made Mustang II more exciting than ever.

With a new V-8 available. An even more luxurious Ghia model.

An even more impressive list of standard features.

An even wider choice of exciting options. Here's one small car that's still so new you've got to see it all over again in 1975.

Look close at Mustang II Ghia. From its sleek lines, to its new grille, to its classic opera windows and half vinyl roof, you are looking at a small car with an unusually high level of style and luxury. Standard equipment includes 4-speed floor mounted transmission, plush bucket seats, quartz crystal digital clock, and thick carpeting. Even carpeting in the trunk.

Look close at Mustang II's new standard features. To the already long and impressive list of Mustang II equipment, we've added two very important economy features for '75:

- Steel-belted radial ply tires for improved gas mileage.
- Solid-state ignition, which requires less maintenance than conventional systems.

When you add these to all the other standard features of the Mustang II, and the wide range of exciting options, you can appreciate why in sales, in quality, in value, this small car is in a class of its own.

Look close at the model and engine choice. (There's even a small V-8.) This year Mustang II offers a choice of three economical engines. A standard overhead cam 4, an optional V-6 or the newly available 302 V-8.

For '75, in addition to the Ghia model, there's also a 2-door hardtop, a 3-door 2+2, and a sporty Mach 1.

There's even a special new Ghia. The Silver Ghia. The Silver Luxury Group option makes this Silver Ghia special because of features like the cranberry crushed velour seating area, silver metallic finish, exclusive trim and a one-way glass moon-roof option. Look close at Ford Mustang II for 1975.

See it at your local Ford Dealer.

The closer you look, the better we look.

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION Ford

Car shown with optional 302 V-8, cast aluminum spoke wheels, console, automatic transmission, AM-FM stereo radio.

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Beware the multi-plumaged after-dinner speaker as he soars on leaden wings.

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

The shades of autumn falling fast give notice once more of the approach of the dread season of annual dinners when many shall again be condemned to toy with empty glasses and dead cigars while wondering why God should have chosen to endow the dullest speakers with the greatest stamina. And pondering just where He had left His Infinite Mercy when He created such multitudes of males with passionate love of the sound of their own voices, but deprived them of any capacity for sweet termination. The first action of the hardened campaigner at commemorative meals is to consult the menu, not to see what there is to eat, but to find out from the inedible data with what particular species of public speaker the assemblage is afflicted tonight.

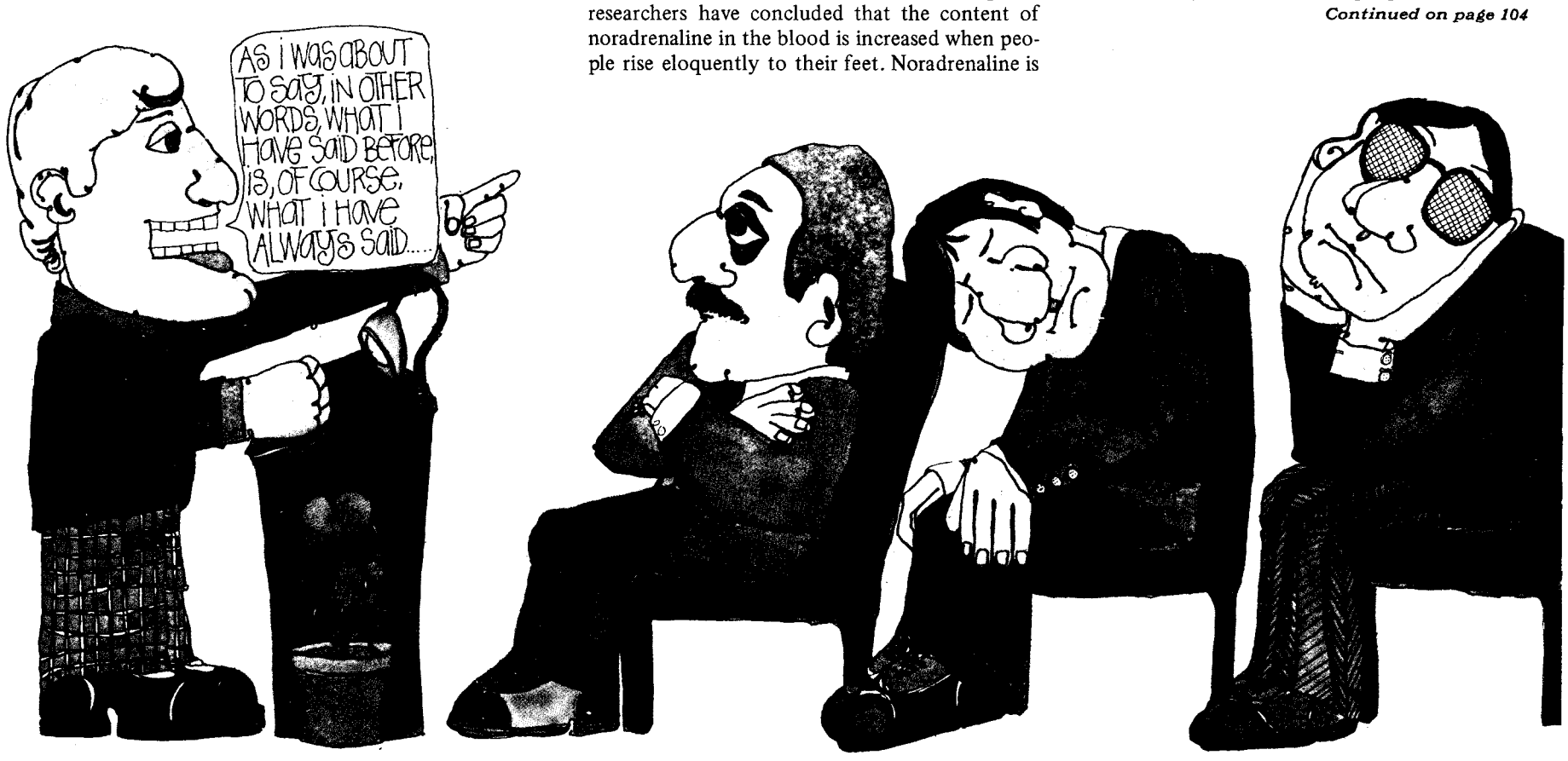
Will it be a Deadly Droner, one of the breed that either reads verbatim or delivers from word-perfect memory in a monotone guaranteed to put lead in the listener's eyelashes and fill his brain with warm soup? And also get his shins kicked black and blue by a wife determined to stop him nodding off lest the neighboring guests think he's drunk again. Or maybe the persecuting knight of verbosity will be a Babbling Brook, about whom men may moan and women may groan but who goes on forever. When such a spouter is in full spate, you can watch his auditors not only taking stealthy looks at their watches, but also holding them up to their ears to make sure they're still going.

Another much-feared genus is the Unnatural Wag who, though blessed by his Maker with exceptional stolidity of mind and gravity of bearing, regards any request to say a few words as a compulsion to put on his red nose and take up the lard-bladder. Having scouted the library for After Dinner Speakers' Joke Books, he laces chestnut to chestnut with manic irrelevance and delivers them with consummate mistiming. He declaims in the belief that he is a natural Bob Hope and has at instant command all the comical capacity it took that entertainer a lifetime to master. But perhaps the most dreaded tongue-thrasher is the Impromptu Orator, who openly boasts that he never prepares a speech, never uses notes and just gets up and says the first thing that comes into his unoccupied head. As a result, what comes out of his mouth is mainly ill-connected waffle, and the suffering of his audience varies from tedium to agony in direct ratio to the vastness of his vanity. Which renders it of no profit to point out to him that Mark Twain reckoned that it usually takes three weeks to prepare a good impromptu speech.

This ear-bending time around, however, some faint prospect of relief has been offered by warnings from the medical profession about the physical dangers of overindulgence in speech-making. A British team of heart research doctors has expressed their belief that the delivery of lengthy, emotional speeches may lead in time to cardiac trouble. By wiring speakers up to electrocardiograms while they give out with the gab and taking blood samples when they finally belt up, the researchers have concluded that the content of noradrenaline in the blood is increased when people rise eloquently to their feet. Noradrenaline is the hormone which increases fat in the bloodstream and the relatively inactive occupation of chin-wagging does not burn up the fat as energy and its consequent accumulation could have long-term effects damaging to the heart.

There might thus be a chance of reducing the coming outflow of verbiage if our dinner-menu compilers abandoned their traditional habit of interlacing the printed courses with jolly Shakespearean quotation and many quips exhorting all present to eat, drink and be merry because tomorrow the pollution's coming up over the bedroom windowsill. It is now their medical duty to emboss instead such literary exhortations as will tend to curtail the length of the speeches and thus reduce the deliverer's total gusher of noradrenaline. Matthew Prior's couplet might well be used in which he notes, "And 'tis remarkable that they, / Talk most who have the least to say." Reinforced by texts recalling that immemorial verbal impact can be equated with brevity, since the Sermon on the Mount takes but five minutes to deliver, and Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address can be uttered in only little more than two. And emphasizing that the principal speaker on November 19, 1863, was one Edward Everett who spoke for two hours, and who can now remember a single word he said? Which could lead on to the supporting presidential opinion of Thomas Jefferson that "Speeches measured by the hour die with the hour," and the apposite reminder from François Fénelon that "The more you say, the less people remember."

Continued on page 104



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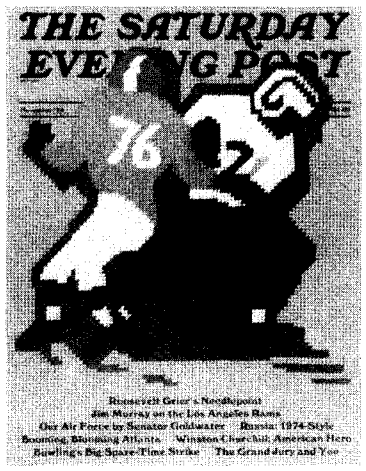

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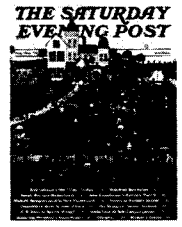

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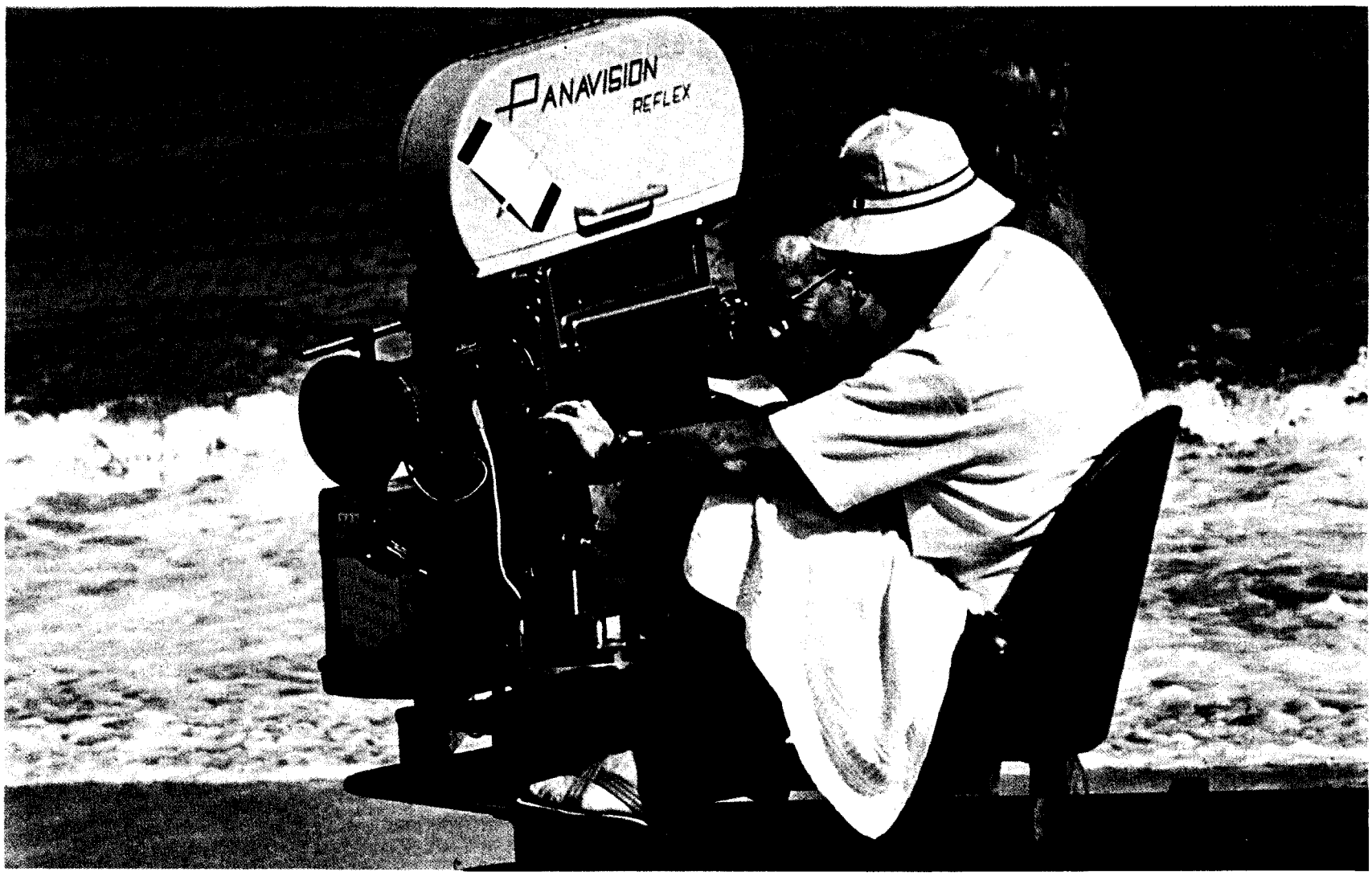

George C. Scott behind *the camera with a cinematographer and wife Trish Van Devere.*

"THE SAVAGE IS LOOSE"

George C. Scott, famed actor, works for his favorite director, George C. Scott.

By Pierre Cossette

George C. Scott wasn't angry, although heaven knows he had every right to be. I certainly would have been. We'd been stuck for nearly an hour smack in the middle of the highway running north from Puerto Vallarta to the village of Lo De Marcos, the tiny fishing hamlet situated less than a mile away from the palm-encircled stretch of virgin beach where Scott was to film the final scenes that morning for his newest movie, *The Savage Is Loose*. Shooting had been scheduled to begin at 8:00 and now, though it was close to 7:45 and most of the crew was already on the location waiting for Scott's arrival, no one seemed to be doing anything about removing the great hulk of a tourist bus which lay stretched on its side like a beached whale across the full length of highway, blocking traffic in both directions. After what seemed like an unconscionably long wait in the growing swelter of the back seat of the car that Scott had arranged to transport me to location, I gingerly stepped out onto the highway into the full glare of the rising morning sun.

The sky above was cloudless. But at the edge of the horizon small patches of gray showed like smudges on clean linen, signaling the imminent arrival of the rainy season. Jungle birds, as if in anticipation of some sudden deluge, chattered discordantly. Two or three cars in front of me was Scott's Mercedes. He seemed calm enough as he sat in the back with his wife and co-star, Trish Van Devere. They talked quietly, a script open on his lap, undoubtedly conferring about the scenes they were soon to play. Trish looked up and smiled. Scott waved and indicated that we'd all talk—once we got to location. But when will that be, I thought, and how can he be so calm?

I'd been told the night before that this daily journey to location was a monotonous trip at best, and how right they were. They'd all been doing it now for eight weeks, leaving Puerto Vallarta soon after dawn and traveling some seventy kilometers along a broad and boring stretch of asphalt relieved only by the vivid, sweaty colors of the jungle foliage on both sides of the road and by a number of hairpin turns which, even expertly maneuvered, caused you to catch your breath in a gasp of prayer and instinctively cross your fingers.

Obviously the driver of the hapless bus hadn't prayed hard enough. An hour before we'd arrived, in a last-ditch effort to avoid an oncoming car, he had swerved too sharply, skidded, turned away from his skid and gone into a spin which had left his bulky vehicle toppled gracelessly on its side. A passing police car had summoned help and shortly before we happened on the scene, the passengers and the driver—happily none very badly injured—had been taken off to the hospital in Puerto Vallarta. Now, while we waited for a tow truck and more police to arrive, the atmosphere on the road had taken on a carnival air. A family of Mexicans had spread a blanket on a flat level of grass at the edge of the highway and chattered merrily as they cut up two large, juicy mangos. An old woman, who must have been eighty, her head covered with a gaily colored shawl, sang to herself in Spanish as she removed her lunch from a straw basket. Two Mexican truck drivers traded friendly insults back and forth across the highway while Scott's driver, Al Zanone, a sturdy-looking Italian-American whose "deze dems and doze" accents betrayed his New York origins, conferred, largely in sign language, with a number of other Mexican drivers.

"We've used the walkie-talkie to try and get to

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the location," Zanone told me, his broad face grinning familiarly. "But the darn thing won't reach—although we're only a blasted mile or so away from where we've got to go. We've decided to use the *Federales* when they come. I'll ask them to chauffeur George and Trish to the location. Everyone is set and ready to go just waiting for the chief to arrive. You'll see. We'll be there on time—or pretty close to it."

I had already learned from George's Executive Producer, Bob Relyea, that though Scott was well into the home stretch, any delay now would have to be paid for out of his own pocket. The film, financed almost entirely by Scott himself and a small group of private investors, had been funded on the basis of an exact eight-week shooting schedule. Considering that the cost of a day's shooting was close to $10,000, I marveled again at Scott's patience in the face of this morning's shaky start. Beginning to feel some of the anxiety that surely Scott—ever the consummate actor—was masking from the rest of us, I settled uneasily into the back seat of my car to wait.

The Savage Is Loose is the second film Scott has directed. His first, *Rage,* had been a relatively happy experience in the making but disastrous in its release when Warner Bros., dissatisfied with the version Scott had presented to them, drastically recut the film and rushed it out in a multiple booking release around the country. Scott never saw their version and was left bitter and frustrated over the experience. Although he'd acted in a number of films since—among them *Oklahoma Crude, The Bank Shot* and *The Day of the Dolphin*—he was determined to give himself another try behind the cameras. In a number of interviews in the past few years he'd repeatedly said that he expected to "phase acting out of his life altogether" in the not very distant future. Directing and writing would take its place. He'd said, too, that he liked working with his wife Trish, with whom he'd co-starred in two films prior to *Savage.* An ideal situation would be for him to direct Trish as often as possible.

The Savage Is Loose was originally submitted to the Scotts by United Artists, who owned the property. Both Scott and his wife were immediately struck by its possibilities. The story of a shipwrecked family of three who survive nearly two decades of total isolation on a desolate jungle island—and who find themselves confronted by a desperate, existential situation when their son reaches manhood and, but for his parents, faces a lifetime of total solitude—has all the ingredients of a complex, highly charged drama. Later Scott would tell me that he was attracted to the project because it dealt with the "psychological levels of survival" and because, apart from its being a "smashingly good story," it was "small and containable" and had within it some compelling observations to make about loneliness, isolation and the need for love. Mrs. Scott, who was presented the script by George without any advance buildup, had responded as enthusiastically as her husband. "Stunning," she'd called it; "something we have to do." In the morass of movie industry wheeling and dealing, somehow United Artists backed out of the project. George bought the script himself and set about producing, directing—*and* distributing the finished project.

Scott was not about to entrust his latest enthusiasm to the factorylike indifference of a major distribution company. He had a number of choices. He could settle for a smaller distributor—one used to handling special projects; he could set up his own outfit and rent the film to the exhibitors around the country; he could "four wall" it, which means renting to individual theaters for a flat fee—this newest and most-talked-about method of distribution proved enormously successful with the so-called "difficult films" like *Billy Jack* and *Walking Tall*—or he could find some new method to get the picture to the public.

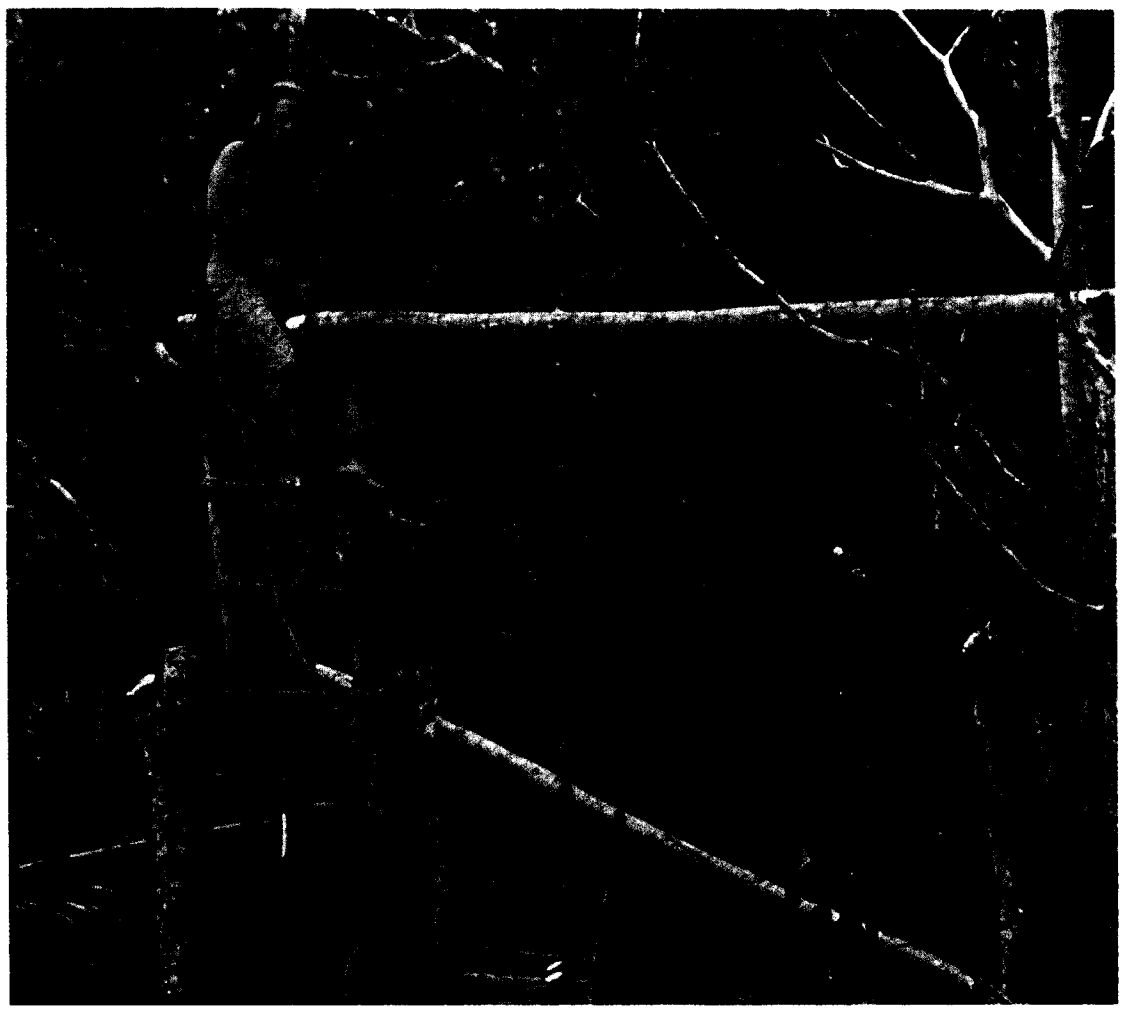
"It came to me in a vision," Scott said, talking of the plan he finally hit upon to sell *The Savage Is Loose*. Why not sell the film outright—in perpetuity—to individual theater owners and chains? Let them take on the full responsibility of merchandising the film? And encourage them with the incentive of keeping 100 cents on the dollar. Scott, for his part, would supply them with an advertising campaign, and, if possible, his presence at the time of the film's premiere.

When he announced his plan, Scott was hailed in the industry press as an innovator. *Variety,* however, pointed out that once upon a time in the early infant days of the industry such films as *Intolerance* and *The Birth of a Nation* were sold outright to theater owners. Somewhere, I thought, in the basements of some of the oldest theaters in the United States are nitrate prints of early silent classics that must still be disintegrating in storage bins.

It was only with the rise of the great production combines like MGM and Paramount—companies which also held great blocks of theaters—that this method of distribution was done away with and the now conventional method of exhibition, in which the "majors" rent prints of their films to the theaters who in turn give back a portion of the profits, became the order of the day. When the antitrust decision of the late 1940's forced theater production companies to liquidate their theater holdings and the chains became independent, the situation changed slightly again. Signs of enmity grew between distributors and theater owners. Scott sensed the gulf between the theater owners and the men who were supplying them with films: "The distributor was acting as the middleman between the creator and the theater-going public. Despite the fact that the middleman is a grand old American custom, it is also true that he is often the most out of touch with the demand of the consumer. His eyes are firmly fastened on the buck."

According to Bob Relyea, Scott has nearly recovered his entire production costs in a couple of outright sales to two major theater chains. One, in Chicago, has purchased thirty prints for a price of over $600,000. Another, in New York, has paid a half million dollars for twenty prints for exhibition in the greater metropolitan area of New York. With a total production outlook of $2 million—and an additional cost of approximately $1 million for prints, advertising campaign, editing, scoring and public relations—Scott did well to be totally in the black before an anticipated Thanksgiving premiere. There are some 14,000 theaters in America, and thus far only 120 of them have been accounted for. Scott's plan certainly sounded good to me.

He had further guaranteed to the exhibitor that he would make every effort to help sell the film himself. If that meant submitting to endless newspaper and TV interviews, all the better. He was even, Relyea told me, planning a whirlwind



Scott is up a tree, literally and figuratively, when his family of three is shipwrecked on an isolated and desolate jungle island for nearly two decades.

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Trish Van Devere (top), who is Mrs. George C. Scott in private life, plays the role of Maida. When she saw the script for The Savage Is Loose, *she called it "stunning—something we have to do." John David Carson (bottom) plays the role of the "Savage," the teenage son who winds up in desperate confrontation with Scott at film's end.*

"brainstorming" tour of eight cities—literally carrying cans of film under his arm to present to theater owners—and, at the same time, preparing to go the full route of publicity palaver—press parties, talk shows and interviews with small-town papers. Could this be, I wondered, the same George C. Scott who was so disdainful of personal publicity that he turned down an Oscar? The man who had said a number of times how much he loathed the public aspect of being a star—and who, through four marriages, an Oscar, numerous unverified accounts of his battles with the "demon rum," has still kept one of the lowest public profiles of all our major personalities. I'd heard he sees the press, when he *does* consent to see them, only grudgingly. And woe to the poor journalist who is unprepared, or who asks unwise questions about his private life. His temper is as fabled as his talent, and before I came to Puerto Vallarta the two films he's directed seemed to me to be very aptly titled: *Rage* and *The Savage Is Loose!* He was, I decided, learning of this sudden affability toward press and public, a man of enormous contradictions.

I was startled from this musing by Al Zanone, who told me that cars had finally been dispatched from the location. Scott and Trish were already on their way there, and Zanone himself would drive me to them in a battered taxi—the one usually used to transport props.

The spot Scott had chosen as the setting for this film was originally sighted from the air by Bob Relyea. Some months before, Trish Van Devere had gone on a location hunt with Scott's manager, Jane Deacy. After rejecting spots in Hawaii and the Caribbean, they had flown up the west coast of Mexico beginning in a town some hundred miles north of Acapulco. Scott had decreed that the location must be a combination of jungle, beach, and mountains. "It couldn't be too pastoral or South Sea Island like," Trish later told me. "I found a place which was just incredible," she said, "not far from Zihuatanejo, but there was no way to get into it. The one existing road there was went out behind the mountains, and it would have meant a three-hour boat ride every morning. As it was we had to bulldoze through the jungle to get to this place. It took them nearly a week to clear a path to the sea."

According to Carlos Reyes, the company's transportation manager and a seasoned film hand with experience dating back to the late Forties, when Hollywood first put a tentative foot down south of the border, this new road offered the poor villagers of Las Margaritas their first chance to ride their bicycles down to the sea without cutting through the jungle with machetes.

And what a ravishing sight the sea was, viewed from the grass- and bamboo-thatched hut that served as one of the principal sets in the film. Scott had decreed that this hut be constructed from natural materials and from whatever "the family" would have salvaged from their wrecked schooner, the remains of which Scott's set decorators had artfully positioned on some rocks jutting into the sea. Although the hut was crowded now with technicians and Scott himself, who was lining up the first shot of the day, I felt at peace sitting there on a makeshift bamboo chair. If I *had* to be stranded on a desert island—what could be more like paradise than this?

Obviously this spirit of tranquility had infected every member of the crew. Moviemaking is usually a serious and tense affair and Scott's film, as I had been led to believe, had had its share of angry moments. But today, perhaps because the people knew they were reaching the end of a project they all respected and cared about deeply, there was an air of relaxed camaraderie and an easy good humor on the set. Scott was affable if not exactly loquacious. He talked easily between takes about the project, his hopes for it—and some of his plans for the future. Later that afternoon, we sat, Trish, George and I, on some deck chairs in a small clearing between the two huts. There were moments I could barely hear them speak through the constant soothing sound of the sea.

Scott's chiseled-in-granite face frequently crinkled with laughter, and Trish, who at first sight may seem a bit haughty, carrying her startling beauty with all the elegance of some proud "lady of the manor," was down to earth and delightfully scatological in her good humor and teasing contradictions of her husband. I asked Scott first why he had hit upon this way of selling the film to the public, what the public had to gain, and what the theater owner was getting in the bargain as well.

"To be practical," he said, in that familiar gravelly voice caught on a sandpaper path somewhere between a whisper and a shout, "*Savage* marks the first time in theatrical history that the exhibitor gets to keep a hundred cents out of the dollar. He actually owns the property outright; he's never been able to do that before. It becomes something of an annuity for him because he can replay it. Say, he comes into a couple of soft weeks six months after the premiere—well, he can slot *Savage* right in there and it doesn't

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cost him a cent. Instead of the former rental situation where he splits 65/35 with the house nut or some such—a situation which always meant double and triple bookkeeping and sometimes cheating—this film is all his once I've made the sale. The idea is simple and easy to understand, and so far, remarkably easy to effect."

"George went to pains to make sure that the contract between us and the exhibitors was easy to read—simple as pie," Trish interjected.

"Damn right," Scott assented. "I'd made it clear to all the lawyers to make the terms simple so that they don't read like *Gone With the Wind.* The contracts are concise and the points are clear. I hope the hell it stays that way. You see they stand to make a great deal of money from this. Someone the other day asked me why *should* the exhibitor make money. Well, why shouldn't he, for goodness' sake? If he makes money he is going to be happy to come back to me if I've got another project. Moviegoers, too, will benefit. Their taste and influence will be more immediate now that the exhibitors' taste and influence can be felt. Because he'll be laying money down at the box office of the theater owner who has chosen this picture, *The Savage*, he will be telling Mr. Theater Owner exactly what kind of film he wants to see. The public could become a much stronger voice with regard to the film it chooses to attend."

Does Scott feel the movie industry is moving in a new direction perhaps, that he is just part of a trend for change that might well transform the entire face of the industry in a few years?

"I don't know how much of a change my contribution will effect," Scott said, his blue-green eyes flashing in the sun. "But I do see changes. One I'm interested in is the idea of multiple theaters—I think that they are a marvelous thing—you know five, even seven or eight theaters in one complex. They are the best way to get people out of the house into the theaters. They can go in a group with their families and nobody has to see the same picture. They can all talk about the pictures when they are over, and trade films off the next week. Tell Mom and Dad to see the one you saw. It is a helluva smart idea and a grand thing for the public."

Scott added, "I also think that independent financing is a great boon to the movie industry. People who are not ordinarily in the business of making movies are going into them now. It removes the shackles the major companies have had on the industry for years. When *they* can't command the bank accounts, then they can't command the product either.

Continued on page 122

PEOPLE

when asked... "All things considered, would you say you are pretty much satisfied with living in Indiana as opposed to somewhere else, dissatisfied with this state, or what?"

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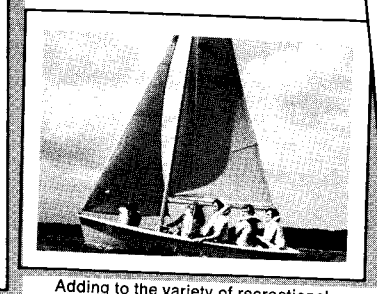

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INDIANA

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continued from page 21

May-Ellen could not breathe at all. She crouched on the bank as the searchlight darted here and there, and found nothing. Clem was swimming underwater. Was he clear of the net . . . of that long snaky tangle that could wrap around and strangle a man? Then the light touched a dark spot moving downstream, touched it and flickered on. May-Ellen gulped back her heart, knowing the light had found Clem swimming silent as an otter, and had let him go.

Wild relief steadied her. She must get his car with those sacks of fish out of here. Choppy would find his way home alone. She ran silent as a deer through the underbrush, scrambled into Clem's car and started the engine.

The searchlight was after her at the sound. She knew a moment of terror as it grabbed for her. Then the car plunged down the rutted track and the dark woods took her into its own.

She heard the dog howling as she drove into the yard. She stumbled up the steps of the silent house, flung open the door. The dog nearly knocked her down trying to get past her. Above this commotion came a shrill gasping sound. . . .

The baby! She ran into the bedroom, shaking hands lighting the lamp. The little girls slept on. It was the Reverend twisted in a terrible effort to breathe, his face blue, mouth open in that crowing gasp.

She snatched him up as steps sounded on the porch outside.

"Oh Clem, come quick!" she screamed.

But it was Tom Hatcher standing in the kitchen. "So it was you I followed——" Then in a quick change of tone, "What's wrong, child?"

"Croup," she gasped. "He'll die 'less he can get his breath!"

"Here!" Hatcher grabbed the baby. "Get turpentine and sugar, quick. . . . "

As she rushed frantically about the kitchen, he began stuffing wood in the stove, holding the baby capably with one hand. "Now hold him while I pump water," he ordered.

When a dripping figure quietly mounted the steps a little later, no one heard him for they were working like mad in the kitchen. And Clem, looking cautiously in the door, blinked incredulously.

The kitchen was an inferno, with Hatcher feeding a roaring fire and holding an umbrella covered with a quilt, over May-Ellen and the baby. Pots of water boiled on the stove, steam rising in billowing clouds. Their shadows were giantlike on the wall.

For a staggering moment Clem thought they had gone mad. Then he heard the shrill crow of the baby's breathing, saw the small bluish mouth open and gasping . . . horribly like the fish he had caught so defiantly.

May-Ellen saw him. "Oh Clem, go for Doc Waller!" she cried and because he was suddenly there when she had wanted him so, sobs burst from her lips.

"The medicine?" Clem came out of his appalled trance. "The ipecac Doc Waller left last time!"

"I forgot it," she stammered distractedly. Clem rushed to the pantry shelf, knocking over cans and jars, finding it. The cork stuck and he broke the neck of the bottle clear off with his bare hands, and poured out a dose. But when he took the baby he was as steady as iron. "Sit down, honey . . . sit down and cry awhile."

His sodden clothes clung to his big frame, mud and water oozed onto the kitchen floor, as his deft fingers fed the medicine drop by slow drop down the baby's throat. Hatcher watched him, frowning, and jammed more wood in the stove.

Then he stood back, shaking himself rather like a big wet dog.

"Will you flare up once more, Senator? Our camera missed it the first time."

Perspiration glittered in his bushy eyebrows, ran down his face. He was as wet as if he, too, had been in the river.

The baby was violently sick, then seemed to relax in Clem's arms. The rosy light from the stove played softly over them. The moments passed.

Hatcher patted May-Ellen's shoulder. "Clem's got it licked now, honey."

Clem's head jerked around. "It was you, Tom," his voice broke huskily. "You saved the little tyke." Then he muttered, "And it's a judgment against me."

Hatcher said hastily, "M'Ellen, get a blanket to wrap the baby in. He's wet as the rest of us." His face suddenly looked grimly amused.

The baby fell asleep as May-Ellen wrapped him snugly and took him in her arms. She raised her tear-stained face, "We'll not ever forget your saving the baby for us, Mister Hatcher." Her voice shook.

They followed him out on the porch. The rain had stopped. The air was sweet.

"Rats," snorted Hatcher. "I didn't do nothin'! But I'm sure glad I just happened to drop by this evening."

"Come by any night," Clem said suddenly, "and sit with us, Tom." He looked squarely into the older man's eyes, his own blue and burning. "You'll find us home . . . the *both of us*." He swallowed, "And any time you want me to do anything on God's green earth, I'm here."

Hatcher nodded gruffly and went down the steps. May-Ellen caught her breath in horror. She had left the door of Clem's car wide open. The breeze brought the pungent odor of fish. Hatcher paused automatically and glanced in the car.

"Oh, Mister Hatcher," May-Ellen's voice was high and tremulous, "I forgot to invite you to our fish fry Sat'day. I declare, it went clear out of my head what with the baby sick and all." Her breath was running out and she had to sink down on the steps, lest she drop the baby. "Clem brought the fish home for it tonight. We haven't had time to put them in the icehouse, yet."

Hatcher turned his head, without speaking. He looked hard at them. May-Ellen held the baby tight against her.

"Well, now," Hatcher said at last. "Saturday? Sounds fine. I won't forget."

A moment later, his rickety old car drove out of the yard.

The neighborhood attended the fish fry with enthusiasm, crowding the yard with Fords and trucks and farm wagons. Long tables under the trees were loaded with platters of hot fish, hush puppies, pies and cakes and jugs of scuppernong wine.

May-Ellen, pink-cheeked and busy, rushed around serving everyone; Clem was frying fish over an outdoor fire. Tom Hatcher stood talking crops with the older men, and Bert Dixon was there full of horseplay and loud laughter.

When the eating was almost over and the jugs were being passed, Tom Hatcher rapped on the table for attention.

"I'm fixin' to do a little speech-a-fyin'," he proclaimed, "if you folks'll stop chewing so loud!" Amid applause he took an important-looking letter from his pocket.

May-Ellen, watching him, stood tense. Clem, busily passing a platter of hot fish, was paying no attention.

"Suwannee County is growing fast," Hatcher began, "and lots of city folks are coming here for sport in our woods. The District Fish and Game Commissioner has decided to give me an assistant deputy warden. This card is his appointment. It says the new feller is six feet, one inch tall, black hair, blue eyes, weight 187 pounds." He made a great show of studying the card in a sudden dead silence . . . "Name seems to be? . . . Yep, it's Dixon, Clem Dixon. Any of you heard tell of him?"

Clem almost dropped the platter of fish. "That's me!" he stuttered.

Clamor broke out, neighbors guffawing at this fine joke, crowding around Clem to slap him on the back, to shake hands with the warden. Clem was popular and anyway, their spirits were high. That is, all but Bert's. He dropped the fish he was eating as if he'd suddenly lost his appetite.

Scarcely breathing, May-Ellen watched Hatcher go up to Clem, the shiny badge in his hand. "I . . . can't!" Clem backed away, painful red rushing over his face.

"Tell that to the District Commissioner," Hatcher said cheerfully. "He picked you for this job. Here's his letter stating, 'Only a person of highest ability, intelligence and loyalty is selected to uphold the laws and protect our woods and streams.' This badge isn't from me," he added. "This is from the State of Florida, investing Clem Dixon with full authority as assistant deputy game warden of Suwannee County."

Clem stood as if stunned by the sheer weight of these words. Someone took the platter of fish from his nerveless hands as Hatcher pinned the badge on his shirtfront. He suddenly straightened his shoulders and stood very tall.

"And a small salary goes with the appointment," Hatcher added, giving Clem the important-looking letter and card.

May-Ellen gripped the table for support, her heart thundering so inside her she knew everyone must hear it. "Money for Marty," she uttered.

She gazed at Clem's dazed, solemn face and her heart began to slow its mad beating. Clem had always been a head taller than anyone else.

She suddenly met Tom Hatcher's eyes. They were twinkling at her.

Hatcher had caught his man.

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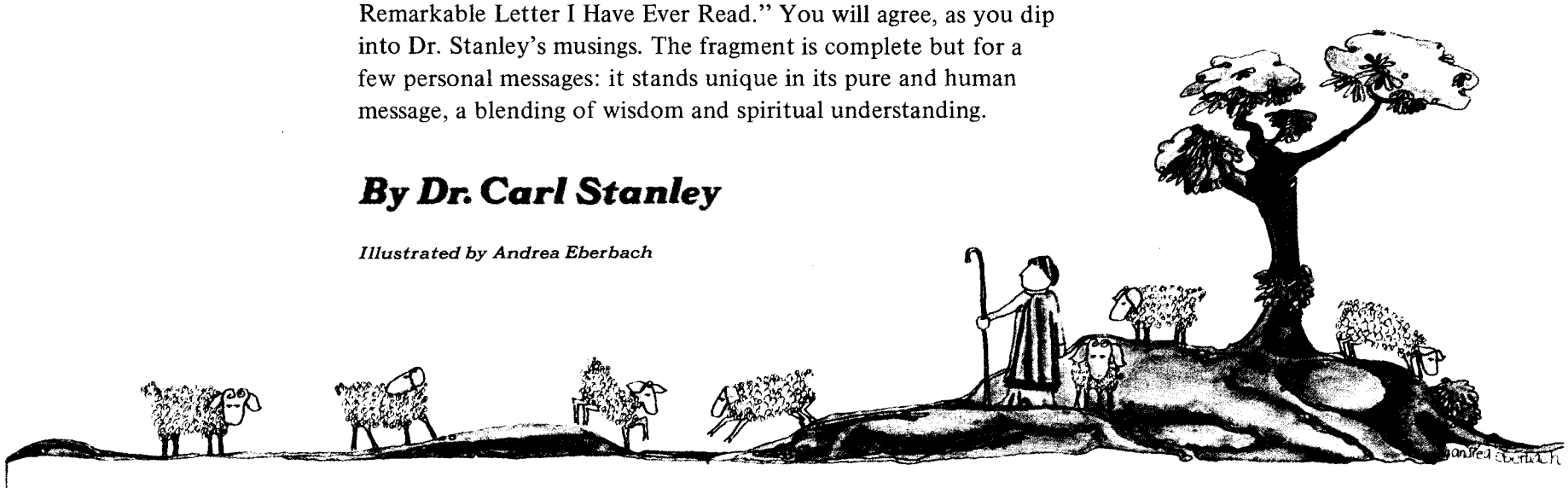
BESIDE STILL WATERS

The 23rd Psalm has some of the most beautiful and noble sentiments in the English language. They are the inspiration for this eloquent and moving evocation of the Psalm written by Dr. Stanley, a ninety-three-year-old resident of Oswego, Oregon, to friends in Vermillion, South Dakota. Their son-in-law in turn forwarded the letter from Des Moines, Iowa, marked "The Most Remarkable Letter I Have Ever Read." You will agree, as you dip into Dr. Stanley's musings. The fragment is complete but for a few personal messages: it stands unique in its pure and human message, a blending of wisdom and spiritual understanding.

By Dr. Carl Stanley

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach



While in Idaho in 1905, I saw my first band of sheep, and the methods of caring for them. I had experience among cattle and knew how cattlemen hated sheep grazing in their territory. In later years in the 1920's, I spent a vacation on the Baldwin Sheep Ranch in Oregon, which was operated by a friend of mine who was running several thousand head of sheep and employed several sheepherders.

This was my first introduction to sheep and to a Basque sheepherder. Sheep owners depend upon the loyalty and faithfulness of their herders who are out with them for months and on duty twenty-four hours a day, doing their own cooking.

One day while on the ranch, a herder brought in a band of sheep to the main ranch house and on that day the cook of the ranch prepared a chicken dinner. The herder was still watching his band of sheep, so dinner was carried out to him. I was interested in watching the herder and seeing how he would enjoy the meal and what part of the meal he would taste first, expecting he would dig into the chicken. I was surprised to see him bite into a slice of bread and butter and devour that first.

In later years, I read Iberian history, which dates back twenty generations and takes us back to the Holy Land and the shepherds of that day. How many times Jesus referred to the shepherds and his sheep as he told the parables. As youngsters in Sunday school, we were taught to memorize the 23rd Psalm, which is a beautiful poem. I was very much inspired reading the article by James K. Wallace about the Basque sheepherder and the Shepherd's Psalm, and about his experience while camped with an old Basque herder by the name of Ferdinando DeAlfonso on a Nevada desert.

James Wallace stated that DeAlfonso was more than a sheepherder. Despite his long absence from his homeland in Spain and his being far from human habitation, he is full of legends and religious fervor and is able to give a sheepherder's literal understanding of that beautiful 23rd Psalm.

DeAlfonso claims he can look into the eyes of his sheep and see the love and affection which David saw. It is his inspiration and his bulwark when the days are hot or stormy, when the nights are dark, when wild animals surround his band, so in the 23rd Psalm, phrase by phrase, it has a well-understood meaning for him.

For as the Psalm begins with these comforting words, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures," the herder has the sheep graze early in the morning until mid-morning hours, then the sheep want to lie down and enjoy chewing their cuds during their restful hours. Having reached the richer, sweeter grasses and a shady place, the shepherd has led them into that atmosphere of contentment and trust.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters." I never realized the disposition or temperament of the sheep until I read that sheep will not drink gurgling water or a noisy current of water. The shepherd has to find a place where the rocks or erosion have made a little pool or else with his own hands make a place for them to drink. What a restful thought this word picture brings to us as we read this part of the Psalm!

"He restoreth my soul, he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." There seems to be a difference between the Holy Land sheep and the Spanish merino sheep. The Holy Land sheep were led rather than driven as they searched for grazing. Each one takes its place in the grazing line and keeps its place throughout the day. According to DeAlfonso, once during the day each sheep leaves its place and goes to the shepherd with an expectant eye and a mild little bow, whereupon the shepherd stretches out his hand and the sheep runs to him. The shepherd rubs his nose and ears, scratches his chin, whispers low words into his ears and fondles it affectionately. After a few minutes of this communion with the master, the sheep returns to its place in the feeding line, refreshed and made content by this personal contact.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters." In no other literature is there this perfect blending of poetry and worship. Of all the books of the Bible, this most surely points out that the national literature was perfected solely for the purpose of serving a religious man's every emotion. Here and in every call the emotion is related to worship either in exultation at the presence of God or repentance for wrongdoing or hope for salvation.

Jesus said to Simon Peter, "Do you love me more than all else?" "Yes, Lord," he replied. "Then feed my lambs." A second time Jesus asked Peter if he loved him. "Then tend my sheep." The third time Jesus asked Peter if he loved him. Peter answered him: "You know I love you." Jesus said: "Feed my sheep."

So on that Nevada desert Ferdinando DeAlfonso roams with his sheep showing them love and care.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fe.. no evil, for thou art with me." During the early days when Oregon and Idaho had thousands of sheep grazing, the herders would take the sheep to higher feeding grounds in the mountains and they would find a natural valley of the shadow of death as the herder did in Palestine. This valley is south of Jericho, leading from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea. It is a very narrow defile through a mountain range. It is necessary to go through the valley to get from the old time feeding grounds of David. Its side walls are over 1,500 feet high

Continued on page 87

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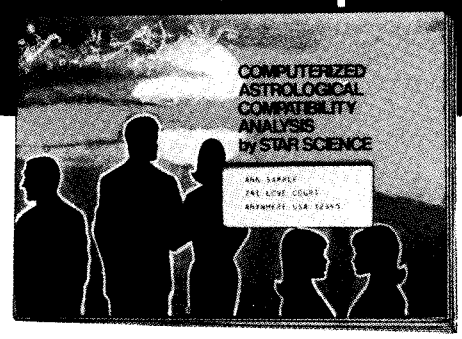

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THEY DON'T MAKE MILLIONAIRES ANYMORE THE WAY THEY DID IN BETTY GRABLE'S TIME

By Al Capp

The "Mary Tyler Moore" show is more real than you think. Lots of local TV stations have laconic, outwardly surly, but deeply warm-hearted Program Directors, like Lou Grant. Entirely too many have pompous newscasters like Ted Baxter, and there are so many pretty, intelligent and desirable Marys around who have passed thirty without marrying you wouldn't believe it.

Not all local TV stations have a Mary, and a Lou *and* a Ted; some have just one; others have a combination of two; but the one this story is about has the lot. The Lou in this real-life story is named Ben Woods; our Mary is named Sally Roberts; and our Ted Baxter is named Milton Rushmore. And that's all I need to tell you about them. No descriptions or character analyses are necessary. Just remember what the TV characters look and act like, and you'll have it.

One day Ben called Sally into his office. "Sally," he said, without looking up from his correspondence, "rent a desk and a chair for a week, and place them next to yours."

"Yes?——" said Sally.

"That's all," said Ben. He still hadn't looked up.

Sally started to leave. She stopped at the door, swallowed hard, and said, "I don't think it's prying, Mr. Woods, but I, well, I think I ought to know who is going to be my neighbor for a week. . . ."

Ben looked up, and sighed over the insatiable curiosity of women. "Bascomb," he said.

"Bascomb!" gasped Sally. "The owner?"

Mr. Bascomb was the owner of acres of Texas oil, four newspapers in major cities, a chain of 700 Bascomb-Burger restaurants, scores of condominiums across the country—going up so fast that by the time you read this, one has been completed and twelve others started—an insurance company, and three local TV stations, of which Sally's was the least. But to Sally, her station was the whole world and Bascomb's ownership of it made him the most important figure in her world.

"Not old Bascomb," said Ben, wearily, "his son, Ripley Bascomb. Nineteen years old. Sophomore at Harvard. Literary type. Doing a paper on communications. Wants to study programming. Wants to study you. Okay?"

It was the longest speech he had ever made, sober. But he liked Sally, and if she needed detailed information about this trifle, it wasn't too much to do for her. And so, he was startled into looking up again when she said, "No, Mr. Woods, it's *not* okay."

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't know quite how to say this," said Sally, with difficulty, "but nineteen-year-old students, especially of the literary type, are apt to, well, get crushes on older—women."

"I'm sure you've run into cases like that before," said Ben, jovially, "and I'm sure you've learned how to handle them."

"Of course," said Sally, "you just, well, you just nicely avoid them."

"That," said Ben, "might be difficult, huh, with him sitting next to you every day."

"That," said Sally, "is it."

"We can't refuse hospitality to the owner's son on the grounds that he may develop a crush on our Assistant Program Director," said Ben. "Bascomb would think we were a bunch of idiots. Which we would be if we couldn't come up with a solution . . . and I *have it*!!!"

"Yes?"

"Did you see that Betty Grable movie on our late show the other night?"

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"Betty who?"

"It's incredible," growled Ben, "that we've raised a generation which never heard of Betty Grable. Well, the story is about a young millionaire who elopes with the most sensational chorus girl on Broadway, Betty Grable. He is afraid that his aristocratic mother will never realize what a splendid intellect and fine character she has, while she looks as good as she does. So she puts on some eyeglasses, pulls her hair back tightly, ties it in a bun, and wears flat shoes. This convinces his mother that her son must have married her for her intellect and character, because she has no looks whatsoever. And they live happily ever after. Get it?"

"Not quite," said Sally.

"I once dropped by your place with a package you left at the office," said Ben, "and I saw you without makeup. You were nothing. I like watching your legs flash by. But one day you came in wearing flats. And I didn't look . . . not after the first time."

He rose, lifted Sally's hair from both her ears. He sat down, smiling contentedly. "Just as I suspected," he said. "With your hair pulled back and tied in a bun, you'll be all ears. Now do you get it?"

"I'm afraid I do," said Sally icily, trying to freeze back the indignant tears.

"Don't misunderstand me," said Ben, "you're a beautiful girl. But you need a little help, in the right places, to bring out your beauty. Without it, nobody can tell you re beautiful."

Sally thought about that for a few seconds.

"You know, Mr. Woods," she said, "you're right."

The next morning, Sally pulled her hair back tightly and tied it into a bun. She was startled at the generosity of her ears. Up to now, Sally and her hairdresser had kept them a secret from the world, and, in a way, from Sally herself. She slipped into a Peruvian peasant dress she'd bought four years ago and never worn because a Peruvian girl peasant in one looked no different from a Peruvian boy peasant. The vague purple shadows under her eyes were interesting, but the vague purple hue of her lips made the general effect depressing. She slipped into flat shoes and grimly set out for the office.

Young Bascomb had already arrived and was being welcomed by Milton Rushmore in a man-to-man, hail-fellow-well-met, servile manner. "You're a lucky stiff," chuckled Rushmore, "getting your desk placed next to Sally's. She is, as you kids say, a peacherino."

"Beauty is not what I look for in a girl," said young Bascomb, from some orifice beneath his bangs, his granny glasses. "Intellect and character are what I look for."

"But it's more fun-looking," chuckled Rushmore, nudging him, "when it's covered by a mass of glorious red hair, wrapped in a neat figure and standing on a pair of great legs."

"Good morning," said Sally.

"You shouldn't have come in," said Rushmore, "when you're sick."

Cartoonist Al Capp, famous for his comic strip "Li'l Abner," is also a noted columnist for the New York Daily News *Syndicate and a syndicated radio-TV commentator. Here he turns his talents to short-story writing.*

"I've never felt better in my life," said Sally.

"It's something about your ears," said Rushmore, with the tact that would never make him feared by Walter Cronkite. "They look different."

"How can you tell?" asked Sally. "You've never seen them before. Nobody has. Not since I was fourteen. You must be young Bascomb." She extended her hand. "I'm Sally Roberts. I hope I can be of some help to you."

"I'll try not to be a nuisance," he said. "I'll just watch."

Sally hoped there would be a crisis, or some interesting visitors. It would be mighty dull, watching her all week in her condition.

Nothing much happened all morning, except that everyone came over and asked Sally how she felt.

Ben called her in, and said, "Wow!!! What a change! Sure you haven't overdone it?"

"All I did was what you told me Betty Grable did."

"Then you can't go wrong," said Ben. "What's he doing?"

"Nothing. He just stares at me. It's humiliating. I wouldn't let my own mother see me like this."

At noon, young Bascomb spoke for the first time. "Will you have lunch with me, Miss Roberts?"

"It's terribly kind of you to ask." Sally had grimly planned to have sandwiches sent up for the week, to conceal the stark horror of her from the rest of the world. "I was just going to phone down to the drugstore for a sandwich. I'm . . . uh . . . trying to catch up on my reading."

"May I see what you're reading?"

She remembered that Milton Rushmore had left a paperback with her a few days ago. The title was *Savage Love*, but once he got into it he discovered it was about the savage love Bulgarians have for their soil. They had a nerve charging $1.25 for it, and he wished Sally would try it and see if she didn't agree with him that it was tripe. She could keep it—no charge. After two pages, Sally, for the first time, agreed with Milton Rushmore and put the book in her drawer. Now she pulled it out.

"Krudnik," said young Bascomb, approvingly. "Possibly the best of the Bulgarians. Bitter, isn't he? Laughter and deep pain, all at once. Makes you see society as the hopeless hypocrisy it is."

"Something like that," said Sally.

"When you call down for a sandwich, order one for me. Peanut butter and jelly. And a Coke."

"Oh, you needn't eat at your desk just because I am," said Sally, in something of a panic. "If you like company at lunch there's a darling girl in Public Relations. When I went out there, earlier, she asked who you were. She'd be thrilled . . . I'll ask her——"

"Please don't," said young Bascomb. "If there is one kind of girl I can't stand it's darling girls. Pie-faced. Vacant-eyed. No depth. Unrelated to life, because they've never lived, and if they live to be a hundred, they never will. I prefer girls whose faces are worn with tears of anguish and disappointment, like yours, Miss Roberts."

Ben Woods was passing, on his way to lunch. Sally rose, and stopped him. "I have something urgent to discuss with you," she said.

"Can't it wait until after lunch?"

"It can't wait another minute," said Sally.

They walked back to his office. Sally carefully shut the door. "That movie about Betty Grable and the young millionaire," she said, "when was it made?"

"In the early Fifties, I'd guess."

"Young millionaires have changed since then," said Sally. "In those days they were happy. And they were attracted to happy girls. Like Betty Grable. Young millionaires today are gloomy. They're ashamed to be too young to have ever had misery of their own. And so they borrow other people's misery. They dress like miserable bums, and their hearts go out to all the miserable of the earth, except their own parents. They don't look for happiness. They look for a partner to share their beloved misery. Think of the pictures you saw of the last few millionaires and their brides. Any of them look like Betty Grable?"

"Come to think of it," said Ben, "no. They all looked like penwipers."

"I look like a penwiper," said Sally, "and young Bascomb is going to propose to me before this day is over, if I don't do something about it fast."

"You know what to do?"

"Exactly," said Sally. "Have Ruthie take all my calls. I'll be back in one hour."

"You won't break the kid's heart, now, will you?" said Ben.

"I'll gladden it," said Sally.

On the way out she explained to young Bascomb that she had a crucial appointment, took her sandwich to eat in the taxi, and insisted that she pay him for it. She looked so little like a girl to whom one must be gallant, and so much like a boy with jug ears and rather large feet, that he accepted the money for the sandwich without protest.

For a long time after she left, he leaned back in his chair, arms clasped behind his head, eyes closed. Then he straightened up and began typing: "Dear Dad, I have found more than mere guidance for my communications paper here. I have found a girl to guide me through life. In one morning I found that she shares my literary tastes and my deep grief over the state of society. She is very beautiful, but it might take people of your generation some time to realize it because of her ears and feet. Her beauty comes from inside, Dad, and not much of it shows on the surface where your generation mistakenly looks for it. . . ."

As Sally came in, all the men in the office glanced at her legs, now great once more in her miniskirt and spiked heels, and when she passed by they glanced again.

Her hair was combed straight down now, over her ears, in a shoulder-length pageboy. Her darkened eyelashes gave her eyes a dazzling brightness; the purple shadows underneath were magically gone, and her lips were parted in the warmest, reddest of smiles.

"Something seems to have happened to you this afternoon," said young Bascomb.

"Not at all," said Sally, "something happened to me this morning. There wasn't time to get myself looking the way I always do."

"You always look this way?" asked young Bascomb.

"Always," said Sally.

Young Bascomb took the letter out of his typewriter and tore it into bits.

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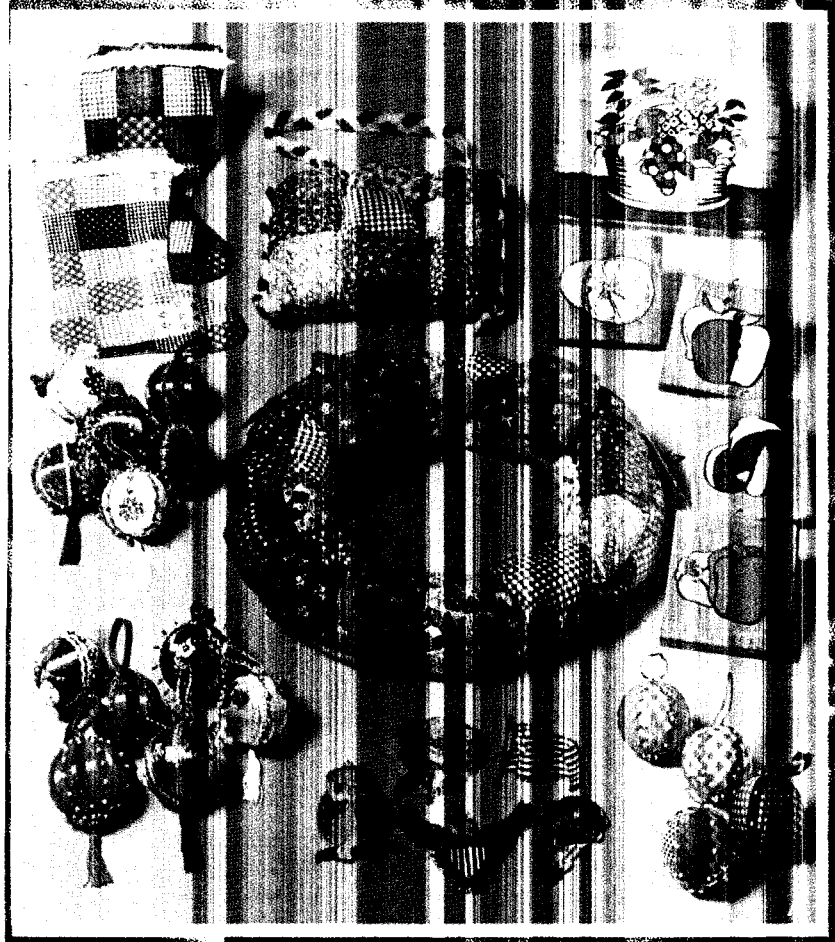

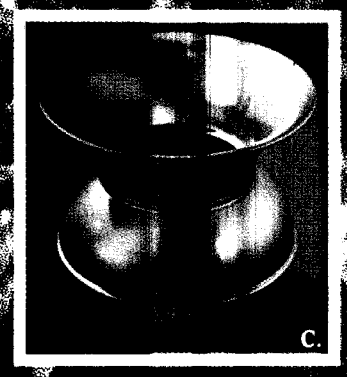
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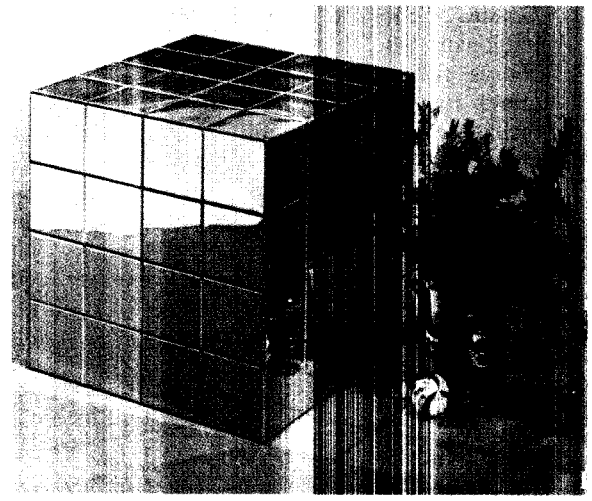

B.

A. CHRIS CREATIONS SAYS bring the elegant, heirloom look to your Christmas tree with 3″ Victorian ornaments IN KITS or red, green, or white satin balls. Models CBK-5, CBK-8, CBK-29, CBK-48, CBK-92, CBK-107 are $3.00 each. MINIMUM ORDER 2 kits plus $1.00 postage and handling charge.

A. SEW YOUR OWN 15″ Christmas patchwork gingham or denim stockings. CS-1 Red Gingham, CS-2 Green Gingham, CS-3 Blue Denim, CS-4 Red Denim are $4.00 each plus $1.00 for postage and handling.

A. DELICATELY MADE 3″ Victorian ornaments, lends an elegant look to your Christmas tree in red, green, or white satin balls. Models CB-38, CB-40, CB-47, CB-52, CB-107, CB-115 are $4.50 each. MINIMUM ORDER of 2 with $1.00 for postage and handling charge.

A. HAVE A "CALICO CHRISTMAS" with handmade 3″ ornaments in gingham, polka dot, or denim. Models CO-1 Red or Green gingham. CO-2 Red or Green polka dot, and CO-3 Blue or Red denim are $2.00 each. MINIMUM ORDER 2 balls plus $1.00 postage and handling charge.

A. "STAINED GLASS" IT. Make your own "stained glass" design with Makit & Bakit plastic cooking crystals. Set of 5 . . . $9.95 plus $1.00 postage.

A. PRETTY PATCH PURSE, completely assembled, $14.00, plus $1.25 postage.
A. PRETTY PATCH KIT, $6.50 plus $1.25 postage.
A. LARGE PATCH WREATH, completely assembled, $40.00, plus $1.50 postage.
A. LARGE PATCH WREATH KIT, $15.00, plus $1.50 postage.
A. SMALL PATCH WREATH, completely assembled, $22.50, plus $1.50 postage.

A. SMALL PATCH WREATH KIT, $11.00, plus $1.50 postage.

A. PICK-A-PLAQUE from the Wooden Goose Co. Create a painting of lasting beauty to brighten a room. Easy to paint. Mushroom Group #202, $6.95, plus $1.00 postage & handling. Fruit Basket #102. $4.95, plus 80¢ postage & handling.

B. ROYAL HOLLAND PEWTER. A thing of beauty forever. . . .
Jefferson Cups, Set of four, $23.00
Pitcher, 8″, #452.48, $21.00
Pitcher, 10″, #452.48, $31.50
Pitcher, 11″, #452.64, $60.50
Vase, 6″, #451.45, $12.75
Vase, 8″, #451.29, $17.75
Vase, 10″, #451.29, $26.25
Decanter, Amber 10″, #344.9, $23.75
Decanter, Green 10″, #344.9, $23.75
Cordial, 2 ounces, #450.36, $14.25
Sherry, 4 ounces, #450.36, $14.25
Claret, 7 ounces, #450.36, $19.50
Salt/Pepper Shakers, #366.24, $23.75
Nut Bowl, #501.11, $13.25
Porringer, 5″ in diameter, #333.16, $15.75
All items plus $2.50 postage

C. CLASSY CUSPIDOR. Imported Brass #66. $12.95 plus $1.50 shipping.

D. CHROME CUBE TABLE. A simple-to-put-together dazzling cube table that's perfect for any room. 17″ x 17″ x 17″. $39.95, plus $4.50 postage and handling.

E. PRO-XERCISER . . . program of exercises is dependable . . . will improve your ability to perform . . . golf, tennis and other sports. $19.95, plus $1.50 postage and handling.

F. SISTER BERTA HUMMEL 1975 Calendar. $4.00. Linen. 17½″ x 28½″. Plus 75¢ postage & handling. #177-600.

G. THE GUARDIAN ANGEL by Sister Berta Hummel Christmas Ornament 1974 Limited Edition. $4.00, plus 50¢ postage & handling. #177-700.

G. ANRI HANGING ORNAMENTS designed by Juan Ferrandiz. #624-304. A must for any Christmas tree. Six assorted figures $30.00 per set or available individually at $5.00 each (Randomly selected for shipping) Plus $1.00 shipping.

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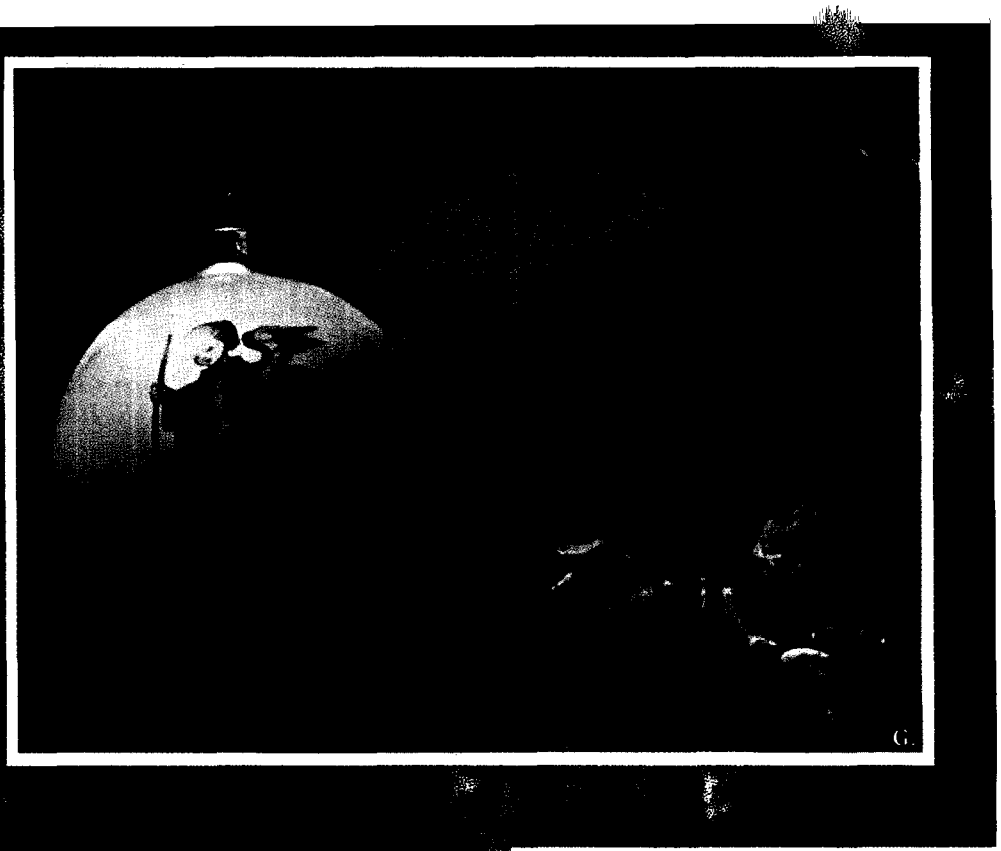

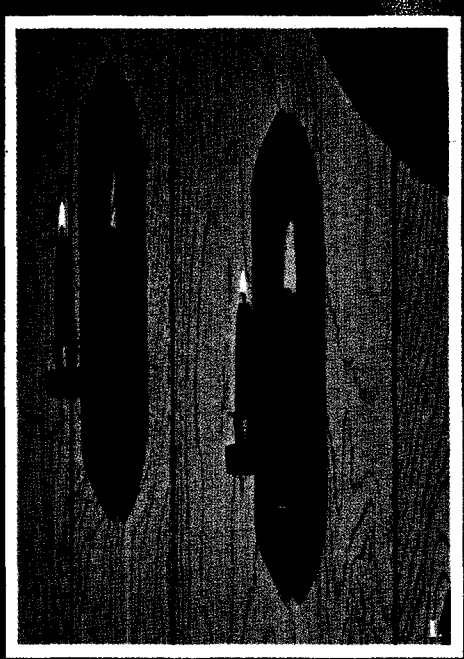

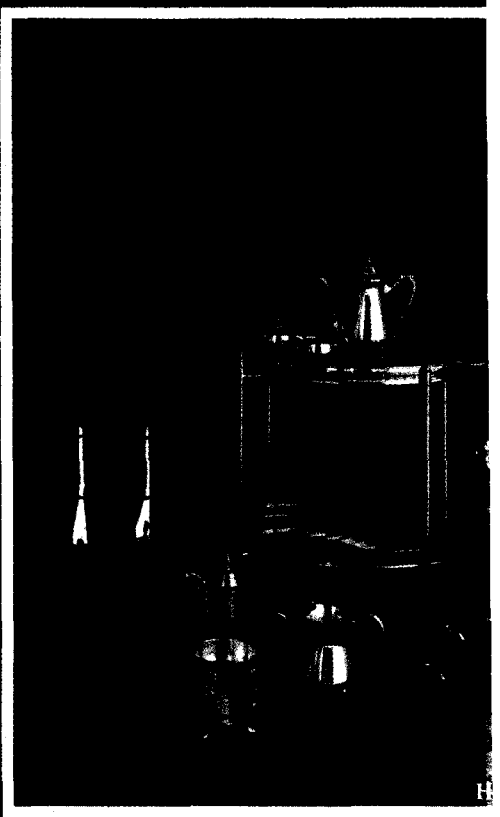

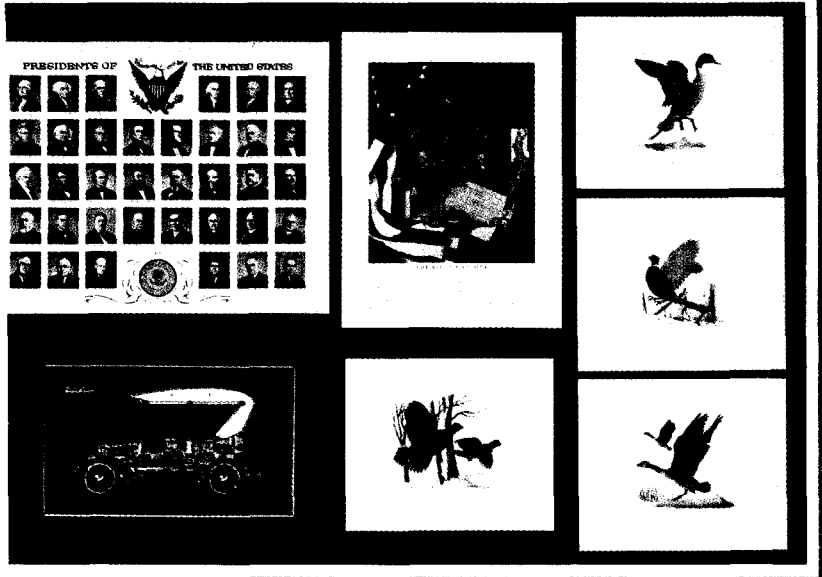

CHRISTMAS CAVALCADE/1974

H. AN INVITATION TO ELEGANCE. Leonard Silver.
Tea Cart, #630, $200.00, plus $5.00 shipping & handling. 2 removable tarnish resistant trays, 27″ x 14″, Collapsible silverplated stand 27″ high.
Coffee Set, #5002, $50.00, plus $5.00 shipping & handling.
Carafe, #1153, $20.00, plus $4.00 shipping & handling.
Pitcher, #533, $25.00, plus $5.00 shipping & handling.
Footed Danish Teakwood Carving Set. #404. Knife and fork, 12″ long. board 24″ x 12″. $35.00 plus $5.00 shipping & handling. All items gift boxed.

I. COLLECTOR'S ITEM! Authentic old mill shuttles refinished and converted to lovely wall sconces. Boxed two to gift box with 2 5½″ tapers. $22.95 each, Postpaid.

J. AMERICAN HERITAGE . . . New collector prints.
Prints are handsomely lithographed in full color on heavy, embossed art paper. Large and colorful, 18″ x 24″ overall. Our Presidents . . . and The Bill of Rights . . . $4.00 each, plus 50¢ postage.

J. BEAUTIFUL GAME BIRDS by Louis Raymer. Popularly priced prints from art by this noted wildlife painter. Previously published only in limited editions. 14″ x 17″ overall, beautifully printed. $4.00 each. 4 for $12.95, plus 50¢ postage and handling.

J. REPLICA OF OLD CARS . . . 1910 BUICK pictured. Completely assembled $59.95, plus $1.50 shipping & handling. Kit, $39.95, plus $1.50 shipping & handling. Also available . . . 1908 Ford, 1909 Rolls Royce, Motorcycle Chopper. Same prices.

CHRISTMAS CAVALCADE/1974
P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

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MOTHER CHRISTMAS

She kept a great secret from us: we didn't know until years later that we had been poor.

By Bob Considine

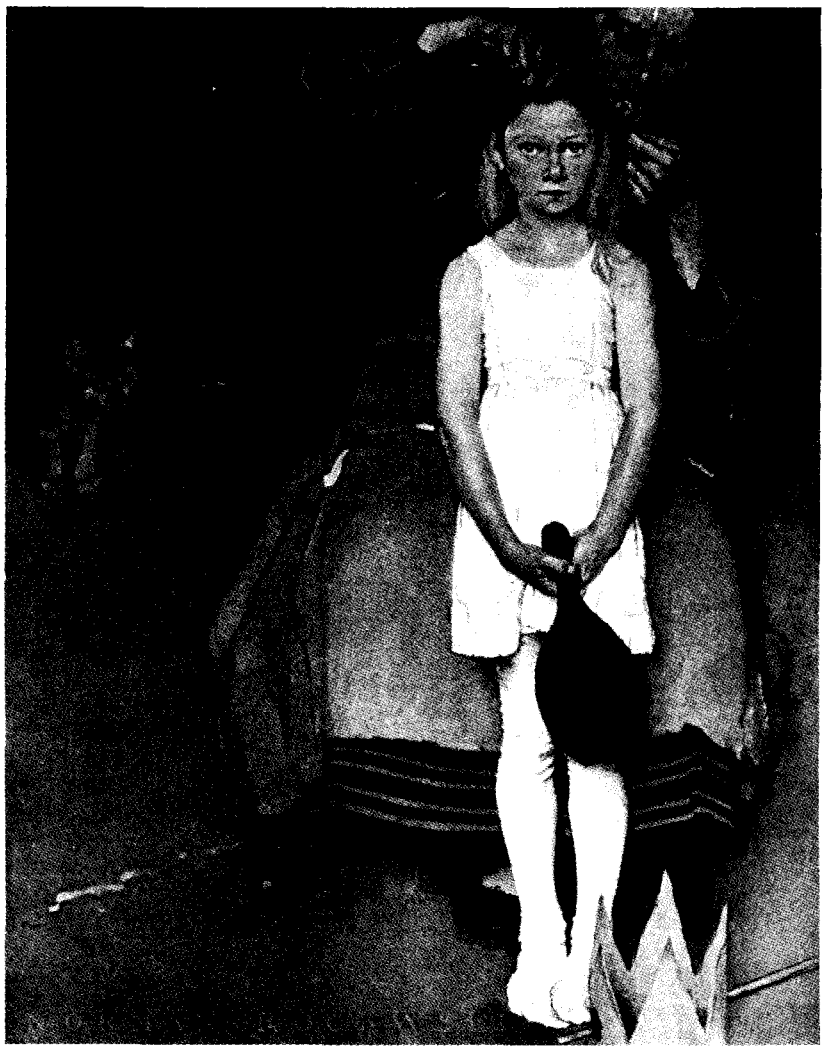
This is a Christmas story.

But it is also about my mother, my father, Sir Alexander Fleming, labor leader Samuel Gompers, and my Aunt Nellie—who had a platonic love affair with Clark Gable. She was the envy of my other aunts.

It is also about a funeral hack that sprang a leak, an unexpectedly beautiful Christmas tree, a cop with his cap held against his chest, an Irish wake, and a few little things like that.

But mostly it's a piece about my mother. And Christmas.

Now, where to begin such a fascinating mishmash? Let's try something basic, like survival in a household where doctors entered mostly at their own risk. My mother didn't believe in doctors, from Hippocrates all the way to a neighboring doctor in the Swamppoodle section of Washington, D.C., named Mess. My father once went to his office and asked him to come to see my mother, who was suffering from some rare trouble none of us could spell: erysipelas. My mother practically ordered him to leave quickly. Sensing her misgivings, I guess, I said to him with the rapier wit of a six-year-old, "Dr. Mess, you're a mess." He put his derby back on, picked up his satchel, and left. I don't remember ever seeing him again.



But my brothers and sisters—there were five of us—never lacked medical care. It was just offbeat care.

For example, my mother plied us with penicillin many years before its discovery by Alexander Fleming. I remember a boil that once popped out on my arm. My mother had just the remedy for it, and lancing it was never considered. She scraped a bit of green and white mold from a loaf of stale bread—we always seemed to have a good store of that around our house—and spread it on the touchy eruption. Then she poured a little milk on it, wrapped it with a clean rag, and it went away, of course. Fleming was knighted and became a Nobel laureate for *his* similar attack on staphylococci, some decades later.

Whenever I burned myself, playing with matches or grabbing the wrong end of a July 4 sparkler, say, my mother never rushed to the bathroom medicine cabinet to fetch the ointment. We didn't have 1) a bathroom, just a "facility" in the backyard; 2) there was no medicine cabinet, and 3) no need for any newfangled ointment. She'd make a pot of tea, let it cool, then bathe the burn in it. If someone had told her that she was employing tannic acid to soothe the pain—as the Chinese had learned several thousand years earlier—my mother would have said, "Oh, my. You must be wrong. That's not tannic acid. It's Lipton's."

There was only one way to stem the flow of blood from a cut around our hutch. My mother would lift up our well-worn broom like a spear, carefully peel a cobweb out of a ceiling corner, and apply it to the wound. The bloodletting would stop. As for the threat of post-cut infection, it was given short shrift by my mother. She kept a bottle of peroxide on hand at all times and would apply it liberally to all skin punctures. When it produced its effervescent fizz, my mother would say, "Look! You can see the poison coming out."

The "Spanish Influenza" of 1918 was the most destructive epidemic in history. Throughout the world, more than 20 million died and perhaps five times that awesome number were made ill during a period of hardly three months. In India alone, 12.5 million died—4 percent of the teeming population. The toll in the United States was 548,000 dead. In Washington, as elsewhere, schools were closed and the people were told not to assemble, as in theaters and churches. All of the Considines became ill, except for my mother. She had a remedy that nobody else had thought of: oranges and Cascaret laxatives. She gave us plenty of both.

We lived.

My mother was something special on our block. She had a good word to say about everybody, even the black family that had the gall—as some of the neighbors called it—to move into a rented house in the area. Generally, they were called almost everything except blacks. Mostly, they were "niggers," or in the soft slur of what was more of a Southern than Middle Atlantic or Northern town accent, "negras." With little dissent, the new neighbors were pronounced "fresh," and "uppity." My mother was probably criticized for speaking well of them. If so, that didn't matter to her. They "made no trouble" and "they dressed their children so neat." Besides, years before, my mother had befriended and even welcomed into our home, in this then restricted white ghetto, a black woman we called Aunt Hannah. I regarded her as at least 100 years old. Whenever she called on my mother she would bring with her an apple pie she had baked. I've never seen one like it since: mostly crunchy crust and just a smidgen of sour apples. Delicious.

My mother was known for her offbeat visitors, especially after my father moved us from 52 G Street, North West, across from the Government Printing Office, to 727 Second Street, North East, just opposite the railroad tracks from the great terminal designed by Stanford White. We called it the dee-po. Moving was a great inconvenience for my mother, what with the children and the packing. But she agreed with my father that there was ample cause to move. The landlady, who lived a few doors away, had insulted us. She had turned the collection of our rent—$18 a month—over to an agent, instead of depending on my father to pay her directly.

It didn't take my mother long to make our new house a happy one. All the familiar trap-

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There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

pings of the "old" house fit nicely in the "new" one—which was older than the other one. There was the kitchen table with the smooth tin top my father, a tinner, had applied to it years before. And a rickety dining room table we'd always tell visitors was "from the Capitol," which was just up the street. (My father knew Champ Clark, personally, and could call Samuel Gompers by his first name.) And there was, of course, my mother's motto—which was nailed to the inside of the front door as soon as we moved in:

There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

We always had an aunt or two visiting us. There was Aunt May, my father's sister, who took charge of us when the youngest of us, George, was born—and who upset me mightily by putting a pat of butter on a soft-boiled egg I was about to slurp. And Aunt Clara, who was nearly blind. One day when Aunt Clara was due to descend upon us, my mother went all out at Farrell's Grocery Store and bought a grapefruit for the festive occasion. Aunt Clara ate her half with gusto, while denouncing some forgotten Swamppoodle family that was getting so "lace curtain" that they sometimes served *grapefruit.* (She thought she was eating an unripe orange.) And Aunt Sally, the one who had the bad break while riding alone in a carriage at the end of a funeral procession headed for the last resting place of most of the honored dead of Swamppoodle, Mount Olivet Cemetery. The flooring fell out of her hack. Aunt Sally slid off her seat and hit the pavement. At least, her feet did. The upper part of her body still protruded into the carriage. She yelled for the driver to stop, but he was deaf. So she had to trot all the way to Mount Olivet. Cursing, they say.

Then there was Aunt Agnes, our rich relative. She once made me the richest kid on the block by giving me two dollars. (She was my godmother.) I blew it all on firecrackers. Not to overlook Aunt Cassie, who dropped by one night to take a bath in our washtub and stayed three years. And, most memorable of all our aunts, Aunt Nellie, who was really and truly our aunt. She arrived one day from Philadelphia with the announced intention of spending a weekend, and stayed for ten years. Maybe more, actually, because I remember visiting my mother after I had moved to New York and hearing Aunt Nellie make two unforgettable statements:

"I dreamt last night that I was in bed with Clark Gable," Aunt Nellie said, out of the blue.

Somebody at the table must have gasped, because Aunt Nellie quickly added a reassuring note: "But there was no dirty stuff."

We had another claim to fame around our neighborhood, aside from our marching aunts.

The author about the time "Mother Christmas" takes place. Since then, Bob Considine has become famous as a war and foreign correspondent and as the author of books, such as The Babe Ruth Story, *which later became movies.*

My mother's Christmas trees always made talk. It wasn't because they were big—we never paid more than a quarter or fifty cents for a tree—or because they were ornately decorated. Our decorations were mostly homemade, like the plain tin star my father had fashioned from a bit of scrap metal, holy pictures won by our scholars at school, and a drawing of a grinning cat that my mother had had since she was a girl.

My mother's trees made talk because she always found it difficult to take them down.

People who didn't know her well and who dropped into the house for a cup of tea near the end of January would stop as if shot when they saw our tree still standing. You could see behind their blank eyes that they were counting the weeks that had passed since their own trees had been stripped and banished from their well-ordered houses.

My mother always knew what they were thinking. She would say placidly, "It gives the room such a nice perfume, doesn't it?" They would nod uncertainly and glance nervously at the tree from time to time while they visited. They always went away a bit thoughtfully.

With St. Patrick's Day not too far off, my mother's tree would have shed most of its needles, and these she would have carefully swept off the bare rug and burned sweet-scentedly in our iron-bellied Latrobe. The tree would then stand there like a bemedaled skeleton, or a picked but proudly decorated turkey. Our cats—we had seventeen during one particular feline population explosion—liked the tree best in this stage of disrepair. It was easier to climb.

Visitors would give with a lurch when they'd first see our tree still standing in our "front room" with a cat or two staring hostilely from the heights, and a breath of spring in the air.

"But? . . . " they'd start. Or sometimes they'd burst out laughing.

My mother would not be offended. "It was such a pretty tree," she'd say fondly. "I've been enjoying it lately, just looking at it."

But at last it would come down because her children were getting embarrassed about it. My mother would carefully pack away the decorations and my brother George and I would lug the tree through the house—knocking off the last of its needles—and burn it in the backyard. Our trees always burned nicely. They had long since passed the green lumber stage.

My mother never went in for those fancy absorbent-cotton winter scenes around the base of our tree. If she had done so, she never would have let us take one down. She adored Christmas, and the trees that symbolized the holidays. We all took a hand in trimming the tree, but my mother was the supervisor.

"Turn it a little more . . . just a little more," she'd direct from her vantage place in the middle of the room, and her gentle voice would come to me through the folds of the tree. I can still hear it, still feel the needles that pressed against my face and ears as I slowly turned the base of the tree in its black iron holder. "We've got to get the full part of it facing the room. . . . "

Our trees always had a good side and a bald side.

I guess the prettiest one we ever had was the year the water pipe that ran up a wall in our "front room" cracked from the cold and shot a fine spray all over the tree. The water froze, and silvered our tree and its decorations. My mother was always a bit on the fresh air side.

Continued on page 118

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A TIME FOR BEGINNINGS

Can there be another Norman Rockwell somewhere, hidden away in the bosky dells and cement canyons of this fantastically productive nation? Of course there is. But what a challenge to match his wonderful humanity, the artist who could capture the small tragedy and ecstasy of boy and girl setting out to the first day of school, and the beauty and pride of their mother! Rockwell is incomparable. Yet somewhere there must be the Rockwells of our time, tuned in to America as he was in the past, ready—but as yet unrecognized—to capture our America with the wise and humorous vision that he brought to decades past.

Can you imagine what happened to the American public when the work of Norman Rockwell first sprang into national recognition with his very first *Post* cover in May 20, 1916! A new world of delight and wonder was created. Many artists were to flourish in that same role—Leyendecker, John Falter, George Hughes, Stevan Dohanos, each a master in his own way. But as time rolls by, new talents must replace the old; fresh eyes must find new wonders along changing byways of life. And so the *Post* carries on the tradition of finding and then becoming the showplace of unforgettable art; Norman Rockwell and the *Post* are inseparable. And so, too, will others be as they emerge now and in the future.

First Day Of School, Norman Rockwell's masterpiece in character reading of a young mother and her two children, offers a challenge to contemporary artists.

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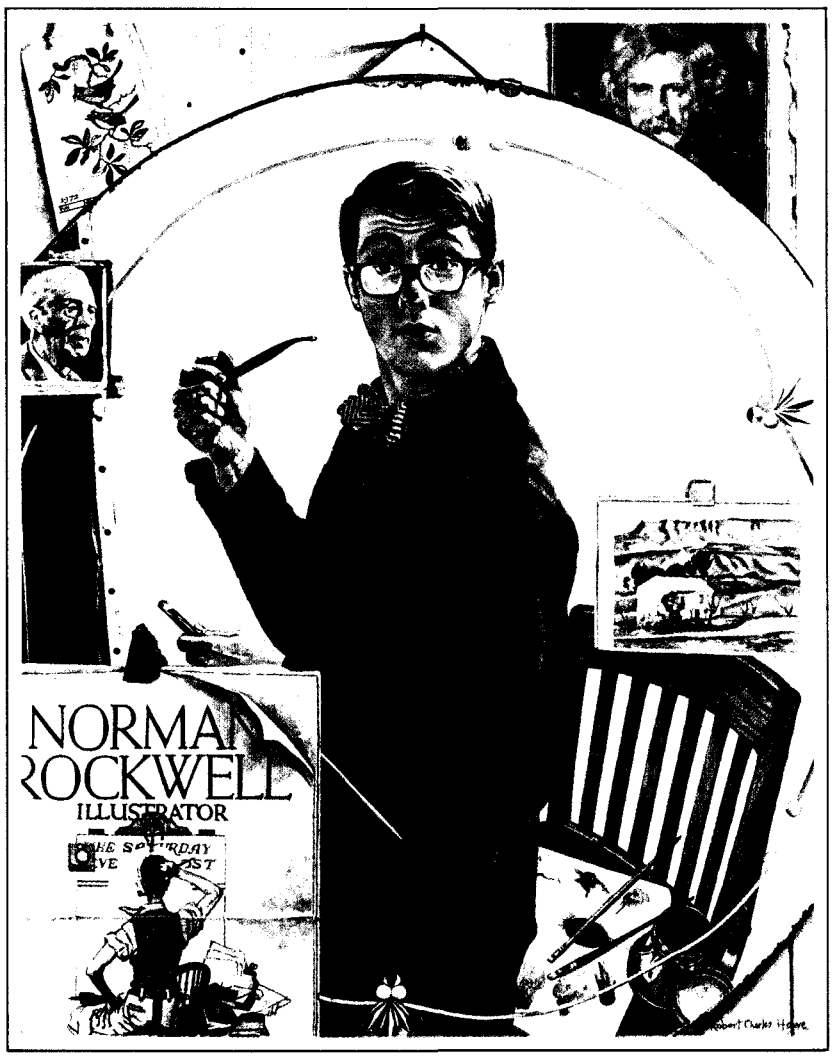
ANNOUNCING

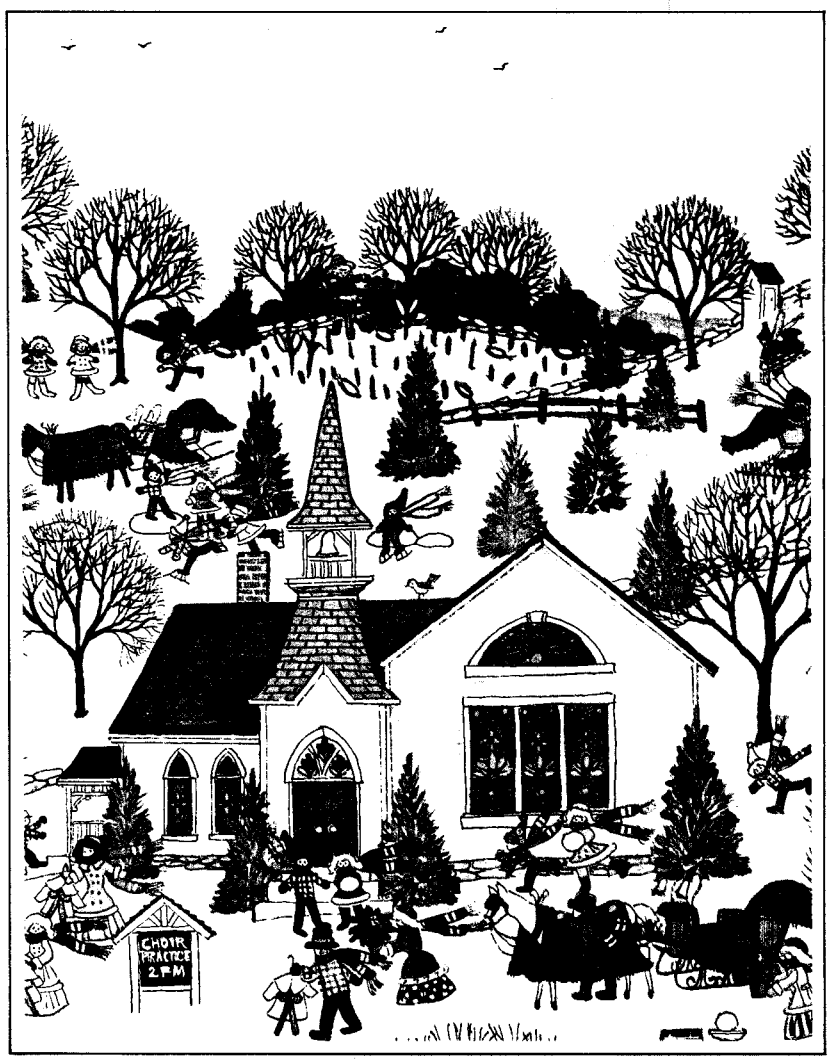
THE THIRD ANNUAL SATURDAY EVENING POST COVER CONTEST

The winners of the first two *Post* contests—Robert Charles Howe and Jo Sickbert, whose works are shown above—were true original talents. Now, following their debuts on the cover of *The Saturday Evening Post* (shades of 1916!) fame and fortune are unfolding before them, a world in which to do the thing they love and to enjoy its full returns. Their names are only beginning to be known. Mark them well, though: theirs will be one with Fame in the future.

Do you paint? Have you a dream in your eyes and an itching for the brush and easel to reflect the world with the flourish of a Rockwell, a Howe or a Sickbert? Then, lass or lad, lady or gentleman, know that the time is now, the place is here at the *Post*. Country, city, suburb America lies before you. Paint its look, paint its people, show its heart. Now the *Post* offers you the chance to interpret and reflect our land and its magic in the mirror of our pages. Come to the *Post*. And we'll go on from there together.



Painting by Robert Charles Howe, winner of the 1972 *Saturday Evening Post* Cover contest



A fragment of the work of Jo Sickbert, winner of the 1973 *Saturday Evening Post* Cover contest

PRIZES

First Prize: A one-week, off-season vacation for two in Amsterdam, the "Venice of the North"—a city of canals where centuries-old red brick houses and high, pointed step-gabled roofs lend a certain charm which cannot be found anywhere else in Europe.

Second Prize: A seven-day luxury cruise for two to the enchanting islands of the Caribbean, with sun, sea, and gay festivities.

Third Prize: One 35-millimeter camera with standard lens.

RULES

1. The *Saturday Evening Post* Cover Contest is open to all artists except employees of *Post* and Curtis Publishing, and its subsidiaries and their families.
2. Entries are limited to one work per contestant. Any two-dimensional medium is acceptable. Three-dimensional mediums will be automatically eliminated. Entries should be painted in 16 by 20 inches, or in that proportion, and may be in color or black and white.
3. The form of an entry, due to shipping difficulties in submission and return, should be limited to a photograph of the designated painting, either a Polaroid print, transparency or film in any size up to 8 x 10, or other reproduction not exceeding size of 8 x 10. Each entry must be clearly identified on the back with the title, if any, and name and address of entrant. The judges will ascertain from these reproductions the 10 finalists whose original paintings will be examined, and, after the winners have been selected, shipped back. This method of handling the paintings has been made imperative by the large number of paintings submitted in past years, and the almost insurmountable physical problem of handling and crating them in quantity.
4. Each winner must, before receiving prizes, sign a statement that he or she has full rights to the illustration; that he or she grants full rights to *Post* for use of the work in publication and advertising and that the work has never been reproduced in any publication.
5. Entries will be judged by the editors of *Saturday Evening Post*.
6. Winners will be announced in the earliest subsequent issue of the *Post*.
7. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 31, 1975. Entries must be addressed to Saturday Evening Post Cover Contest, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202.

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Once a dog chased a fox who just sat down and gave up. That's why the Master of the Hounds took to drink—this was

THE FOX THAT DIDN'T LIKE TO RUN

By Don Tracy

Illustrated by Fedor Rojankovsky

Loopy Renault walked out of the woods beside the Live Oaks Forest golf course and sat down. After some deliberation, he yawned. Not far away, two field mice romped gaily, but Loopy was not interested. He was stuffed; since sundown he had eaten one platter of Huskieboy, half a dish of Grostrong, five chop bones and a plate heaped with something called Flakostraw which probably was good for the innards.

He was full, but he was not happy. The old man was not himself and neither was Momma. Both his parents were wasting away, and it was all due to the fact that their son, Loopy, was a freak, a renegade, a fox that didn't like to run.

"It can't be!" the old man would yap. "It's just not possible! Foxes have always run! Your great-great-great-grandfather led Charles Carroll of Carrollton over a fence and into a mudhole which is now the corner of Charles Street and North Avenue, Baltimore. Your Grandfather Reynolds, on your mother's side, led the Green Spring Valley pack for more than five hours on three successive chases, and it was raining on two of those days."

"Raining?" Loopy asked. "How could a pack follow——"

"Oh, he had to sit down and wait for them to pick up the trail every once in a while," the old man broke in. "Never more falls, never more busted collarbones than when it's raining." His eyes took on a dreamy cast. "I remember the time that Bostley—or was it Stuart?—was leading the Valley Hunt and I took him over a fence that had a rainslicked grassy slope on its far side. That guy went at that fence as though he were leading the Grand National point-to-point, and when he hit the other side—— Hey!!"

"Sir?"

"I think you could have a little more respect for your father than to polish your brush while he's talking to you," Loopy's old man said aggrievedly.

"You've always told me to be neat," the young fox replied.

"But it's mighty peculiar," the old man snarled. "that you always go into your hygiene-boy act every time I try to give you some sound advice!"

"I'm sorry, Pop," Loopy said penitently, "but——Well, just how sound is the advice?" He held up a paw quickly. "Now don't get sore, Pop; I'm not being fresh. I just want to know."

"Know what?"

"Just why it's supposed to be perfectly peachy for a red fox to go chasing all over the landscape in front of a bunch of hounds and a lot of humans in pink coats, half of them wondering when they can sneak off and go back for a drink? Why not sit down and watch them go past, on their way to a busted collarbone?"

"Argh!" the old man snapped. "What's the use of trying to explain things to a dumb dope like you?"

"Dumb like a fox, huh, Pop?"

The old man paused in his leave-taking long enough to cast a rancid eye over his shoulder.

"For that crack alone," he said, "you ought to have your brush waving on the fender of some hot rod."

Momma had tried to talk to Loopy too. "Son," she would say, "it's time we had another talk."

"All right, Momma."

"You see—you see——" Momma always hesitated here, groping for the right words.

The dog gave vent to the blast that set the echoes ricocheting through the hills and valleys. "Ee-yow!" he bellowed. "Yoicks! Halloo! Gone away-y-y! Fox, fox, fox!"

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The cubs looked, and saw an animal, not entirely unlike themselves, though built on cruder lines, casting about, this way and that, its nose to the ground.

"If it's about vixens and what happens when——"

"No!" she barked. "It's not about vixens, and let me tell you, young man, that if I ever catch you fooling around——What was I saying?"

"About it's time we had another talk," Loopy offered helpfully.

"Yes. Well——"

Momma was an old lady, gone grizzled around the edges, in her long years of service with the Live Oaks Forest Hunt. The old man might brag, but it had been Momma who had kept the hunt club going. There had been times when she had been miserable with a head cold, but no matter how she felt, she always roused herself at the sound of the horns and the yells of the whippers-in to go out and make a trail.

"I think I owe it to the hunt," she had explained on one occasion. "After all, I've brought up forty-seven children on Live Oaks land and they've all turned out well. Excepting Loopy, of course, but he'll turn out all right eventually."

Which last was optimism upped to a considerable degree. Loopy might be a big red fox, with a coat thicker and a tail longer than even the old man's, but Loopy didn't like to run.

He made that clear the very first day that Momma took him and his brother, Loomis, and his sisters, Lucy and Gradatia, out of the den. They had traveled only a short distance before Momma whisked her brush in a stop sign.

"Look there, children," she said. The cubs looked, and saw an animal, not entirely unlike themselves, though built on cruder lines, casting about, this way and that, its nose to the ground.

"What's that and what's it looking for?" one of the girls asked.

"That's a hound," Momma explained carefully. "And it's looking for us. Hounds chase us while a lot of people on horses bounce up and down and groan, 'Oh, Lord, I never should've had all those drinks last night.' Sometimes, if you slow the pace, you'll see a man with a red face right behind you, making a lot of noise. Then you reverse your field and the hounds run under the red-faced man's horse and he goes flying through the air and lands with a grunt you could hear in Cecil County. That's the biggest thrill there is for us foxes. It's known as Crossing the Red-Faced Man."

"Golly, Momma," said Loomis, the eager one, "that sounds like fun! Can we play it now with this hound?"

No, dear," Momma said. "You're too young to play grown-up games. Besides, this hound is by itself, not part of a pack. There isn't any red-faced man with him, you see."

"Shucks," said Loomis. "I want to see how you play the game."

"And so do I!" Gradatia wailed. "Honest, we never have any fun!"

Momma heaved a sigh. "All right, all right!" she said. "Now don't go into one of your tantrums, Gradatia, or I swear I'll nip you so hard you won't be able to sit down for a week. . .And, Loomis, stop saying things under your breath. . .Lucy, wipe your muzzle. . .Loopy——"

"Ma'am?" Loopy asked, opening his eyes.

"You—you're a good boy, Loopy. . .Look, children, you don't see Loopy acting like a baby just because he can't play Crossing the Red-Faced Man, do you?"

"That dope!" Loomis said heavily. "He's probably been asleep, like always."

"Ole Droopy-Loopy," Gradatia jeered. "Ole sleepy-time boy!. . .Ask him what Crossing the Red-Faced Man means, Momma. I betcha he didn't hear one word you said."

"Of course he did!" Momma said sternly. "Er—didn't you, Loopy?"

"Something about running," Loopy muttered. "It didn't sound like much fun to me."

Momma stiffened with the shock. Since 1766, when the Gloucester Hunt had set out on its first chase, a Renault of the Delaware Renaults had taken a leading role in almost every run. Momma's family, the Reynoldses of Virginia, had a history only a bit less distinctive. Hadn't G. Washington, Esq., of the Hempstead Hunt, followed a Reynolds in a run back in 1774?

"Ho!" Gradatia was exulting in her nagging treble. "I told you so, Momma! It didn't sound like fun to Ole Droopy-Loopy!"

"Well, it doesn't," Loopy said stubbornly. "I don't like to run."

"Stay here, children," Momma ordered abruptly. "Watch, Loopy, and you'll see that you're wrong. You'll see that a chase is the most wonderful thing that can happen to a fox."

She set off down the slope and streaked across a field in full view of the astonished hound. The dog stopped in its tracks, inhaled deeply and gave vent to the blast that set the echoes ricocheting through the hills and valleys.

"Ee-yow!" he bellowed. "Yoicks! Halloo! Gone away-y-y-y! Fox, fox, fox!"

He was not the fastest hound of the Live Oaks pack, but he turned in a creditable performance that evening. He stayed close to Momma for three miles and he was in good voice all the way. At length Momma decided that the test run had served its purpose, shook the scent and returned to her family on the ridge.

"Now," she asked, "you see? Wasn't that thrilling?"

While the other cubs enthused, Loopy tried to meet Momma's eyes and found he couldn't. He looked down into the valley where the hound was hopelessly casting about, trying to recover Momma's trail. "I dunno," he said unhappily, "but it seems to me there must be an easier way to make a living. All that running—that's not for me."

All Momma's pleading, all the old man's threats had not shaken Loopy from his original stand; he didn't like to run. Loomis, Lucy and Gradatia

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SOAP OPERAS

By Benjamin Stein

Villains and victims in daytime TV: devious Erika Kane (actress Susan Lucci) of ABC's "All My Children" bats eyelashes at Jason Maxwell (John Devlin), later her mother's murder victim.

Another villain, Lauralee Brooks of CBS's "The Young and the Restless," is played by former model Jaime Lyn Bauer.

Benjamin Stein frequently contributes articles to the Post *about TV programs. He formerly taught media subjects at the University of California at Santa Cruz and at American University in Washington, D.C., and has written articles on television and film for other national publications.*

By the time this appears, the central question of afternoon life for almost ten million Americans, 88 percent of them women, will be answered: Is Erika Kane pregnant?

The signs are all pointing in that direction. Erika was on the rebound from a painful divorce from Jeff Martin. She started going out with Phil Brent, adopted son of Ruth Martin and Dr. Martin, who had just returned to the United States after having been presumed dead in the jungles of Vietnam.

We know that they spent a wild evening of love, a few weeks after which Phil told Erika he did not want to see her anymore. Then they got back together in a tumultuous scene in Phil's new car. But everyone in town, including the highly influential Ruth Martin and Tara, formerly Phil's common-law wife and mother of his child (unknown to him), had been warning Phil to stay away from Erika.

And most important of all, we know that on television soap operas, pregnancy follows sex as summer follows spring. Still, Erika is a cagey girl. She might pretend she was pregnant just to get Phil to marry her. So even if she says she's pregnant, is she? And another thing, if Erika is pregnant, how will her mother, the kindly Mona Kane, whose husband left her eleven years ago when he said he was going out to buy cigarettes, be able to hold her head high in front of her employer, the rich Dr. Tyler, whose evil wife Phoebe will use it as a lever to break up the budding geriatric romance between Dr. Tyler and Mona?

These are just a few of the problems that confront the folks who live, work, love, hate, and run the whole gamut of human emotions on "All My Children," one of the most popular shows on daytime television and a prime, if not primal, example of television soap operas today.

The soaps start out early in the morning and march across the television schedule, dragging hordes of watchers with them, until it is time for the evening news. After almost twenty-five years in existence, during which entertainment fads and fancies have come and gone like autumn leaves and last season's hit shows smell like yesterday's fish, television soap operas are stronger than ever. Consider the statistics of shows and viewers.

On ABC there are three "daytime dramas": *All My Children*, 9.5 million; *General Hospital*, 9.6 million; *One Life to Live*, 8 million.

On CBS, the soap opera champions, there are six soaps: *Love of Life*, 6 million; *The Young and the Restless*, 7 million; *Search for Tomorrow*, 7.5 million; *As the World Turns*, 10 million; *The Guiding Light*, 9.5 million; *The Edge of Night*, 7 million.

On NBC, five soap operas are in varying states of existence: *Days of Our Lives*, 9.8 million; *The Doctors*, 8.7 million; *Another World*, 8.7 million; *How To Survive a Marriage*, 6.2 million; *Somerset*, 6 million.

Although all television viewership figures are staggering, the soap opera numbers are particularly amazing. In terms of hours spent watching soaps, the viewership is the equivalent of 7 million people spending eight hours each watching soap operas every day of the week. That means more person-hours are spent watching television soap operas than are spent working by all the farmers in the United States each day; more time than is spent working by all Federal, state, and local government officials put together; and more time than is spent working by all the automobile and steel employees in America!

What they are seeing is the most advanced stage of a form that started on radio almost fifty years ago. Although there is dispute over what exactly constitutes a soap opera (the situation is similar to what Justice Potter Stewart said about pornography—"I can't define it, but I know it when I see it."), the first radio soap opera was one of the following: "Amos 'n' Andy" (1929), "Moonshine and Honeysuckle" (1930), "The Goldbergs" (1929), "Clara, Lu'n'Em" (1930), "Vic and Sade" (1932).

These were, however, prototypical soap operas, similar in broad outline to what we know today. In 1932 the first soap as we know it, rich in family problems, heartfelt sighs, and screaming organ music, was given birth by the legendary Irna Phillips. It was called "Painted Dreams," later changed to "Today's Children." With its interfering, yet kindly mother figure, its children constantly searching for happiness through love, and its uncompromising sentimentality, "Today's Children" set a pattern that continues to be followed to this day.

The show also established Irna Phillips as Grande Dame of Radio Soap Opera Land. She created several other soap operas, including "The Guiding Light," which began on the radio in 1937 and is still going strong on television. By

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The suds and bubbles of life and death in the afternoon.

the middle of the Depression, Irna Phillips was churning out 60,000 words per week and bringing home more than a quarter of a million dollars per year.

Ms. Phillips was joined in the cosmos of 1930's soap opera creators by Elaine Carrington ("Pepper Young's Family," "Rosemary," "When a Girl Marries") whose income and output approximated Ms. Phillips's. But for the sheer everlasting fame of their radio soaps, both were surpassed in the 1930's by the autocratic couple, Frank and Anne Hummert, whose soap opera titles are engraved in the front row of the radio soap opera pantheon.

"Backstage Wife," "Just Plain Bill," "Our Gal Sunday," "The Romance of Helen Trent," and most famous of all, "Stella Dallas" came from the virtual soaps factory run by the Hummerts.

During World War II the soaps did their part, with new military heroes and teenage sons going off to the front. At home the women fended off unscrupulous draft dodgers and hung upon every word of the letters from overseas.

After the War, when television started to spread across the nation in an unstoppable wave, soaps were on both radio and television for a while. But by the late Fifties, the soaps were an exclusively televised phenomenon.

And what a phenomenon! Each weekday the writers, directors, producers, and everyone else associated with the fourteen nationally broadcast soaps must produce what is really one brand-new show. In other words, a week of soap episodes is equivalent to a full-length play. There are new lines, new stage directions, new moods to be developed, new costumes to be found.

From the soap opera industry gushes forth a veritable flood of creativity each day. And just as the ideas and effort go out, the money comes pouring in. It takes $15,000 to produce a typical half-hour soap opera. Each of the eight minutes of advertising during the program sells for about $12,000.

The arithmetic is simple and irresistibly attractive to the networks. Soaps return eight times their cost while prime time shows often do not break even. In fact, soaps subsidize prime time.

The formula is also attractive to advertisers. For rates which are often far less than half of prime time rates, they can reach the absolutely prime audience—women aged eighteen to forty-nine, primarily housewives. As everyone knows, soap operas got their name because the first sponsors sold soap and detergents to their female listeners. The listeners, now the viewers, are natural targets for this advertising, since the majority are homemakers.

Although soap operas are still largely sponsored by detergent manufacturers, about half the commercials are now for other products: drugs, hair-care aids, deodorants, and the like.

For their money, the advertisers must get a show which will keep a large audience tuned in day after day, through commercial after commercial. That calls for some high-grade writing talent, since plot on a soap opera is everything, and the advertisers, through the producers, pay to get it.

The pay of top-quality soaps writers approaches the astronomical. Soap operas are written generally by a head writer presiding over a group of underwriters (not usually more than four). The head writer is responsible for the overall plot of the show for months in advance.

For that burden, the number one writer of a successful television soap opera will earn $3,600 per week. Since many of the soaps writers do scripts for more than one show, their annual salaries can exceed a quarter of a million dollars.

But the money is not a gift. The head writer of a show must live the lives of dozens of characters and know how the audience is relating to them. He or she must have the emotional maturity to give just the right combination of explicitness and titillation, of joy and sorrow, to keep the audience happy day after day.

There are no vacations or summer breaks for soap opera head writers. Their own family lives must often take a back seat to the problems of their fictional characters.

For example, Agnes Nixon, widely considered the Grand Dame of television soap opera writers, started writing for "The Guiding Light" as head writer fifteen years ago and has had a show on for five days a week year round ever since, through the birth of three of her own children. She now is in charge of "All My Children" as well.

"It isn't a question of being 'the queen' of soaps," she says. "It is just a question of sitting down and grinding it out, day after day."

William J. Bell, the forty-five-year-old writer for "As the World Turns" and "The Young and The Restless," agrees that it is a back-breaking labor. His work, some of the most imaginative on

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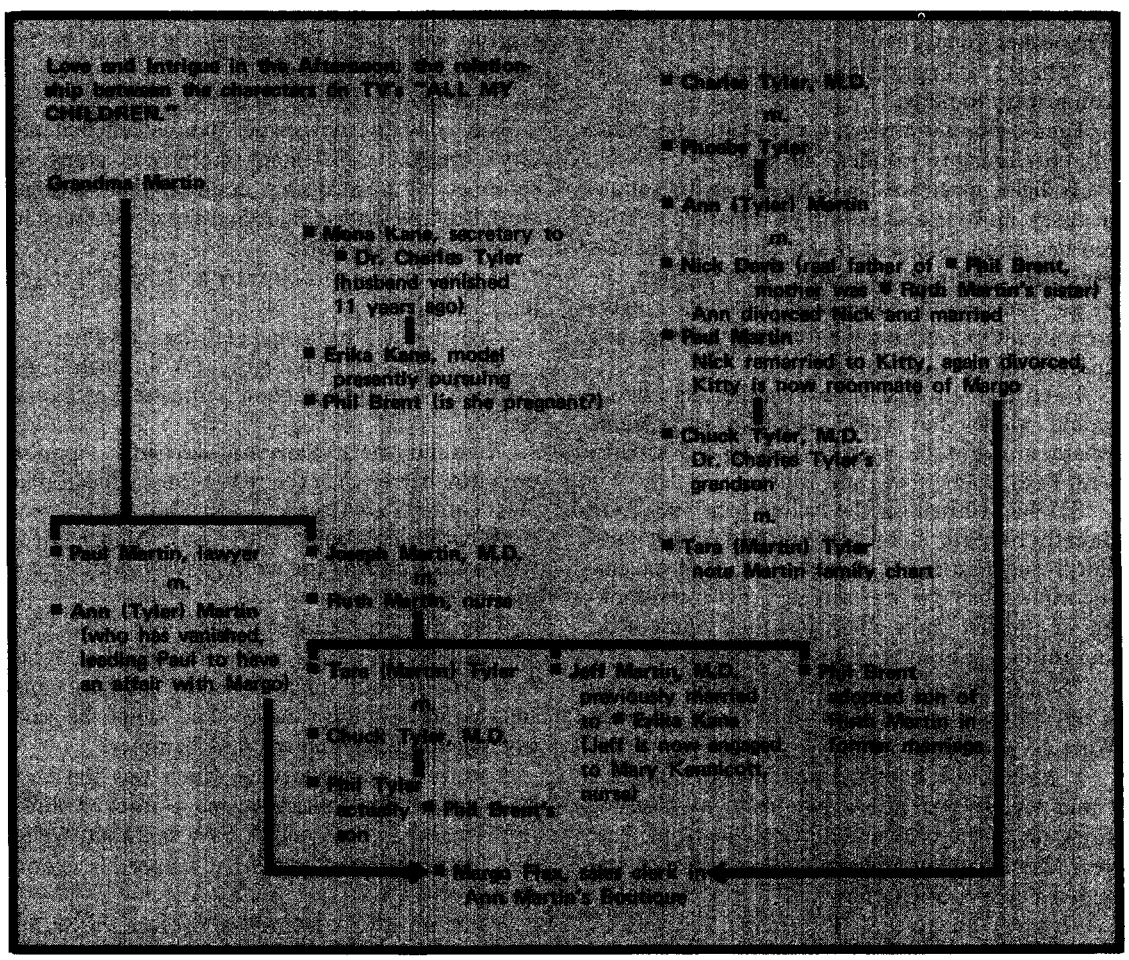
Love and Intrigue in the Afternoon: the relationship between the characters on TV's "ALL MY CHILDREN."
Grandma Martin
■ Mona Kane, secretary to ■ Dr. Charles Tyler (husband vanished 11 years ago)
■ Erika Kane, model presently pursuing ■ Phil Brent (is she pregnant?)
■ Charles Tyler, M.D.
m.
■ Phoebe Tyler
■ Ann (Tyler) Martin
m.
■ Nick Davis (real father of ■ Phil Brent, mother was ■ Ruth Martin's sister) Ann divorced Nick and married ■ Paul Martin
Nick remarried to Kitty, again divorced, Kitty is now roommate of Margo
■ Chuck Tyler, M.D.
Dr. Charles Tyler's grandson
m.
■ Tara (Martin) Tyler
hates Martin family, chart
■ Paul Martin, lawyer
m.
■ Ann (Tyler) Martin (who has vanished, leading Paul to have an affair with Margo)
■ Joseph Martin, M.D.
m.
■ Ruth Martin, nurse
■ Tara (Martin) Tyler
m.
■ Chuck Tyler, M.D.
■ Phil Tyler
actually ■ Phil Brent's son
■ Jeff Martin, M.D.
previously married to ■ Erika Kane
Liaff is now engaged to Mary Kendcott, nurse
■ Phil Brent
adopted son of Ruth Martin in former marriage
■ Margo Flax, other chief in Ann Martin's Boutique

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THE DRESS

By Dorothy M. Powell

It was a satin-back crepe and its color reminded me of the fudge Mama made on special occasions—a rich, creamy chocolate.

This year it was only March third when Mama predicted that spring was somewhere round the corner. We had finished the supper dishes and she stood drying her hands on a towel and staring out the kitchen window. A small icy breeze whistled through the three holes in the storm sash, but Mama looked as if she could see flowers in the frozen garden and leaves on the bare trees. Then she left Papa and me and went upstairs to rummage in the closet and to look for her old straw hat.

Papa was sitting in his rocker by the range and he lowered his newspaper to peer over the edge. His eyes looked blacker than ever behind the new, steel-rimmed spectacles. Last week he had taken me along to help choose a pair from a high heap on the counter of the five-and-ten-cent store. They were only something to magnify the print, he said; that he needed them to see the bills of lading down at work.

But somehow, they made him look so very stern. This winter Papa never told any funny jokes and I couldn't remember when last he waltzed my mother round the kitchen. Lately, Mama kept accusing him of forever looking on the black side of things. And Papa always came back with, "We're in the middle of depression. What other side is there?"

"There's a bright side," Mama retorted. "If you just try looking."

Papa's gloomy answer was usually the same. "I'm beginning to wonder," he said.

Tonight, when we heard Mama rustling about in tissue up in the bedroom, he remarked, "Your mother should know that she can't rush the season." He snapped his paper to straighten the pages, and heaved a deep sigh. "The dark nights are still with us. Spring is a long way off yet—and another load of coal to buy."

I decided to follow my mother upstairs. I would sooner be in the bedroom with Mama where it might be spring, than in the kitchen with Papa where it was still winter.

She had turned on the ceiling light and stood directly beneath it, the hat perched on her forefinger and twirling it slowly. She acted exactly the same when she was buying a new one—looking at the hat from all angles, then trying it on and tilting her head in front of the mirror.

"Some fresh grosgrain ribbon should brighten it up," she said, "and a bunch of forget-me-nots. What do you think, Vinnie?"

I wished she hadn't asked me. So far as I could see, it was just a hat—plain navy straw, going up at the back and down in the front. Last year Mama had put a pleated satin band on it and added a cluster of cherries.

"It will be nice," I managed, finally. I couldn't be truthful and say it looked sort of funny when she was still wearing a housedress and her apron. For some reason, the smile left her face and she marched downstairs with the hat still on. "I'll get your father's opinion," she said.

By the time I reached the kitchen, she was facing Papa with her arms akimbo and her cheeks the same color as the cherries jiggling on her hat.

"I think," Papa was saying, "it's high time you bought a new one."

"Me, too," I agreed. "Why don't you get a pretty one like the lady's next door? She's got a tricorne."

Mama's lips pressed together and her chin began to quiver, a sure sign that she might cry. Then she swung on her heel and went into the dining room where she kept her sewing basket. Above the rattling of spools, her voice sounded queer. "I'll have you know," she said loudly, "that the lady next door is unmarried, with no one to buy for except herself."

I couldn't understand why Mama was getting so worked up. Especially over something as unimportant as an old straw hat. But I was sorry if I'd said something to make her cry. I had my mouth open to say so, when Papa caught my eye and shook his head. He waited until she had gone back upstairs. Then he said, "We weren't very tactful, were we? This spring there will be no new hat or anything else."

But Papa was wrong.

Next day the newspaper announced that the city's biggest department store was going to sponsor a dressmaking contest. The winner would receive fifty dollars and the one coming in second would get thirty.

Mama surprised us both by declaring, "I'm going to enter it."

"You haven't got a chance," Papa told her.

She turned on him angrily. "You mean," she snapped, "I'm not as good a dressmaker as the rest?"

"Certainly not," Papa said hurriedly. "You're probably better than the rest. I simply mean that most contests are rigged."

"That's the trouble with you!" Mama cried. "Always suspecting the worst. Always looking on the black side."

Then she stormed out of the room, taking the newspaper with her. It was just as well she went. Papa was tacking oilcloth on the kitchen table and Mama wouldn't have liked what he said when he hit his thumb with the hammer.

I stood there wondering which was the best place to go. But Papa gave me a crooked smile and remarked, "I shouldn't have said that. We're all a bit edgy these days. What we need is a good spring tonic."

Mama must have heard him because the Saturday we went downtown to choose dress material, she bought Wampoles extract of cod liver oil for Papa, and a bottle of Scott's Emulsion for me.

We went first to the pattern department. It was crowded with women leafing through style books, and we waited in line for almost a half hour before we even reached the counter. Then Mama took such a long time making up her mind that I concluded she must need some help.

"This one," I suggested, pointing to a dress and reading the description out loud. "It says, 'Lovely for spring with flowing lace capelets and loose panels. . . .' " I hesitated. "What's sheared at the shoulders mean?"

"It means gathered," Mama said. "And it isn't sheared. It's shirred." She said it the way you say bird and it made me think of the cool outdoors. It was hot in the store and my long underwear was starting to prickle.

"Take this one," I insisted.

She shook her head and looked a little sad. "I'm afraid not. It will have to be something more practical, something I can put to good use."

Mama was always saying that and I wondered again why practical things never seemed to be very pretty. When I grew up I was going to buy millions of beautiful things, and if they weren't useful, I'd just throw them away.

By the time Mama handed over her fifteen cents to the saleslady, I was shifting from one foot to the other, trying to ease the blister on my heel. My heart sank when I saw her choice. It was a straight tailored dress buttoned down the front, with pleats starting at the side and going round the back. I wanted to tell her that she'd *never* win the contest with a dress like that. It's just a dress, Mama! I wanted to cry. Just a plain, ordinary dress!

The fabric department was more exciting. We wandered up and down aisles tunneled through bolts of colored cloth—soft velveteens, silk crepes, glossy satins and something called rayon which shone brighter than anything else.

"Why don't you buy rayon?" I asked.

"I don't trust it," she said. "It's made from woody fibers or something. Heaven knows what it might do. I've heard tell it sometimes dissolves."

I was fascinated. Imagine having a dress that vanishes. I stayed behind to finger it and when I looked up Mama had disappeared.

I found her finally, running her hand over some material and talking to herself. Her gray eyes were dreamy and I was sure she didn't even know I'd been lost. "I mustn't get carried away," she was saying. "The price is dreadful but the quality is wonderful."

It was a satin-back crepe and its color reminded me of the fudge Mama makes on special occa-

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In between the times of cooking and cleaning, Mama used every minute to finish her dress. Once she showed me what she was doing.

Joseph Csartari

sions—a rich, creamy chocolate. Yet it was a puzzle to me why people would even think of putting the satin underneath, instead of on top where everyone could admire it. I said as much to Mama and she gave me a very strange answer.

"I guess it's the luxury," she replied, "of having satin next to your skin."

"Aren't you going to put on any underwear?" I exclaimed.

Her face flamed and she glanced around to see if anyone had heard. "Of course," she said. "Don't be a foolish little girl."

But Mama was the foolish one; she admitted it herself. It was when she bought the pale pink trimming and found she had left only enough money to pay our carfare home.

"I'll have to borrow from Betty Brown," she sighed. "And I didn't want to do that. Paying her back is doubly hard."

Betty Brown was not a real person at all, only a brown betty teapot with no lid and a broken spout. She sat on the top shelf of the kitchen cabinet and every Friday night my mother put in half of the money from my father's pay envelope. Papa didn't believe in banks. "Banks," he often said, "have been known to fail. You can't tell *me* they're safe."

But it was Papa who started the silly name when one night my mother stuffed two five-dollar bills into the pot. "Betty Brown," he chuckled, "looks about ready to pop. Wouldn't it be nice if she gave birth to a couple of thousand?"

Mama turned so quickly she nearly toppled off her perch. "Jack!" she said reprovingly. "You're forgetting—there's a child in the room." So far as I could see, Papa hadn't said anything rude and I wished Mama wouldn't stop him from being funny. But lately he hadn't given her any trouble. The only remarks he made were sarcastic ones like "Betty Brown certainly has an unseemly appetite," or "She's the only female of my acquaintance with no apparent bottom."

I wasn't quite sure what he meant. But I think I know how he felt. Betty Brown kept all that money for payments on the house and she gobbled up all the things I wanted so badly. Things that were beautiful but never very useful:

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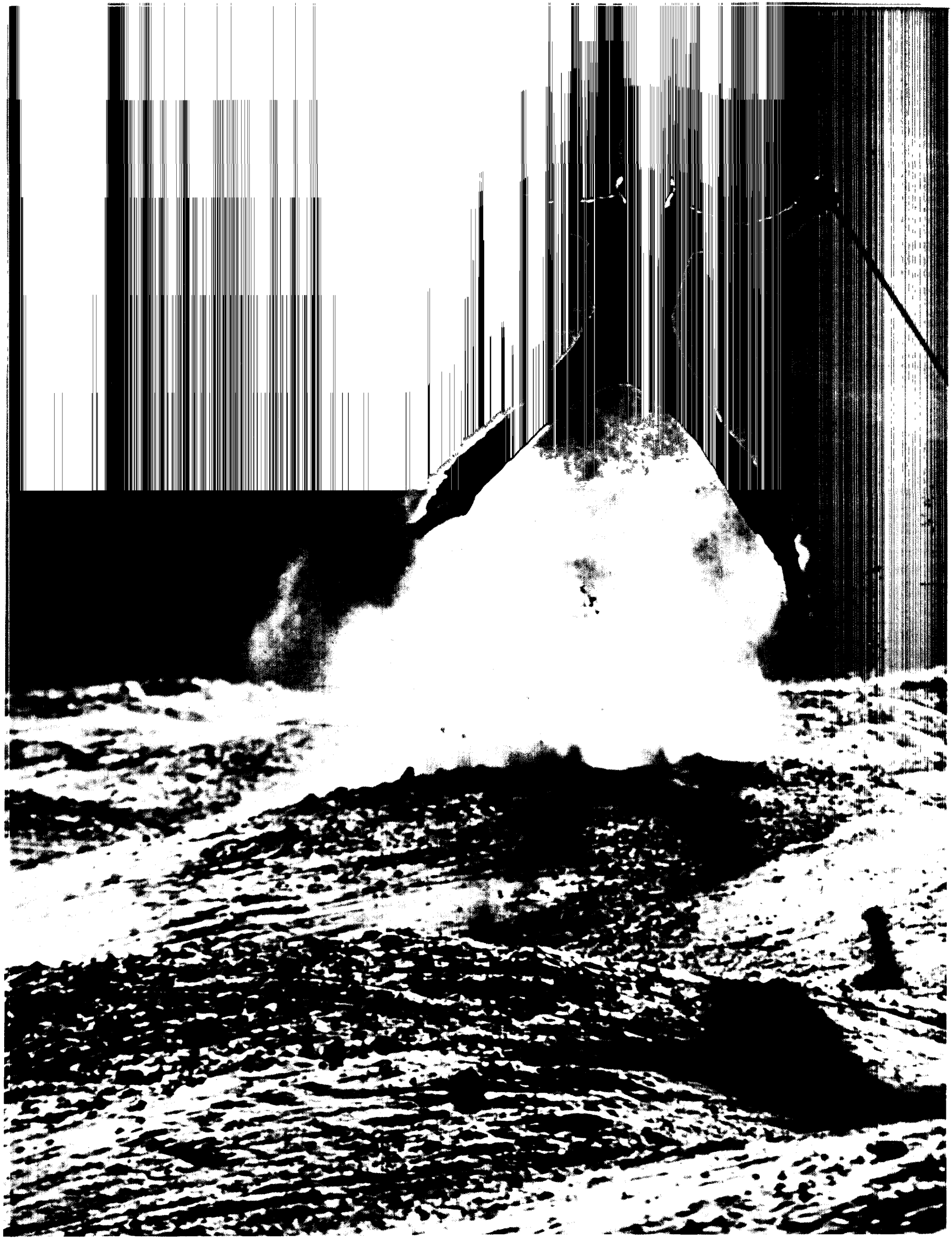

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HOT-DOG SKIING

Anything goes on the slopes today—legbreakers, the Charleston, the boogie, the moebius flip included.

By Harvey Duck

Outlined against the beautiful Colorado sky, a hot-dog skier is extended in spread-eagle fashion as he competes in the freestyle phase of competition during a meet at Aspen.

Harvey Duck is a sportswriter for the Chicago Daily News *who specializes in covering the auto racing scene (his article on Jackie Stewart appeared in the May 1974 issue of the* Post*) and the skiing scene. Himself a skier, Duck has a son, Keith, who recently participated in a summer camp hot-dog training program.*

"Beautiful."

"Magnificent."

"Absolutely the most graceful exhibition of skiing that I've ever seen."

This spontaneous tribute was offered last April by Helmut Teichner, a veteran ski instructor, as he watched the International Freestyle Skiers Association (IFSA) championships being held at Park City, Utah.

Freestyle skiing, or hot-dogging as it is often called, is a recent addition to the winter sports scene—the first major competition was conducted less than four years ago. It is frequently criticized by its detractors, yet it is praised lavishly by enthusiasts such as Wayne Wong, one of the touring professionals who competes on the IFSA tournament trail.

Wong, a compact five-foot, five-inch, 145-pound, twenty-four-year-old Chinese-Canadian from Vancouver, British Columbia, best summarizes the philosophies of his youthful peers when he says:

"First, you've got to remember that freestyle skiing gives you a chance to be creative. It's a freedom that you don't have in racing—racing is too disciplined, where it's turn here, turn there, turn here and so on. In freestyle, you have a hill and you have to think about what you can do and where you can do it. You have to be looking for places where you can do things.

"You know what you can do, and then you go down the hill seeing if you can get away with it. It's also an ego thing. If you can pull off a good stunt, people go 'oooh' and 'aaah.' Nobody minds that. I know that I don't and I'm sure that all the top hot dogs thrive on it.

"There's also a kind of celebrity-status thing. I think a lot of the kids are getting into freestyle because they see the travel and crowds and glamour. Once they realize that they can do some of this stuff, they want in on what goes with it. And these kids that are coming up the past year or so are really good."

Wong's reaction, coming from a free spirit type of fellow who suddenly is making a comfortable living while doing what he likes best, can be expected. Teichner's reaction, though, startled if not outright stunned old-time ski adherents. He has always been recognized as a stern disciplinarian who insisted that his pupils must thoroughly master the basics of the sport before attempting the more challenging maneuvers. They must first conquer the snowplow, then the snowplow turn, followed by the stem turn and right on up the technical ladder. No deviation from the norm was tolerated.

Teichner, sixty-two, may not generate the instant recognition of a Stein Eriksen, Jean Claude Killy or a Billy Kidd, but among the ski instructors' fraternity, he is extremely well known and respected. He has directed a prizewinning staff of instructors at Wilmot Mountain, Wisconsin—midway between Milwaukee and Chicago—since 1939.

Thousands of midwesterners have been first exposed to the rudiments of the sport on Wilmot's compact slopes under Teichner. It has not been unusual for a former Teichner student to enroll at a Far West ski school such as Vail, Sun Valley or Aspen and instantly be identified as one of his pupils. "It's because Helmut's graduates always know the basics so well," explained one Aspen instructor.

Thus, for Teichner to clasp freestyling eagerly to his bosom—an activity that so thoroughly contradicted his disciplined approach to the sport—was unexpected. Freestyling, to the casual observer, violates every basic ski fundamental.

That observation, though, is false.

Hot-dogging competitions are held in three categories—aerial, stunt and ballet, and freestyle—and the tricks that are performed are as unorthodox as their names—legbreaker, helicopter, daffy, javelin, crossover, shoulder roll, spreadeagle, 360, killer kick, moebius flip and several dozen other way-out acrobatics.

The staid members of the ski fraternity first looked askance at "hot-dogging" just as auto racing's boosters once did on drag racing. It violated, they maintained, the principles of the sport. Yet, so rapid has been the growth of freestyling that skis carrying names like "cheeseburger" and poles called "french fries" are as readily identified by hot-doggers as mag-wheels

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and dual-carbs are by drag racers.

For all its early controversy (and some still exists today) top-flight competitors like Wong, "Airborne Eddie" Ferguson, Bill O'Leary, Scott Brooksbank, Bob Salerno, John Clendenin, Corky Fowler, Suzy Chaffee and Genia Fuller are as well known—and idolized—by their youthful admirers as are Henry Aaron, A. J. Foyt, Joe Namath and Billie Jean King by followers of other major sports.

Just as manufacturers of bats, balls, racquets, helmets, shoes and other paraphernalia eagerly advance monies to promote their products that are used in various sports and recreational pursuits, so also are there promotions for the equipment used in freestyle skiing.

Makers of skis, boots, poles, gloves, goggles, clothing, cosmetics and scores of assorted items wish to be identified with freestyling—usually by backing an individual participant or a team of three or four competitors. The scurrying about to secure ample exposure often prompts odd-appearing sponsor identification relationships; thus the 1975 professional circuit will be known officially as the "Chevrolet/Diet Pepsi/Skiing Magazine National Freestyle Skiing Championships."

Pepsi-Cola, bottlers of Diet Pepsi, paid $11,500 for the right to have its soft drink product added to the sponsorship team after Chevrolet and *Skiing* magazine had first invested $39,000. Another $50,000 will be invested by other eager sponsors.

Diet Pepsi's contribution will be directed toward prize money for the ladies' division of the International Freestyle Skiers Association (IFSA), with about three dozen daring women competing in the six meets.

There is disagreement—although no great controversy—over when, where, how and by whom freestyling originated. Unlike flying, to which the Wright brothers on December 17, 1903, on the sands of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, are conceded to have given birth with their "heavier-than-air" flying machine, freestyling has no precise identification.

Some strength is given to the belief that Stein Eriksen, a Norwegian gold medal winner in the 1952 Olympics and widely acclaimed as skiing's most graceful downhill racer, launched the boom when he invented an aerial flip a dozen years ago.

Eriksen, the first European champion to burst upon the American ski scene, undoubtedly contributed to the popularity of hot-dog skiing as he hopped from ski school directorships at Sugarbush, Vermont; to Boyne Mountain, Michigan; to Aspen Snowmass, Colorado, and more recently to Park City, Utah.

Art Furrer, former Swiss star, also helped by performing such antics as the Charleston, crossover and the royal christie on movable indoor ramps at various ski shows in the late 1960's. Still another major impact came in 1968 when Summit Films produced the first dramatic slow motion shots of aerial maneuvers in a truly exciting, breathtaking film called *Ski the Outer Limits.*

Regardless of the precise when, where, how and who, it is a fact that the first major freestyle sanctioned competition was staged in Waterville Valley, New Hampshire in March, 1971.

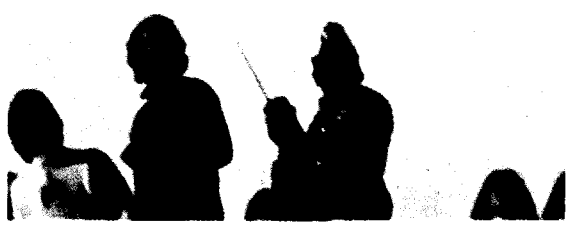
One of the competitors in that tournament (third-place overall winner and a $1,000 prize) was Wong, at that time a student at Vancouver College, who borrowed $200 to finance the cross-country trip.

A Vancouver native, he began skiing at nearby Mount Seymour when only eleven, then took up racing at thirteen and followed by getting into the teaching end when only sixteen.

"I started hot-dogging about then . . . eight or nine years ago . . . probably because it was such a small mountain," he recalls.

"We had only about a 900-foot vertical drop

Closely resembling a ballet dancer performing a tour jeté, this hot-dogger soars high over the trees of a ski area in the winter wonderland of Aspen, Colorado during a meet.



The world is upside down for this skier demonstrating a moebius flip as spectators below stare skyward in anticipation of his descent.

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and after a while, when you've been skiing the same trails over and over, it becomes dullsville. You get into a kind of I-can-do-one-better-than-you thing. My buddies and I were always trying to outdo one another. Each weekend we'd try something different—bigger jumps that got hairier and hairier. It really wasn't planned. We just watched ski movies, observed what the guys in the films did and then tried them ourselves. Sort of like daring one another."

Wong also emphasizes another facet of the sport that obviously appeals to the daring nature of youthful skiers.

"I know that I get really uptight doing the same stuff all day, so you've just got to cut loose and boogie a bit. Boogie means to move out, man. To get it on. To bust loose in an orgy of fun.

"Besides, I believe that kids especially improve their ski-ability if they do a little boogying from time to time. For some reason, it seems to improve their rhythm and smoothness."

Another rapidly expanding outgrowth of the mushrooming hot-dogging is the establishment of teaching clinics and camps. The majority of ski areas this season will capitalize on this phenomenon. Some will offer daily instructional sessions of a few hours and others will promote longer clinics, usually from two to five days, which include, instruction, lodging and meals.

But by far the most popular (and expensive) are the summer camps conducted by the stars of the sport, staffed by men and women who compete on the pro (IFSA) circuit. One representative camp is operated by Airborne Eddie Ferguson, twenty-four, who like Wong, Bill O'Leary and several of the other leading performers, could earn in the neighborhood of $100,000 this season from prize money, endorsements and personal appearances.

Ferguson's camp is located at Crystal Mountain, Washington, on the fringe of Mount Rainier National Park. Two twelve-day sessions were conducted last June and each was booked solid with students ranging in age from eight to forty.

Tuition for each session ran $295, but many of the pupils came from the Midwest and East with round-trip air fares ranging from $250 to $350. Thus, tuition, transportation and miscellaneous expenses in some instances boosted total cost to the $600 or $700 range.

Whatever the expense, the camp offered twelve days of on-the-hill instructions in the three approved divisions—freestyle, stunt and ballet, and aerials. It included all meals, four-to-a-room lodging in a comfortable condominium at the base of the hill complete with swimming pool, gymnasium, volleyball, evening movies and entertainment.

Most importantly the staff, which included such highly regarded competitors as Bob Salerno, the national freestyle champion, Mike Grazier and Kathy Brock among others, taught the students how to properly execute various stunts.

Equally important as far as apprehensive parents were concerned, the students were instructed and cautioned about how not to perform stunts.

There is genuine apprehension in some quarters about the tremendously expanding appeal of hot-dogging. Hot-dog advocates point with pride to a camp such as Airborne Eddie's where the only injury, other than an anticipated assortment of normal bruises and cuts, was a broken leg.

"But that could have happened to anybody on any slope," said one of the students—my seventeen-year-old son Keith. "The coaches were really great. They took an interest in everybody and wouldn't let anyone try any of the stunts unless they were sure that he could hack it."

Yet, one year earlier, two leading competitors on the pro circuit fell and suffered paralyzing injuries during meets at Colorado while performing aerials—the most spectacular and potentially dangerous stunts. Pete Hershorn was hurt at Steamboat Springs and Scott Magrino at Vail. The seriousness of the injuries prompted the Vail sponsors to cancel their 1974 tournament.

One explanation advanced following these and other injuries took the line that no approved rule book had been published explaining safety procedures or how to build the jumps necessary for aerial maneuvers. Competition scoring, too, was attacked on the grounds that points were often awarded for the spectacular stunt which encouraged the less skilled performer to attempt to exceed his capability.

The need for intelligent, stringent rules had become obvious even to the dedicated and professional freestyler, which in turn prompted the Ski Area Physicians Association to compile a list of suggestions regarding aerial competition.

Among the most pertinent ones advanced following a meeting of the group early in 1973 were:

—Single flips only.

—No multiple-bump flips.

—Fields to be restricted to those of classified ability.

—Flight plan to be filed prior to an event.

—Scoring emphasis to be on technique rather than danger.

—A doctor to be in attendance at all times.

Other suggestions were that there be a minimum $250,000 medical insurance policy for those who attempted flips; that there be improved spectator protection methods; and that one person be given overall responsibility to manage an event.

Perhaps the most intelligent step taken by the touring professional freestylers was to band into a genuine national group rather than to continue with its several regional associations which overlapped. Thus, the International Freestyle Skiers Association was formed in December 1973. Executive director of the IFSA, Bernard Weichsel, who had been active in various capacities through the first faltering expansion years, immediately stated:

"We have drawn up rules for the safe conduct of professional freestyle ski competition, and we intend to assure that those rules are carried out. IFSA will organize and run all sanctioned events.

"We are an organization of and for professional skiers whose prime objective is the safe conduct of all competitions. To this end we have done a great deal. IFSA's board of directors—competitive skiers all—has adopted, and improved upon the recommendations of the Ski Area Physicians Association."

The IFSA did indeed tighten its rules, and when the first sanctioned meet of the winter season, the Eastern Nationals, is held February 1 through March 2 at Waterville Valley, New Hampshire, competitors will discover that judging will stress excellence of performance rather than "hairy" and spectacular skiing; entrants

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The skier at the top of the page really isn't "daffy" but that's the name of the stunt he's performing. Running through the air (bottom) is another of the hot-doggers' tricks.

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TWO PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE

By Marianne Andrea

When Holly crossed the threshold of that grand old house, she walked straight into the nineteenth century.

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

It was a day etched with color, sharp blues, greens, and deep golds, only the kind September is made of. On such a day what a delight not to be smothered in a classroom or dreary office, but to sit instead in City Hall Park feeding pigeons and squirrels. The unopened *Times* lay beside Holly as she soared with her "Walter-Mittyness" in open fields and distant lands, as distant from Monday's job hunting as the mysterious Taj Mahal. The few jobs she held since she'd gotten her degree were so dull, she almost agreed to go back to school. She promised her mother she'd make one more try, but on such a morning as this she could barely read the deadening ads for bookkeepers, receptionists, secretaries, or other colorless trivia. But the peanuts were gone, the pigeons wandered off and Holly decided on one feeble attempt. She scanned the columns with blurring swiftness, and at the *W*'s, her conscience nearly appeased and ready to discard the paper, she noticed an ad framed in bold, underscored type:

WANTED: VERY UNUSUAL YOUNG LADY FOR AN OLD, ESTABLISHED FIRM IN LOWER MANHATTAN. ONE WHO DISLIKES SPEED AND MODERN METHODS, BUT WHO LIKES OLDER PEOPLE AND OLD SURROUNDINGS. INQUIRE, BRANDLER & CO., TWO PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE. 5th FLOOR.

Holly read it twice, gripped the paper and looked up. "Lower Manhattan, why it's right down here somewhere." She crossed Park Row to the statue of Benjamin Franklin. Behind him the street sign read Printing House Square. On the corner was a solitary building as if ready for demolition. Engraved into the stone arch was the numeral II. One of the last buildings untouched by progress, it had a splendid facade of gables, parapets, iron balconies with weaving ivy, huge gargoyles shouldering columns–and all under deep layers of soot. Holly entered the marble lobby in the center of which like a huge birdcage stood a round elevator of iron mesh and grillwork. For a moment she was dazzled by this astonishing contraption in an age of sleek, automatic, radar-controlled mechanisms. Approaching it, she saw a little old man sitting in the elevator like a gnome, appraising her.

"I guess you want Brandlers, young lady," he said.

"Why yes, how'd you know?"

"Never mind, step in and don't waste time." He shut the grill door, pulled on a metal cable, and the ancient lift began its painful ascent, groaning its way against gravity. On the fifth floor he pointed to a door imprinted with old English script: *Brandler & Co., Map Makers.* She turned to thank him but he was already creaking down as if she would change her mind. Holly knocked and cautiously opened the door. A bell tinkled overhead. She stepped over the threshold and stood motionless. She had walked straight into the nineteenth century.

The room was huge. Its domed, chapellike ceiling was covered with plastic angels and curlicues gently curving onto walls stopping at the gleaming walnut panels. Above a well-used fireplace hung a life-size portrait of Lincoln, flanked on either side with triple sconces of milk-white globes. Holly imagined flickering gaslight. Another wall held a panel map of Manhattan and across the arched windows, from ceiling to floor, hung red velvet portieres edged with gold trimming. Tall-backed, heavily carved armchairs with real petit-point antimacassars stood at massive rolltop desks that belonged in the Smithsonian Institution. Holly saw an ancient gentleman, a double of Ulysses S. Grant, using a side receiver telephone, ornamented in white as in a stage prop. He was saying: "Please don't rush us, the order is nearly ready; you'll get faster service from McNally's. . . ." Instead of traffic noises, whatever sounds rose from the street were merely echoes of a distant future. Permeating the room was the scent of old leather, mustiness and lavender. As her eyes completed the circle she saw a white-haired woman behind a tall typewriter whose coiffure was most nearly a robin's nest. She wore a Gibson Girl shirtwaist, a black bow under the chin, and the bridge of her nose balanced a delicate pince-nez with a gold chain around her neck. Her skin was a mass of crinkled, faded rose petals. Their eyes met and she smiled.

"You came in answer to the advertisement?"

"Yes. Is the position still open?"

"Heaven's yes, not many want to work here. Sit down Miss–?"

"Landon. Holly Landon."

"I'll get Mr. Brandler, Miss Landon." She turned, grasped her skirt as if readying for a dance, exposing her gray, high-button shoes. Like watching a theater period piece unfold she noticed a white-bearded gentleman, every bit like a leprechaun, opening and shutting dozens of tiny drawers in a desk as if pulling and pushing organ stops. Finally, his face crimson, he roared out: "Pringle, you scoundrel, come in here and find those pen points! I've been hunting for half an hour." As he continued mumbling, Holly expected a sprite of an office boy to dash in. It was fully three minutes before the door opened and a

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BEAST AND THE BEAUTY PARLOR

Over a third of all American women patronize a beauty shop every week—not only to be stylish but to use the salon as a substitute for the confessional or the psychiatrist's couch.

From birth to death, hairdressing is an integral feature of most women's lives. Often a woman remembers her first visit to a salon at age four, when her mother plunked her down on top of several telephone books and an unwilling stylist cut baby's hair. From then on, many women are caught in a never-ending round of visits to the beauty salon. Milestone events ranging from first communion, to proms, to wedding day all depend on beauty parlor appointments and an appropriate hairdo for each occasion. Women sometimes even fight labor pains to get their hair properly styled before checking in at the hospital. Passing years are noted by tints to cover the gray, cuts to appear more youthful, and blue rinses to lighten white hair. Some women state in their wills which hairdresser they want to perform the last magic rites.

With such faithful clientele, no wonder that hairdressing is a multibillion-dollar business. Beauty shop receipts were $3.4 billion in 1971 and are expected to reach $4.7 billion in 1975 and $7.3 billion in 1980. Two out of three American women own at least one wig; more than $1 billion were spent on wigs in 1970, and nearly a quarter of a million dollars spent on styling and cleaning wigs. In addition, nearly one-third of all American women tint or bleach their hair. Over a third of all American women patronize a beauty shop every week.

Undoubtedly for most women their weekly hair appointment is a simple business transaction. They go to the hairdresser, have their hair shampooed, set, dried, and styled. They pay their bill, tip the beautician, and go home or back to the office. Yet, as we discover in analyzing questionnaires and interviews with sixty-two midwestern beauticians, there is a darker side.

The "typical" respondent in this sample was a white high school dropout from a working-class family married to a man of similar background. As such, she may not be representative of hairdressers in general. Nevertheless, this small sample of midwestern hairdressers does provide some provocative insights into social relationships of the beauty salon.

Charlotte Barthel and I conducted a series of interviews which indicated that like the sadistic husband with a masochistic wife, the gambler and his bookie, or the alcoholic and his favorite bartender, both hairdresser and patron cannot do without each other, yet each despises the other. The hairdresser needs the patron's money and the client the beautician's skill. In order to earn her salary and a tip, the beautician often has to withstand untold abuse but wreaks fearsome vengeance on her customer.

Conflict between patron and beautician arises because the hairdresser is intrinsic to the middle class milieu but not part of it. The hairdresser is

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By Nora Scott Kinzer

Illustrated by Robert Charles Howe

confidante but not friend. She listens to cocktail party gossip but never gets invited; she is always the outsider looking in. As a servant, she is treated with the same kind of candor that Milady had with the upstairs maid. Like the upstairs maid, the beautician has learned that she should work efficiently and be a toady. Like all Uncle Toms and Uriah Heeps, she must develop strange ways of maintaining her own personal integrity. The giggling beautician passing on stories about a community pillar's tippling and the stony-faced hairdresser calmly chopping her client's hair to shreds are sisters to Malcolm X who, when he worked in a restaurant in Harlem, used to spit in the dishes of ribs ordered by slumming whites. Such behavior may be weird, but it is ego-strengthening.

Hairdressers need every bit of encouragement that they can garner, for they are constantly assaulted by evidence that they never quite belong. Over 90 percent of the sample came from working-class families, and over half never completed high school. Beauticians who work with middle and upper class patrons cater to women whose mores, norms, and very vocabulary are at first foreign and bewildering. By carefully watching, listening, and imitating the lifestyle of her customers, a beautician seeks to cast aside her plebeian origins. Insecure, unsure of herself, knowing that her father says "ain't," that her mother schlepps around in a dirty housecoat, that her brother stabs his meat with his fork, and that her husband punches a time clock, the beautician is pathetically grateful for her momentary association with witty, brittle, facile representatives from the cocktail party set. And she becomes a skilled sycophant.

One of the first things that a hairdresser learns is that women come to beauty salons not only to be stylish but also to fill up empty hours and seek reassurance. Lonely women use the beauty salon as a substitute for the confessional or psychiatrist's couch. Hairdressers are rarely surprised when a customer begins to reveal her psyche on the first visit.

> It's incredible. Customer after customer comes in and sits down and then—boom! You start to shampoo her and the first thing you know she is telling you about her sex life, her kids, her husband, God only knows what else. It's scary. I thought maybe there was something about me that caused customers to spill their guts but other girls tell me that the same thing happens to them.
>
> (39-year-old female)

Some hairdressers say that customers are open and free in their confidences because of the indulgent, Sybaritic atmosphere of the beauty shop

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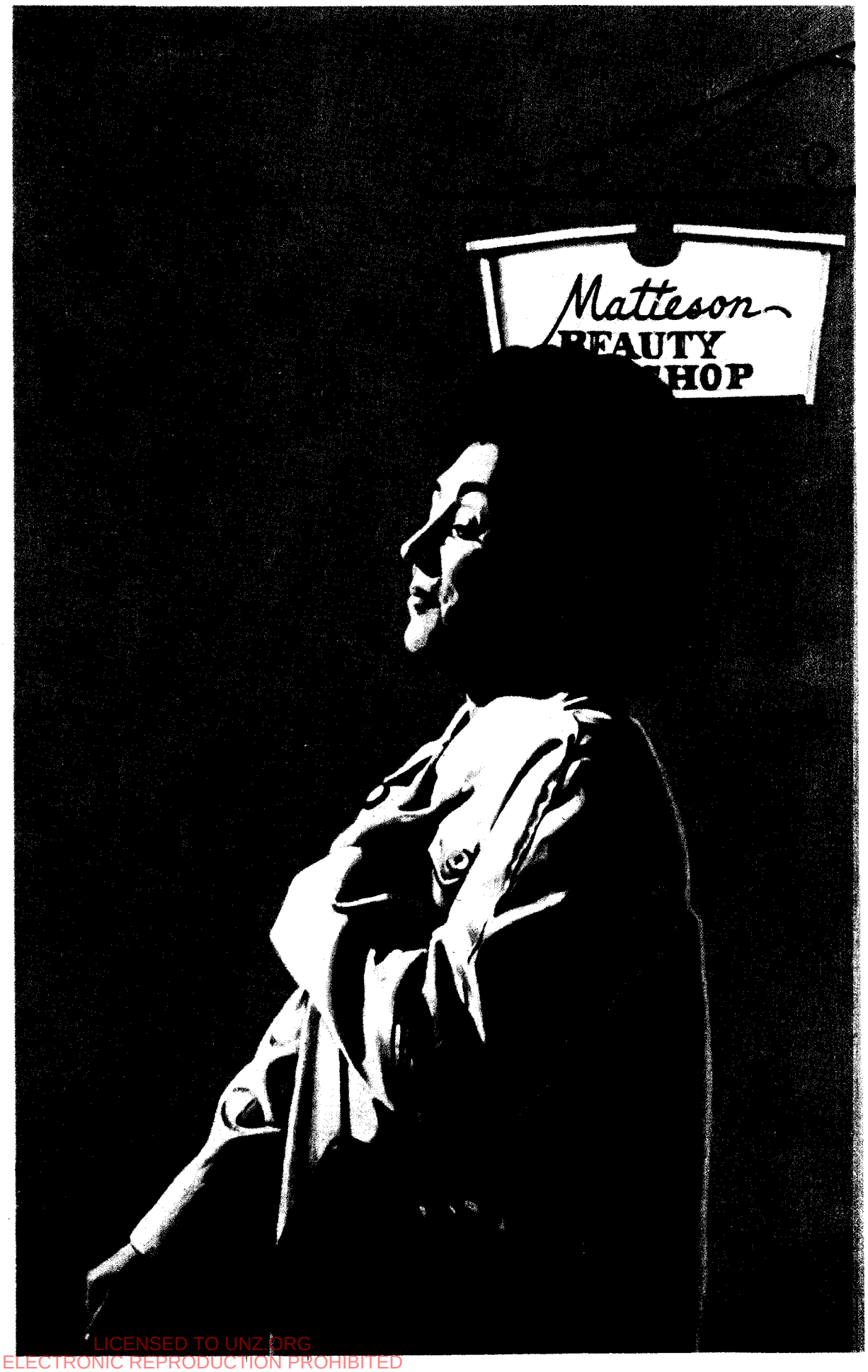

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THE OUTER SPACE BEAUTY OF MAXFIELD PARRISH

Parrish once wrote that the public "always wants to know more about what a picture tells them but to my mind if the picture does not tell its own story, it's better to have the story without the picture."

By Julie Eisenhower

The name Maxfield Parrish, illustrator, painter, professional artist, is not a household word in America today. Yet from the turn of the century until the outbreak of World War II, Parrish enjoyed enormous popularity. His fanciful advertisements, most often with a medieval theme, his posters, and his Brown and Bigelow calendars were very much a part of life in America at the beginning of the twentieth century. His illustrations for children's books were beloved. And his art dominated the covers of magazines such as *Harper's Bazaar, Scribner's Magazine, Ladies' Home Journal, Collier's* and *Life*. Norman Rockwell, who succeeded him as the number one cover artist, greatly admired Parrish's art and, in fact, one of his paintings hangs in the Rockwell home in Stockbridge, Massachusetts today. *The Christian Science Monitor*, in summing up Parrish's career, concluded that "probably no artist ever enjoyed more reproductions in print during his own time." One of his paintings, *Daybreak* (1922), was reproduced in quantity and sold over two hundred thousand copies. Parrish himself passed final judgment on his artwork two years before his death when he said, at age ninety-three: "I've always considered myself strictly a popular artist."

Without a doubt, Parrish's highly original style set him apart from his contemporaries, and with the passage of time, he stands out even more. Why is his painting so distinct? The answer lies in the boldness and intensity of his colors, in the beautiful precision and attention to geometric designs, and in the dreamlike mood some of his work evokes. It is this last characteristic, the other-world quality, which intrigues modern viewers the most. Maxfield Parrish's world is different. Sometimes it is the world of medieval fantasy, or of a child's whimsy, or of classical themes and settings. One sees the drama and originality of Parrish's work in a recently published volume of all of his major paintings entitled *Maxfield Parrish* by Coy Ludwig. From the first glance at a certain blue, so translucent and unusually rich in color that his contemporaries gave it a special name, "Parrish Blue," one is aware of the unique genius of the artist.

Much of Maxfield Parrish's world is easily explainable and this perhaps is one reason for his popularity with children as well as adults. His themes, and even his compositions, especially in advertisements and posters, are simple and direct. The vast majority of his paintings are perfectly balanced works of art, usually with an equal number of carefully matched objects or figures on both sides of the composition. He once wrote that the public "always wants to know more about what a picture tells them but to my mind if the picture does not tell its own story, it's better to have the story without the picture." But in viewing Parrish's paintings, one discovers that although his work is explainable there is a definite sense of unreality about his art. The paintings are almost always too perfectly balanced. His landscapes are breathtaking in the beauty of their colors but the colors are not earthly. And his graceful, classical figures are not real flesh-and-bone people. Finally, in almost all of his paintings, Maxfield Parrish inserts a magic element for the viewer: room to dream.

From studying Parrish's life one learns that his art very closely reflects his upbringing. His imagination was stretched and encouraged from earliest childhood. At the age of three his father, who owned a stationery shop, gave him a large sketchbook. He never outgrew his childhood love of castles and moats and idyllic Grecian scenes. In fact the beautiful precision and detail of his castles in the sky stem in large measure from the hours and hours he spent as a boy constructing models of dream castles. His hobby served him well: as a nature artist, Parrish often worked from wooden models based upon photographs. At Haverford College, he channeled his love of art to a study of French books of engravings of classical temples because the Quaker school looked upon drawing with suspicion. He never forgot the beauty of those engravings. Lastly, the terrain of the Pennsylvania hills around the college made a vivid impression on Parrish; he was especially captivated by "the grand trees." He later wrote about his college years: "There were grand trees in those days, and grand trees do something to you." In his mind, the tree symbolized truth and beauty, and, as a result, he often included either a tree or the branches of a tree in his paintings. From 1930, in fact, after his fortune was made as a commercial artist, until his death in 1966, Parrish devoted himself almost exclusively to his great love in life: landscapes. They were much less popular than his other paintings perhaps because they were so closely modeled upon photographs and thus had a static, sterile beauty.

Art critics today theorize that Parrish's popularity waned in the wake of the realism which followed World War II, a realism which included an obsession with abstract art and an anxiety which brought to an end the ability to enjoy the kind of whimsy and fantasy Parrish was so famous for. Today Parrish is admired for his precise technical skill. He is admired for his ability to achieve startling depth of color because of his perfected art of applying layer upon layer of transparent color glazes, followed by a coat of varnish. But most of all, Maxfield Parrish stands out today because of the joy and fullness of life embodied in his paintings. The theatrical settings, the escapist themes, the vibrancy and sheer beauty of his rich colors, and the dreamlike sensuousness of some of his work—all of these qualities make his art unique. Unusual and different at the turn of the century. Unusual and different and, perhaps, needed as a ray of joy today.

The Dinkey Bird

Coy Ludwig, Parrish's biographer, states that the artist usually suppressed sensuousness and mystery in his commercial paintings. In *The Dinkey Bird*, however, Parrish apparently felt free to let those qualities dominate. The child soars high and free in an enchanted world. The blue of the sky, famous as "Parrish Blue," glows with what has been described as "an outer space beauty." *The Dinkey Bird*—full of beauty and mystery—was perhaps the most popular of Maxfield Parrish's creations.

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Untitled cover for *Scribner's Magazine*, 1899.

Maxfield Parrish is best remembered for his book illustrations but in reality he did much more work for magazines. This is a particularly effective magazine cover because of the clean, simple beauty of the young girl. Her features remind me of the figures of Greek pottery—yet she is in medieval dress. It is significant to note that Parrish surrounds the young girl with trees. Without a doubt, Parrish's unending fascination with the beauty of trees is the single most characteristic feature of his painting. Whenever he had an opportunity, he painted a tree into a scene. For this cover, one sees trees overladen with fruit, popping out from behind houses, and even peeking over roofs. The cover is also a good example of Parrish's devotion to detail: the thatched roofs and tiny grilled-covered windows of the houses are intricately meshed with the branches and leaves of the numerous trees in this painting.

A Song of Sixpence, 1910 Mural.

Maxfield Parrish brings a nursery rhyme to life in his famous mural, *A Song of Sixpence.* Although it is a carefully executed work of art with perfect balance throughout, even to the matching footrests at the feet of the king and queen, there is a buoyancy and joy to the painting. The brilliant red of the servant's robes, the gleam of the king's golden crown, and the masses of soft clouds outside the sovereign's window help to create a colorful and happy scene. Parrish has given extra visual depth to the mural by using a geometric design for the costumes of the king's and queen's servants. He is able also to inject a sense of mystery and special interest in his painting by including two frosty wine carafes. They are beautiful, shimmering vessels.

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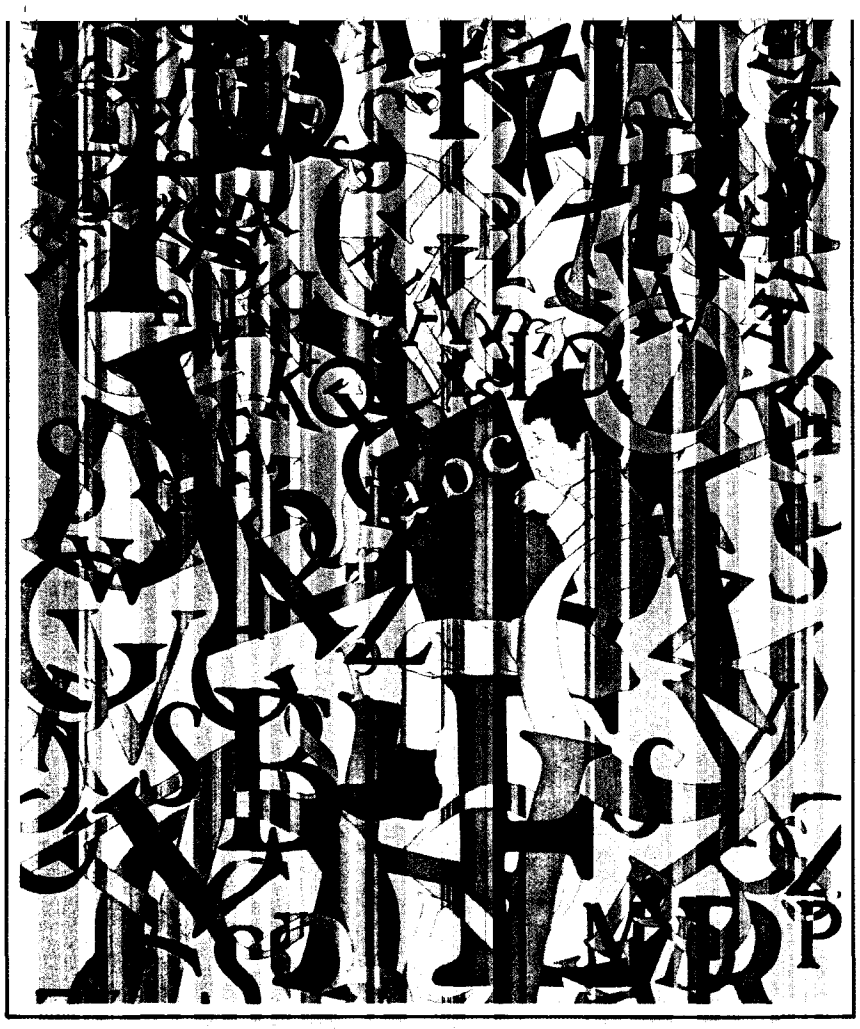

Alphabet, 1908 cover for *Collier's* magazine.

In *Alphabet* Parrish once again demonstrates that he understands the child's emotions and feelings. In looking at his cover design for *Collier's*, one immediately remembers first grade, and that overwhelming feeling when twenty-six letters are thrown at you and they are all new and they all come at once.

Parrish was intrigued by geometric designs and in many of his paintings, advertisements and posters he dressed his figures in geometrically patterned clothes. But in *Alphabet* he gave full reign to his imagination and created a highly intricate composition.

Despite the appearance of chaos, *Alphabet* is a perfectly balanced and precisely executed composition. The upper right- and left-hand corners of the composition have a greater concentration of letters whereas more space between letters is carefully left at the bottom of the magazine cover. And skillfully woven into the design—in black letters—is the magazine logo *Collier's*.

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Winter Sunrise, 1949.

For over sixty years, Maxfield Parrish lived in Cornish, New Hampshire. He loved northern winters. It did not bother him that for many months of the year, often the only way to reach his home was by wearing snowshoes. His *Winter Sunrise* is one of the many landscapes which were inspired by the New Hampshire winters. It is a fantasyland of colors so unusual that a sense of unreality dominates the scene. Although the colors are not of this earth, they are visually stunning. Deep purple shadows, for example, are an exciting way to convey the depth and cold of the snow. And the intense black of the trees, the tiny bright yellow lights glowing from the village windows, and the burnt orange of the sun on the hills make this painting an unforgettable one.

The Reluctant Dragon, from *Dream Days* by Kenneth Grahame.

In illustrating for children, Maxfield Parrish demonstrated the rare ability to see the world from a child's point of view. As a result, all of his illustrations for children's books were extremely successful and beloved. *The Reluctant Dragon* is no exception. The painting is full of gentle, baby-soft colors. Instead of cold gray, the boy sits on a lavender-colored rock. Cotton clouds float in a sunny sky (a sky which is only a shadow of the famous Parrish Blue). Even the dragon's potentially dangerous claws are a subtly, subdued color rather than gleaming and sharp. And the young boy sits at the foot of the dragon—of all things—learning! The dragon is a scaly monster but, most of all, he is kind and ready to listen to boys and girls.

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Jack Sprat, advertisement for
Swiss Premium Ham, 1919.

Although Maxfield Parrish excelled in creating advertisements, he found that form of artwork "one of the most difficult arts to put across . . . what makes success is an extremely subtle affair." Parrish's secret of success was that he always looked for a simple eye-catching theme. Or, as he expressed it, "something the public will recognize whenever they see it." *Jack Sprat* is the perfect food advertisement. Jack and his wife appear pleased with themselves and content. The ham is beautifully displayed. Its pinkish glow in the center of the composition is accentuated by the bright red of the two chairs which perfectly balance Parrish's advertisement. The painting does not try to go beyond caricature. For example, the pet dog is a cardboard figure, and the smiles on the faces of Jack Sprat and his wife are set and rigid. Parrish's purpose is to convey a simple idea—good food, good times.

A Swiss Admiral—Cover for *Life*, June 30, 1921.

Parrish's technical skill in *A Swiss Admiral* shines forth in the high gloss of the brass and gold in this painting. The admiral's brass eyeglass gleams as if from hours of polishing rather than from hours of the artist adding layer upon layer of transparent glazes. The gleam of gold thread on the admiral's uniform and even the shine on the tips of his black shoes catch the viewer's eyes. Part of the admiral's stiff, highly disciplined air is created by the glossy, overall varnish Parrish has given the painting. The admiral could not possibly break through the veneer to unbend and tell a joke. Most of all, *A Swiss Admiral* displays Parrish's comic flair. One gains the impression that the admiral's beard serves as a lookout!

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Little Spooners

Girl at the Mirror

Candidate

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What is a Rockwell? A Rockwell is a fine painting that transforms a drab wall into a stunning art gallery. A Rockwell is any one of 317 Saturday Evening Post *covers spanning a period of more than fifty years. A Rockwell is a treasure—to own, to live with, to enjoy, to share.*

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REDDY, SET, GO!

By Starkey Flythe, Jr.

Helen succeeds because she can sing anything from acid rock to Jerome Kern.

Helen Reddy is the most popular female singer in America. She is thirty-one, Australian born, neither a gyrator nor a product of electronics, but a revelation of the invincibility of her sex—more in her songs, her technical perfection, her determination to appeal to every age and audience than in her politics: "I am a singer first, then a political woman." Next year she will appear on that list of women Americans admire most that invariably begins with Rose Kennedy and ends with Golda Meir.

"And they said I couldn't draw flies," she laughs, apologizing for the faint whiff of DDT chasing the inevitable summer intruders in her living room.

The living room is nice because the gold records, the platinum records, the awards for being the most popular jukebox seller, the most popular album seller, the most popular single seller, the most popular singer in Canada, are not in the room. They form a galaxy in a back hall and remind you that the record industry is bigger than the movie business, that last year about $3.5 billion in records and tapes were sold worldwide and that Helen Reddy quietly defies description even as a superstar.

She settles herself comfortably on the corduroy-covered sofa much as she has settled herself into the life of Hollywood, of stardom, exhibiting that quality of pure light between manufactured heroics, ego, and the sheer Yiddisha-mama-drive of pushing yourself there, and once having arrived, the joyless, funless drudgery of staying.

"I don't know whether it was my mother and father saying over and over, 'You're going to be a star, you're going to be a star,' that did it or whether it was something I did for myself. My parents were both actors—vaudeville, I guess, is the closest thing you have like it in America—and I've been at it since I was four. My father did everything. He had his own radio show. He'd get up at seven in the morning and you'd hear him rolling his sheet of paper into the typewriter and he'd write the script—along with another comedy routine. Then he'd produce it and star and play one or two extra parts. If there was something left, I did it."

There is the strong edge of English music hall in her voice, in her delivery sometimes, a guarded kind of raucousness, the fear of being too sincere lest her heart, exposed to the public, draw tomatoes instead of roses. The hardness, the toughness, the belt—whether Bible or sadomasochistic—the brutal blade of one-night rock-and-rollers shines before the fragile figure of this woman who has crossed cultures and continents to get where she is. Old-timers have seen it before in Gracie Fields and Beatrice Lillie. Every song is an object momentarily released from the context of humor, for that is what the music hall audiences always wanted. A laugh and a beer. The laugh is a long, loud one, maybe at the wrong time, and the beer might manifest itself in a ten-megaton belch during the sweetest moment of a love song. Helen has learned to hold a little self back, to be always ready with a comeback as sure as a gunshot, as sure and loud as her heckler. She's learned when to respond and when to ignore—when the retort to the heckler will have its effect and when it won't.

This sort of give-and-take between audience and performer had, when Helen arrived in America, long since left the music hall for the political arena. In the combination—the mix of politics and pianoforte—lay her success.

Are there insurmountable differences between Aussie and Yank audiences? "Australians are the least nationalistic people I know," she says.

Husband Jeff Wald (above) proposed to Helen less than a week after they met. A talent pusher, he promised Helen success and delivered.

Helen won her first Grammy (left) for the blockbuster recording "I Am Woman" which not only put her on the top of the charts but also developed into the leading war song of the women's liberation crusade.

Searching eyes and full, ripe lips (opposite page) give her a look which appeals to the male members of her audience.

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"There's a very deep conviction 'we're the best' overlaid with the thought—almost an afterthought—that 'maybe we're not.' For a certain kind of temperament it's paradise. But for me—an ambitious person—it was death. There's no star system. I haven't lived there in eight years—maybe it's changed—but there was an end to the success you could have even before you began.

"Technically all the television shows are pretty bad. You may see a whole dance scene from the waist up. The lighting's dark—you get the feeling it's all being shot in a dim corner of the studio. That's because of the union scales there. To avoid the high wages most places hire kids just out of high school—sixteen or seventeen—give them a raise when they're eighteen, then let them go just as they're beginning to learn their craft at twenty-one, when they're eligible for union membership.

"If any part of Australia's more like America than any other part—in terms of vegetation, soil, climate—the Southwest comes to mind. Two-thirds of the country's desert. But Australia is uniquely itself."

The instant decibomb amplification success of the rock stars of the Sixties has passed with Helen into the greener, serener pastures of the Seventies, but still, most singers know better than to stray far from their mikes. American audiences are not good at lipreading in the land where the importance of developing bosoms in singer-entertainers has far exceeded that of developing lung expansion. The exception that Helen's style and abilities have created is not likely to turn the recording and entertainment business around, but it has made a beginning that other singers and record companies will more than a little note.

"I had a national radio show—Australian Broadcasting Company—the station owned and operated by the government—no commercials—that's heaven. Something you never get used to over here. The Aussies are perhaps less sophisticated than the Americans. When I left, I was making a hundred dollars a week—Australian dollars (about $140). I won a contest to come to America for a record company. The prize money went into the ticket for my eleven-year-old, Traci, so I arrived in New York broke and the record company said, 'We wanted a group. Or a man!' So there I was.

"Everybody wanted to know what I was 'into.' Folk. Rock. Acid. Country and Western. Gospel. Or variations and combinations of the above. They looked at me kind of funny when I said I just sing. It was a bad time."

She survived. Probably because she could sing. Songs older even than oldie-goldies. What used to be called standards. Songs that always prompted disc jockeys of the Fifties to mourn, "They're not writing songs like that anymore," and disc jockeys of the Sixties to say, "Thank goodness." But they were fine songs musically, built in the great tradition of Gershwin and Kern, light opera with the oompah left out and the blues heart left in. And they were the chants of the sleazy bars in New York where Helen Reddy survived, the bars where entertainment is not a business of lights but of shadows, where "Play it Again Sam" and "Melancholy Baby" are not jokes. Helen could carry a tune—great at that point for survival, fatal for the charts—and she could subsist on spaghetti—a farinaceous figure she began to resemble then and still does.

At that point, as they say, a friend threw a shower—admittance was five dollars for Helen's rent. A young man—an agent—crashed the party, saw Helen and told her he was going to make her a star, something she wasn't averse to hearing although, having been married before, she was familiar with the line.

Jeff Wald, a pusher of talent, promised Helen he could do it in five years. They met on Friday, Jeff proposed on Tuesday, stardom followed. After a few hitches.

Public relations people, of whom Jeff is one, have eyes, ears, noses and throats in the back of their heads. All their senses prickle to what appeals. They know, as Horatio Alger's creator knew, nothing is more appealing than the rags-to-riches story.

Helen wasn't in rags. Jeff had a job, a good job. And she sang, here and there, in supper clubs and as a minor voice in other people's concerts, but the level was low. And worse than the level was the distance that seemed to stretch before her. There are hundreds of singers who work, who are known, are sometimes heard above the rattle of the one-armed bandits of Las Vegas night clubs and other road shows, but who aren't household words, aren't stars.

Jeff was handling several emerging stars—Tiny Tim, Deep Purple, George Carlin—and doing well. And though most of the other agents in that firmament—Hollywood, where they finally arrived and set up house, borrowing a cup here, a fork there, sleeping on the floor—advised Jeff to

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SOME HONEST MEN WEAR STRIPES

By Tommy Bell, NFL Official

Tommy Bell practices law five days a week and on Sunday IS the law.

First thing, I want to get Billy McGraw off the hook. He's a buddy of mine. He's nine or ten years old and he thinks football officials are all-right guys. He's even told his friends that he knows me and that I took him on the field for a National Football League game in Pittsburgh.

Trouble is, nobody believes him. Billy says it's gone so far that his schoolteacher and principal told him to stop telling the story. So I'll tell it for him.

My crew was waiting to go into Three Rivers Stadium a couple of years ago. Up at the front of the line, I could hear Tom Kelleher, our back judge, saying, "If anybody can do it, our boss can. Go see him." Then Tom sent this cute little ol' boy back to me.

Billy had been getting into all the games with his daddy, who was an usher or something. But this time he ran into a gate guard who was super-strict and wouldn't let him through. I told Billy to take hold of my travel bag and walk in with me. He was so short I don't think the guard ever noticed him.

I got Billy a sidelines pass from the television people, and he was everywhere on the field that day. Afterward, he told me that he'd always thought referees were mean old men and that he'd never have to change his mind now. He even wrote me a letter.

Dear Tommy:

This thank-you note is long overdue, as I have been trying to get my aunt to help me write the letter, since she is a secretary. My writing is not so good yet and some of the words are hard to spell.

It was really a thrill to have you take me on the field for the Steelers/Lions game in Pittsburgh on Sept. 16. I will never forget your kindness.

The next time you are in Pittsburgh, if you have the time, my family would like you to come to our home for dinner. My mother makes the best spaghetti in town. She is Italian and my father is Irish. My grandmother is also a good cook and my grandfather makes his own wine.

Your friend,
Billy McGraw

That's the kind of thing that makes this job so fantastic. I'm a lawyer during the week for the firm of Fowler, Rouse, Measle and Bell in Lexington, Kentucky. But since 1963, I've also been a National Football League official. I've been lucky enough to work four league championship games and two Super Bowl games. For a never-was football player like me, the people and places and events of these last ten years have been a dream. The first game I ever worked, I met George Halas.

It was the first thing that ever happened to me as an NFL referee and it was the very best thing that ever happened. The Bears were playing the Steelers. One of my crew officials was George McAfee, who had played for Mr. Halas. He said, "Tommy, I know Coach Halas real well. You have to treat him with respect, but you really have to be firm and not let him run over you."

Early in the game I called the Bears' middle linebacker, Bill George, for roughing the passer. Coach Halas got on my pretty good. Then at the start of the second half he came out of the locker room a little bit late and came past me. He said, "Boy, if you keep callin' 'em that way, like you did on George, you're not goin' to stay in this league long."

I said, "Mr. Halas, sir, if I don't keep callin' 'em that way, I don't want to stay in this league long."

Well, Mr. Halas walked about five steps and turned around and smiled. "Son, you're going to be all right," he said.

I am tremendously proud to be an official in the National Football League. All NFL officials are first-class people: bankers, teachers, lawyers—all of them outstanding citizens in their own communities. Their character is beyond reproach. I've never even heard of any NFL official being approached by a gambler.

For its part, the NFL is super. The commissioner, Pete Rozelle, backs his officials' authority all the way. The pay is nice. It's $325 a game for officials in their first two seasons, and on up to $575 for us old guys who've put in over ten years. For divisional play-off games, it's $1,000. A league championship game is $1,500 and the Super Bowl is $2,000. We also are paid our transportation and $75 per diem.

A pension plan for officials has been started this year. At age sixty-five, it's $200 a month for life if you've been an official ten years.

The NFL has about 5,000 applications for officials' jobs right now; it takes in maybe five or six new men every year. Before you're hired, the league runs a check on you, for character and finances and the like. Most of the officials are pretty well off financially, and that's the way the league wants it, because it takes away whatever temptation might be there for gamblers.

Officials, like players, are given a list of off-limits places in each of the twenty-six league cities. I'd say there's an average of ten places in each city. Miami has the most.

Also like the players, we are graded on our performances weekly—by three different judges. The NFL has observers at every game—former great officials. They score you from 0 to 5 on everything, even how you dress. Your work is graded also by the league office—and by the coaches.

Coaches. That pattern of respect with firmness that I learned from George McAfee helped me as much as any advice ever. So I've never had any real problems with coaches. That's not to say we don't exchange thoughts. There's John Madden, for one.

To understand this story, you have to know something about my crew of officials. Each of the NFL's officiating teams is made up of six men. My crew is Tom Kelleher, back judge; Fritz Graf, field judge; Gordon Wells, umpire; Ray Dodez, head linesman, and Dean Look, the line judge. In our case, we have a religious split—three Catholic, three Presbyterians. I always say the Catholics outvote us 3-3, so we go to a Catholic

Continued on page 102

Tommy Bell is a relaxed man as he leans back in his law library (above). But he is charged up and alert (opposite page) on Sunday when most lawyers are watching television at home or playing golf.

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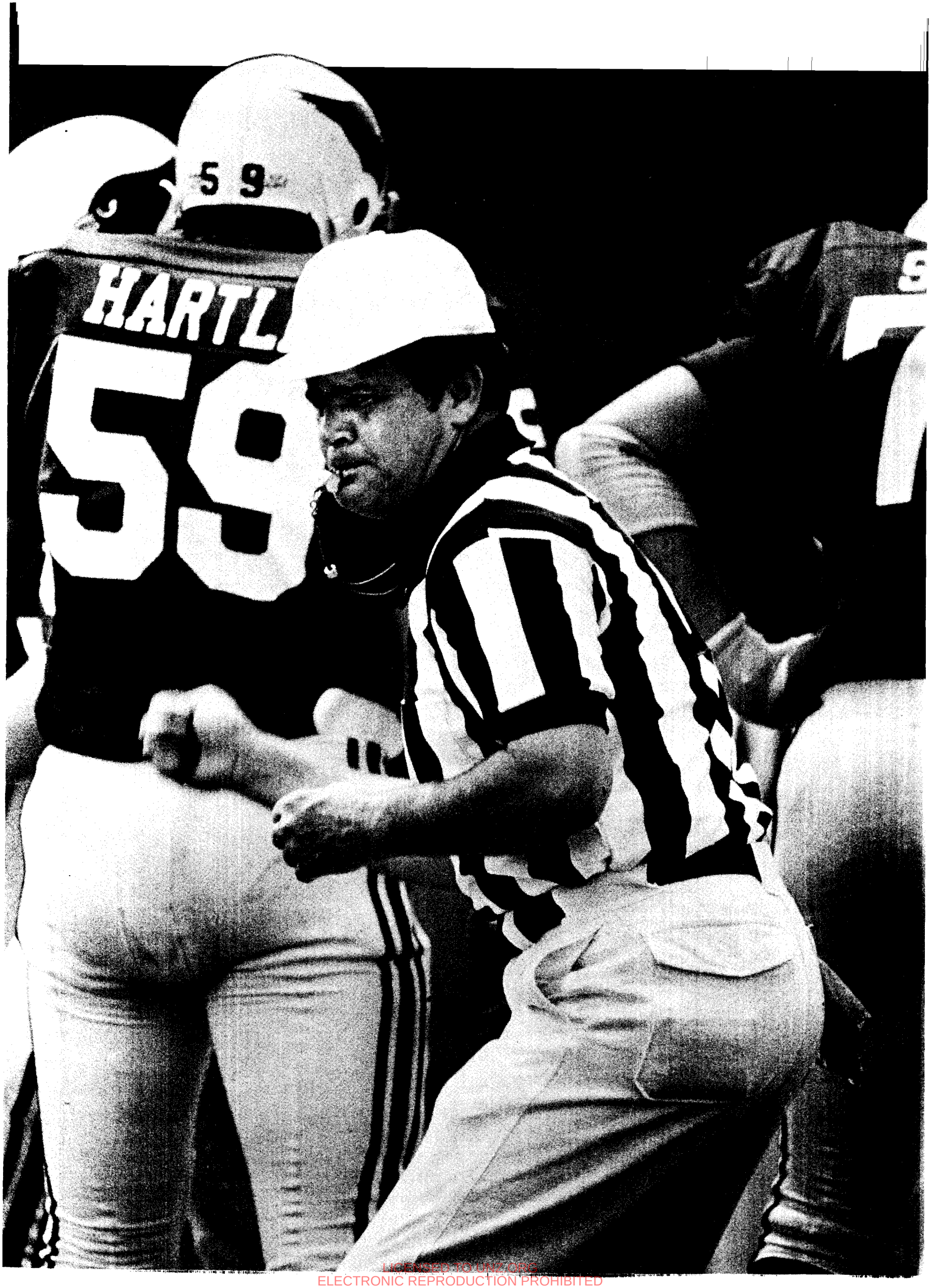

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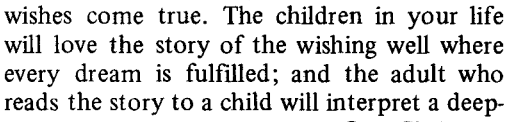
THE SATURDAY
EVE ST
Elizabeth Frazer – Isaac F. Marcosson – Perceval Gibbon – Gerald Mygatt
Ruth Cross – Albert W. Atwood – John Taintor Foote – Ben Ames Williams

Christmas is a time for sharing. It is also the story of love. "Mr. Popinandout's Wishing Well," by Fred Lida (*Jack and Jill* magazine, December, 1964) is one of those rare Christmas stories which has meaning for adults and children alike.

At Christmas time, no matter what their age, people around the world have hopes and dreams for a better year. Sometimes those wishes come true. The children in your life will love the story of the wishing well where every dream is fulfilled; and the adult who reads the story to a child will interpret a deeper, more poignant meaning. Our Christmas story is about a couple in New York who help fulfill the dreams of others. Yet, one December, the Christmas miracle comes true in their own lives.

The illustration by J.C. Leyendecker adds a special touch to this month's "Read Aloud" pages. Between 1889 and 1943, Leyendecker executed over 300 covers for *The Saturday Evening Post.* He is most famous for his Arrow Collar advertisements, which epitomized the Great Gatsby look. When the advertisement first appeared in the 1920's, within one month, the model in Leyendecker's drawing received 17,000 fan letters, including several offers of marriage! In his Christmas cover reproduced above, the glow of the cheeks of both Santa and child give a happy aura to Leyendecker's version of that classic moment each December when the little child sits down to tell Santa the innermost secrets of his heart.

All of us at *The Saturday Evening Post* hope that the magazine has fulfilled—and will continue to fulfill—its goal of entertaining all ages and that 1975 will be a very happy year for every member of the *Post* family of readers.



MR. POPINANDOUT'S

By Fred Lida

Long, long ago, long before you were born, there was a small, narrow building nestled between two large apartment houses on an old street near the Williamsburg Bridge in New York City. Most of the front of the building was filled by a large showcase window. There was a narrow door on each side. One door led upstairs into the building, one led into the store with the large showcase window. The doors were so narrow you had to walk in sideways.

The store was a funny place. In fact, it often changed names. Sometimes the name that appeared on the window was THE DREAM SHOP. Sometimes it was called THE END OF THE RAINBOW. And sometimes the store wasn't even there at all. But most of the time the store was there, and the old-fashioned raised gold letters on the window spelled out: MR. I. POPINANDOUT'S WISHING WELL.

Mr. Popinandout was a friend to all children, even children he had never met before. He never seemed to look quite the same from day to day. That's why some children said he was tall. Some said he was small. Some said he was lean, some said he was fat. But they all agreed about the twinkle in his bright, blue eyes, and his black moustache. The moustache was shaped like a pair of penpoints and Mr. Popinandout had the habit of twisting the ends.

No one ever knew what language Mr. Popinandout might be speaking when you first came into the shop. It might be Greek or Spanish, Italian or Hungarian, Yiddish or Chinese, French, Russian or German. Some languages that he could speak, no one in the neighborhood understood.

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"Mon Dieu," Mr. Popinandout might say, "I forgot myself. I just came back from Paris." Or he might say, "Caramba, my little cucaracha, I am getting ready to go to Mexico."

Once you got to know Mr. Popinandout—and that took about two seconds—he was likely to say, "Just call me Pop." All the children called him Pop.

The display in the WISHING WELL was never the same twice. There might be a live peacock in it. Or a parrot that could really talk. Or a bear that could dance. Or a Ferris wheel that spun around to the sound of music. Sometimes monkeys. Sometimes a carousel. Sometimes it was a birthday cake. But at Christmas there was *always* a tree.

Mr. Popinandout kept many signs in the window: "Retail Only." "Your Pets Are Welcome." "Bring Your Dog Right In." "Adults Will Please Be Accompanied By Children."

But, as I mentioned before, somtimes the shop didn't seem to be there at all. Mr. Popinandout would pull down the window shade, right down to the street, and the entire shop would disappear. Then Mr. Popinandout might be off to some strange land. He might be gone for an hour, a day, or a week. To the children, it always seemed like a year.

The store was always dimly lighted. In the middle of the store there was a showcase for tiny trifles. Pop stood behind the counter. Behind Pop were shelves. The shelves were usually empty. But not always.

Pop kept the shop dark because he didn't want anyone to discover his secrets. No matter what your dreams were, he could make them come true.

If you had a dream that you wanted Pop to make come true, this is what you would have to do. You would come into the shop, stand near the counter, and look into Pop's eyes. No one said a word. Pop looked into your eyes, and suddenly lights would flash. The next thing you knew, you would find just what you wanted on the counter.

It wasn't always lights flashing. It might be bells ringing or sparklers sparkling or a puff of pink smoke. But when the store became its customary dark self again, your dream-come-true was waiting for you on Pop's counter. Most of the time it was exactly what you wanted.

Sometimes Pop made things just for fun while he was getting ready to make a dream come true. These went onto the shelves or into the back of the store and were called "stock." Pop said stock came in handy at Christmas because what he didn't sell he needed, to give away as presents.

There was the day when Jamie McJamison broke his baseball bat. He went into Pop's WISHING WELL with his broken bat in his hand, and tears in his eyes. Now, anyone who knew Jamie would have known at once that what Jamie wanted was a new bat. But Pop kept on making costume dolls appear. What would Jamie do with a doll?

First, there was an Indian Princess, then a Japanese Dancer, then a Hawaiian Hula Girl, and many others. Of course Jamie laughed. Finally, Pop produced a baseball bat.

"Never mind about the dolls, Jamie," Pop said, "I can use them for stock."

And that Christmas, Jamie's sister got the Spanish Señorita Doll, in the gold satin dress with black lace mantilla and a real tortoise-shell comb in her hair. Pop never forgot a child's birthday, never forgot a friend at Christmas.

Very few grown-ups ever came into the WISHING WELL. Pop found their dreams were too dull. They wanted cars. Or the mortgage paid. Or a turkey. Or a fur coat. Not that Pop couldn't produce cars or turkeys but that wasn't the business of the WISHING

Continued on page 89

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

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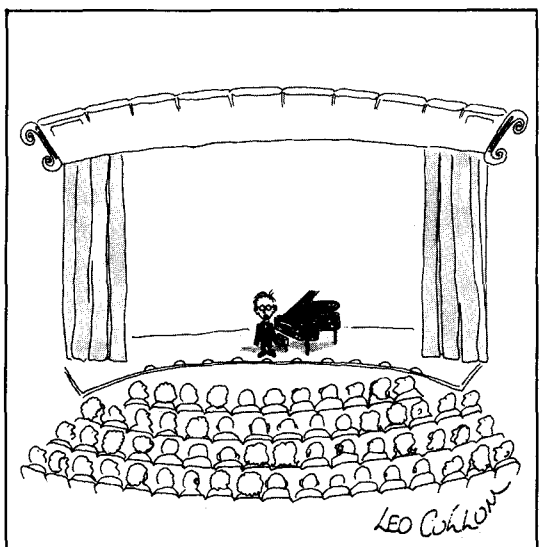
POST SCRIPTS



"Now remember, I'm only five years old."

Give Him A Brake

The teenager acquired his driver's license and began bugging his father for an opportunity to use the family car. "May I use it to drive a few blocks over to the drugstore?" he asked his dad one evening.

"You have two feet," his dad responded. "What are they for?"

"Well," replied the young man, "one is for the brake and the other is for the accelerator."

–Herm Albright

Baggage Claim

His suitcase has a broken latch,
A hinge that's sprung, a six-inch scratch;
One corner's crushed; the handle's worn;
It's battered, beaten, bruised and torn.
Oh, it is plainly a disgrace
And, all in all, a hopeless case.

–G. Sterling Leiby

Second Time Around

Columbus, on sighting a shore,
Cried: "Look, boys! We've done it once more!"
Till the mate, with a hiss,
Said: "It's pretty–but, Chris,
We've discovered *this* country *before!*"

–Mary Elizabeth Counselman

Clear Logic

Teacher: What is the formula for water?
Pupil: H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O.
Teacher: That isn't the correct answer. Where did you get that information?
Pupil: From you. You said, "The formula for water was H to O."

–George E. Bergman

That's A Switch

When the baby sardine
Spied its first submarine
It swam to its mother, fearful,
  But fear soon waned
  When mother explained
It's only a can of people.

–Mildred N. Hoyer

Give Him Time

To my friend's disgust, her husband is not a demonstrative person. When newlyweds moved in next door she took the opportunity to give him a not too subtle hint. "He kisses her good-bye in the morning and hello at night," she said. "Why can't you do the same?"

"My dear," he replied mildly, "I only met the woman last week."

–Margaret Shauers

Same Difference . . .

The trouble with success is that the formula for it is much the same as the one for a nervous breakdown.

–Lucille J. Goodyear

Sem-Antics

POPSICLE: Dad's weed cutter
IMPAIR: Two-year-old twin boys
MELANCHOLY: Large pale orange dog
COPY: Like a policeman
DAINTY: Beverage in Denmark
HAGGARD: Witch's protector
GERMINATE: Ludwig had lunch

–Delaine Helwig

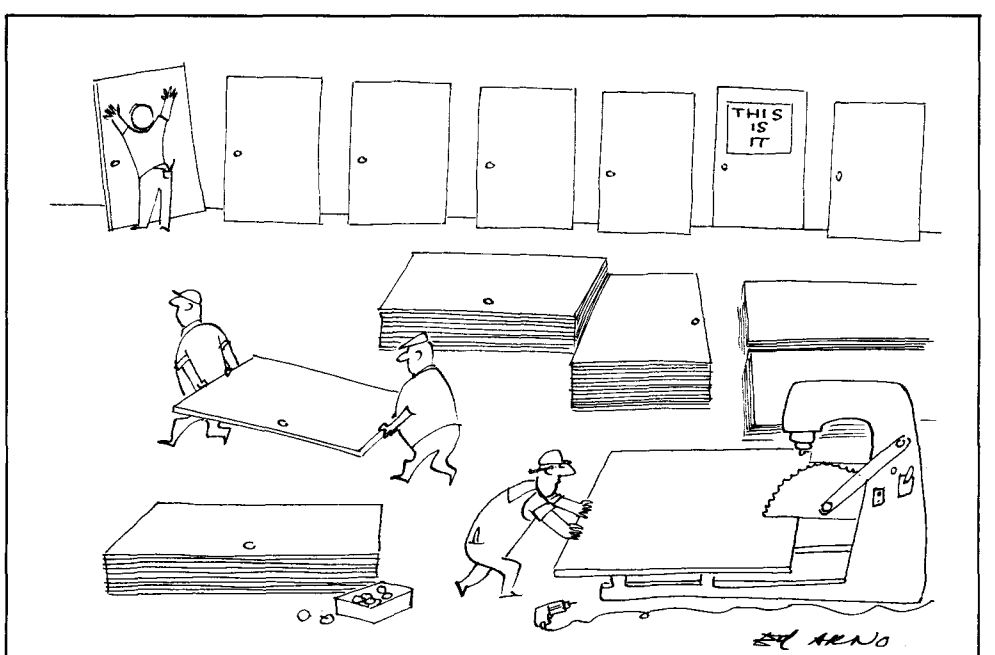
Book Worming

"What books do you wish to check out?" the prison librarian asked the convict.

"Nothing special," replied the prisoner. "Just the usual escape literature."

–Lane Olinghouse

"It's for the plant."



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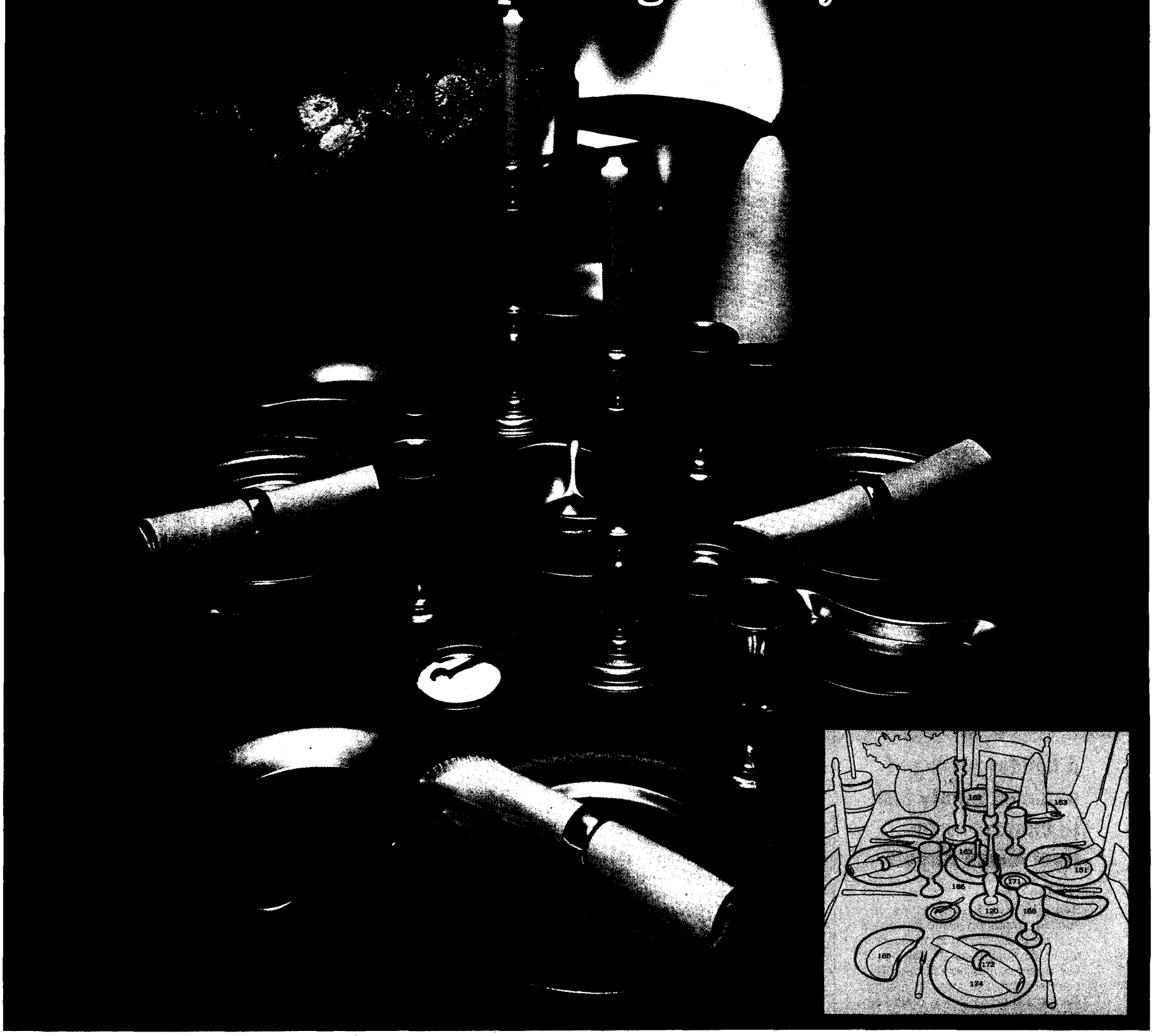

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_____	#165-Bone Dish 8½x5½x1	$8.50	_____
_____	#166-Bon Bon/Gravy Boat Dish 8½x7x1	$8.00	_____
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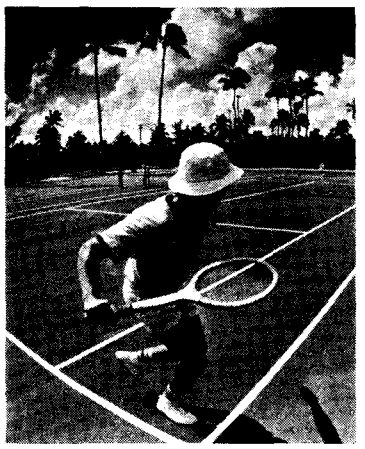

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Hot-Dog Skiing

continued from page 53

must be qualified in the specific maneuvers they intend to use; qualifying for difficult aerials will be permitted only after entrants have qualified for a simpler maneuver; three falls mean disqualification; and a "safety committee" must approve conditions and suitability of a site location before competition will be allowed.

Mike Lund, a thirty-eight-year-old former Sun Valley ski patrolman and now one of the three top aerial acrobats in the country, says of the IFSA's tough standards:

"We are not trying to eliminate any of the innate risk in freestyle skiing; we are trying to eliminate the risky competitor. Freestyle, like ski racing and normal recreational skiing, has a degree of risk.

"What IFSA and those of us involved in this new competitive sport are attempting to do is to raise the level of professional competence and screen out unskilled competitors to make the sport safer."

Weichsel, for all of the barbs tossed at the sport and particularly in the direction of the pros, anticipates that hot-dog skiing will continue to be popular, that it will perhaps become even more so.

In addition to the opening meet at Waterville Valley, the winter schedule calls for five additional tournaments through March and April at Park City, Utah; Sun Valley, Idaho; Jackson Hole, Wyoming; Snowblaze, Washington; winding up with the world championships April 11 through 13 at Heavenly Valley, California.

"There are many ways of reducing the dangers in freestyling," says Weichsel. "The way the jumps for aerial acrobatics are built, the slope of the landing—these have a great deal to do with reducing accidents to competitors. By placing the judging and scoring emphasis on technically perfect skiing, rather than spectacular recoveries and crowd-pleasing falls, we remove the temptation of 'going for it' from the less seasoned competitors.

"We held six Safety Qualification Trials across the country in 1974 and the results were quite encouraging. We tested about 300 competitors and verified them as safe; about 100 of them proved themselves competent in one or more inverted and twisting aerial maneuvers. The 'let's do it for the hell of it' skier has been eliminated and the results will be evident in this year's competition where one will be able to see trained professional athletes competing."

Yet Weichsel is a realist as well as an optimist and when he's asked if the season's professional competitive circuit will be free of serious accidents, he replies, "We can't say. We have to do all that is in our power to minimize the possibility of a serious accident. The sport is safe for those who approach it with the proper training, coaching, equipment and attitude. Freestyle is a sport much like diving, gymnastics, ski racing—they all have a degree of risk.

"But we feel that with the rules IFSA has adopted and with the organization of the competitors and meets we've reduced the risk to the level of other popular 'risk' sports. We didn't have one serious injury last year—just the usual assortment of bumps and bruises."

Yet, for every competitor on the pro circuit, there are a dozen part-time instructors and a hundred weekend skiers who dig the "hot-dog" scene. Unless they, like Keith, go to the expense and time of attending a well-supervised freestyle camp and become versed in the stunts, are they apt to become involved in an expanding unsupervised dangerous recreational activity?

> *My marriage was the most fortunate and glorious event which happened to me in the whole of my life . . . For what can be more joyous than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought. . .*
>
> —Winston Churchill

Jim Bankson, ski director at Devil's Head near Merrimac in central Wisconsin, thinks there is little to fear from the occasional hot dogger.

"About twenty of our fifty instructors are freestylers and offer weekend demonstrations," he emphasizes. "Eight of them are sufficiently skilled to perform slips and I myself do some kite flying off the advanced slopes.

"Most of our hot-doggers are in their mid-twenties; they are expert downhill skiers looking for additional kicks. One of our instructors, Joe Gallina, is twenty-one and manager of an apartment house in Madison during the week. He won the overall Midwest championship two years ago and went on to the finals in Colorado, but he's an exception as far as most Midwest hot-doggers go. He's got the talent, if he wanted, to compete successfully full time on the pro circuit.

"Most of the paying customers are pretty well supervised. Our ski patrol watches them and shoos them away from the crowded areas for everyone's safety. I personally feel that most hot-doggers are pretty well versed in fundamentals and know what they're doing. We provide weekend lessons for them and I've noticed that the interest seems to be growing every season."

Another view, somewhat contrary to Bankson's, comes from Anthony (Tony) Wise, who twenty-seven years ago founded Mount Telemark (near the town of Cable, Wisconsin, 400 miles northwest of Chicago) which has drawn hordes of skiers from Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Duluth and other Midwest areas. Wise has been one of the more successful ski area proprietors and two years ago opened a new $5.5 million lodge addition to his existing facilities. He has had the vision to accurately predict the needs and desires of his ski clientele, and views the hot-dogging boom with mixed emotions.

"There is no question but that, with freestyle exposure on television plus the various exhibitions that tour the country, we're in the midst of a ski-acrobatics sort of thing. But compared with skiing overall, it's still a pretty small part of the whole picture.

"It may be that hot-dogging is giving the sport a bad name and image and scaring people off the slopes—or at least giving some people second thoughts about taking up the sport.

"I feel that fewer people are becoming interested in downhill skiing and perhaps that is due to the hot-dog scene. At any rate, proprietors are concerned about what to do and this past summer the Midwest Ski Association deliberated at great length about hot-dogging in our areas. All of us agreed that such meets must be carefully supervised because of the possibility of injuries . . . serious injuries."

Although the National Safety Council has not yet prepared statistics pertaining to freestyle injuries, its overall ski injury statistics show that for every 1,000 man days on the slopes, 4.5 serious injuries—usually leg fractures—are reported.

But most reported injuries occur to novice skiers. The more experienced skiers and those who have had lessons are less likely to be hurt. One week of lessons, says the Council, will make a person five times less likely to sustain a serious injury.

Thus, if it is true, as the IFSA contends, that most hot-doggers know the dos and don'ts of the sport and that serious accidents can be held within acceptable limits, it should then follow that freestyle skiing ought to be safer (and more enjoyable) than some critics maintain. And fellows such as Airborne Eddie Ferguson will continue to be sponsored by Dynastar skis, Besser bindings, and Kastinger boots, along with other assorted equipment. ☒

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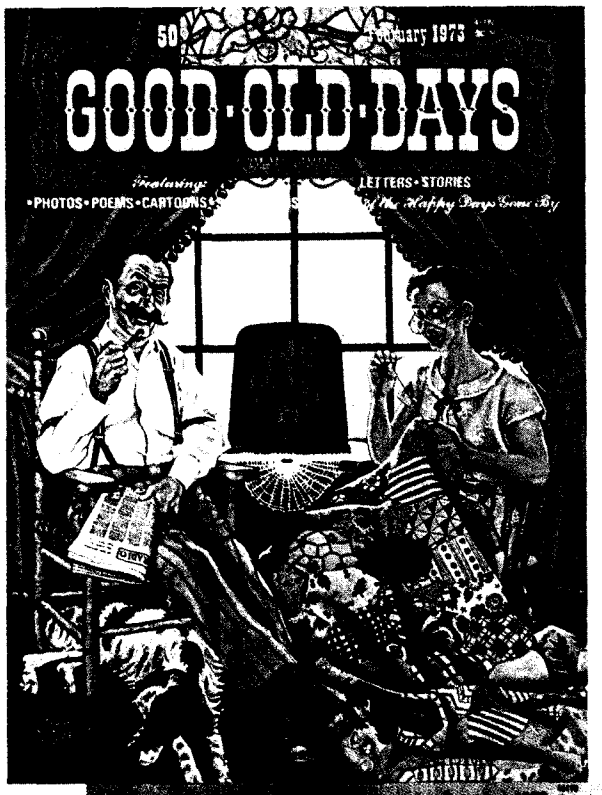

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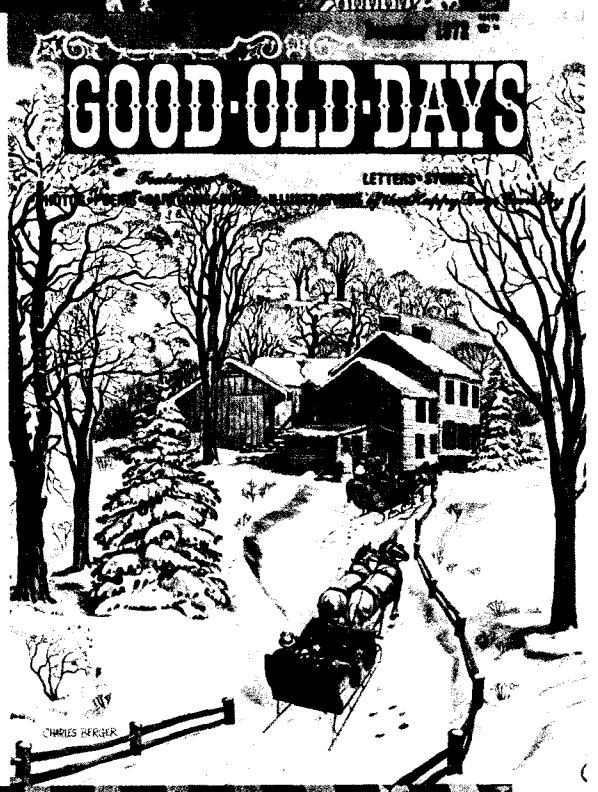

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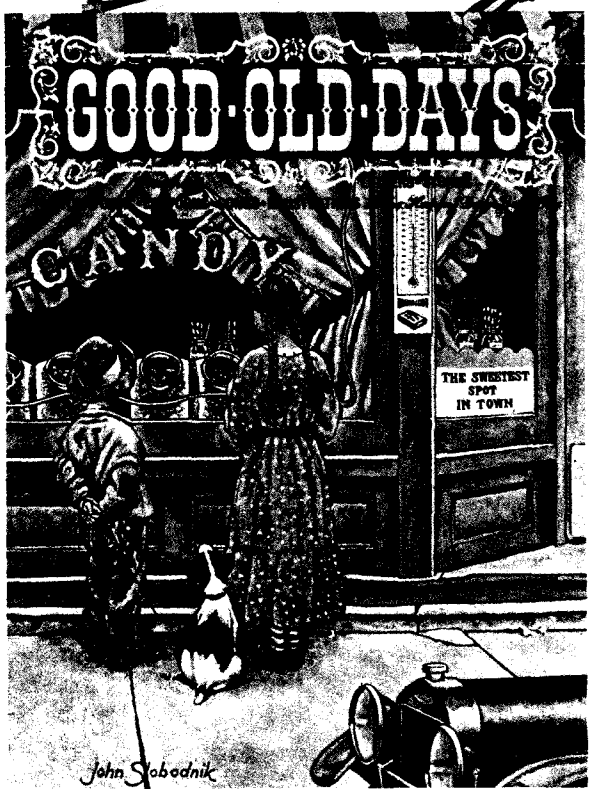

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The Saturday Evening Post Book Shelf

Kissinger

By Marvin Kalb and Bernard Kalb
577 pages. Boston: Little, Brown. $12.50

By BENJAMIN STEIN

On a Saturday morning in 1943, a group of infantrymen were training at Camp Clairborne, Louisiana, when Private Emil Kraemer jumped out of a jeep into their midst. He was there, he said, to explain to the soldiers the moral necessity of fighting the war. He was himself a German refugee and he spoke eloquently to the G.I.'s. Among them was another German refugee, who had been drafted out of a school of accountancy, a twenty-year-old private named Henry Alfred Kissinger.

Kissinger was so impressed that he wrote a fan letter to Kraemer saying simply, "I heard you speak yesterday. This is how it should be done. Can I help somehow?"

Out of that letter came a meeting, then a lifelong friendship and tutelage that started Kissinger on the way to a new career, this time in foreign affairs rather than accountancy.

Kissinger entered Harvard in 1947, soon earned distinguished degrees at the bachelor and doctoral levels, made himself beloved by the senior members of the faculty and detested by his peers, and started building a reputation for himself.

Another, even more important meeting took place on November 27, 1968, in a suite at the Hotel Pierre in Manhattan. Kissinger, by then a widely known professor of international relations, had been a strong backer and helper of New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller. He had been dejected by Richard Nixon's winning the Republican nomination and not elated over Nixon's narrow election victory over Hubert Humphrey.

But Nixon held no grudges and concentrated only on getting the best talent he could for his new administration. Thus, after a preliminary feeling-out session on November 22, the man from Fürth, Germany, was offered the post of Assistant for National Security Affairs by the man from Yorba Linda.

Out of those two meetings arose what may have been the greatest stroke of good luck for the people of the world in this century. A working partnership was formed between two men who both had plans for building peace—plans which, as it turned out, proved to be remarkably similar.

Kissinger, by Bernard Kalb and Marvin Kalb, two correspondents for CBS news, is the story of that partnership, and primarily of the growth and maturing of its junior partner, Henry A. Kissinger, from terrorized schoolchild in Nazi Germany to confident negotiator for the world's greatest power in the negotiations that ended wars and attempted to put the cover on the nuclear arms race.

It is largely a political biography, in that it focuses extensively on the major political and diplomatic tests of the Nixon-Kissinger team, and only very briefly on the much vaunted (and at times much exaggerated, it would appear) private life of the Secretary of State.

When he was a doctoral student at Harvard Kissinger had written a dissertation on the Congress of Vienna, that epochal meeting which arranged European affairs after the Napoleonic downfall, and laid the foundations for almost one hundred years of relative peace.

Kissinger wrote that the plans had worked then because they had created "a framework in which it was in no country's interest to topple the carefully balanced structure . . . in which each of the major c untries had a vested interest in peace."

Although Richard Nixon had written no doctoral dissertations, his own ideas about international equilibrium and offsetting balances were uncannily similar to Kissinger's. It was thus possible for the new administration to try to make the plan a reality.

The opportunities and challenges, the book makes clear, came almost immediately, with the continuing trauma of the war in Vietnam. The ending of the U.S. participation in that conflict in such a way as to give the South Vietnamese a chance for independence and thus give some meaning to American sacrifices in those jungles was Kissinger's primary effort for over four years.

The Kalb brothers carefully detail each step along the way. At first Kissinger was confident that peace could be achieved within six months. But he had not realized the extent to which the North Vietnamese were committed to continuing the war, nor had he fully appreciated how much the Russians and Chinese would back them up.

It was only after repeated tests of the nerve of the American administration in resisting communist take-over attempts, both on the battlefield and at the conference table, that the North Vietnamese finally agreed to a negotiated settlement of American involvement which left South Vietnam roughly intact and the American presence there less than a total waste.

But while Indochina was being a continual headache during the first Nixon term, the opening of relations with China and the new spirit of détente with the Soviets brought about some relief from the Vietnam pain.

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Kissinger also goes into interesting detail about how the agreements on strategic arms which led to détente came to be negotiated only after excruciating difficulty.

The Mideast, in which the U.S.'s and U.S.S.R.'s interests were most perilously in conflict, provided Kissinger and Nixon with tests which, while not so grueling as those in Vietnam, were far more potentially explosive. The Kalbs explain how the United States relied on Israel to pull its chestnuts out of the fire in the 1970 Jordanian conflict, an important and potentially catastrophic episode in which U.S.-Israeli cooperation saved the day for King Hussein.

The Yom Kippur War, and especially the U.S. role in bringing it to a successful termination, sowing the seeds of peace and nurturing their growth out of the ashes of war, is covered in fascinating day-by-day, hour-by-hour reporting. There, the Kalbs show how the foot dragging of the United States government bureaucracy against the stated policy of the President and the Secretary of State almost thwarted U.S. efforts to impose a balance of power that could lead to peace.

Throughout the book the Kalbs show a grudging respect for the way the President, ever more deeply enmeshed in domestic criticism, kept a cool head and stuck to his and Kissinger's plans for building lasting peace. The authors are always careful to show how every act and statement was representative, not of crisis-to-crisis handling but of a long-range plan which provided for emergencies, and which even saw crises as opportunities.

The book notes that all the returns are not in yet—there is still tension in the Mideast, there is war in Indochina, and the nuclear arms race continues. But the situation without Kissinger and his former boss, the Kalbs make clear, would have been far worse. For the first time perhaps in American history, a comprehensive plan for peace has been begun, and if it has not been completed, the portents are good.

As a fast-paced yet scholarly explanation of how the world arrived at a chance for real peace and portraits of the men who brought it there, *Kissinger* is a treasure.

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The Human Condition

By Frederick Osborn. 82 pages. New York: Hugh Lauter Levin Associates, $4.95

An Inquiry Into the Human Prospect

By Robert L. Heilbroner. 150 pages. New York: W.W. Norton and Company, $5.95

By ARTHUR HANSEN

Is mankind going to make it or not? What are the odds for at least the next few hundred years? Do we even have a choice of choosing to end in fire or ice as Frost had pondered? The themes are old. What is new is the frequency of books reexamining these themes and the deadly seriousness of their authors. Many feel that we don't have the time to sit back and let matters take their course. Two such authors are anthropologist Frederick Osborn, who writes on *The Human Condition*, and economist Robert Heilbroner, who presents us with *An Inquiry Into the Human Prospect*. Both write with a sense of urgency. Both examine the past of man in society and extrapolate to the future. They reach conclusions, however, that are as different as fire and ice.

Osborn writes from the position of an anthropologist and takes great stock in evolutionary patterns. His major thesis is that man, fortunately, adjusts to new cultural and physical environments through changes in the distribution of inherited qualities. The driving force is that "all men are seekers, built to carry on the search for a more secure and abundant life." This search, he claims, is growing in intensity. As to the challenges mankind must meet, Osborn's list is standard: atomic war, environmental degradation, energy shortages, and population growth. Ultimately we must move toward a stationary economy to cope with these challenges. Will this happen? Here we have an optimistic forecast. Man will go on seeking. Evolutionary forces will be at work. Qualities will emerge that will probably include a greater desire for cooperation and greater understanding, respect and love for each other. We don't know the final outcome, but God is on our side. We need courage, but the Grand Design is there if we will but try to perceive it.

If Osborn's view strikes a warm and responsive note in the reader's heart, then Heilbroner's book might best be left on the shelf. Here is a former liberal optimist who is sliding toward pessimism—and the reader is apt to go hand in hand with him. Heilbroner quickly reaffirms Osborn's opinions on external challenges and also concludes that we cannot go on as we have. A stationary economy seems inevitable. Perhaps we can cope with this future prospect with a suitable socio-economic system. He checks out both "capitalism" and "socialism." In the short run he thinks industrial socialism may have the edge. In the long run he doubts that "any society can bring about alterations of [the needed] magnitude by conscious intervention of men, rather than by convulsive changes forced by men."

Like Osborn, Heilbroner asks whether "human nature" in a political context might make the difference. His conclusions are diametrically opposite to Osborn's. Man, he claims, will turn toward authority and exhibit tendencies for obedience. Rather than reaching out, man will seek societal structures (nation-states) that provide an even greater sense of self-identification. A world in the near future characterized by mutuality and common sense is just not a part of Heilbroner's set of expectations. Is there then no hope? If by this is meant the meeting of the future without a fearful price, Heilbroner concludes, "No, there is no hope." As for ultimate survival, it will come only if man is willing to carry the burden of the world like Atlas—without the spirit of conquest and aspiration to provide inspiration.

Two books deal with man's condition and future. Both provide us challenges and different perspectives. They are worth reading. We need to reflect seriously on what they portend.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Après vous

One of the popular myths of American free enterprise is that our large corporations are "private." In fact, our large business enterprises are "public" corporations, owned by millions of persons. One could make a good case that our large corporations are "socialized" institutions rather than "private" enterprise. But they are *free* to compete against each other, against foreign corporations–and against government itself. And there is the rub.

Government does not like competition. Big government bureaus react vigorously at every opportunity to curtail the effectiveness of their business competitors–and Congress is no exception. Senator Philip Hart of Michigan has introduced a bold measure (S. 1167) to dismantle American industry by setting arbitrary levels for success, size and the exact number of competitors. A huge new government bureau would impose itself as a supreme judge and jury over the free enterprise system.

We don't think it will work. Senator Roman Hruska of Nebraska, a member of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, says: "If the Hart bill passes it would make the United States a third-rate trading nation."

Perhaps a compromise is possible. Would Senator Hart amend his proposal to urge that Congress break up and decentralize the federal bureaucracy as a companion measure to his bill to break up and decentralize American business?

Aide-Mémoire to Allende Sympathizers

Historians, as distinct from politicians out to score a point, will want to make two observations about what happened in Chile.

The first is that it was the Marxist left, not the armed forces, that broke down Chile's democratic institutions. Before Allende was overthrown he had been censured by a vote of almost two to one in the lower house of Chile's parliament for violating the country's constitution. It was Allende's own left-wing supporters who had set up para-military groups and drawn up their plans, almost certainly with his knowledge, to seize total power. The junta is caught up in a series of events that was begun by the Allende regime. That cannot excuse its excesses, but it does help to explain them. The alternative to the Pinochet regime was not democracy for Chile: it was the imposition of a totalitarianism of the left.

The other point is about what sort of government it is that now runs Chile. Its enemies like to call it a totalitarian regime, but it is not. The word totalitarian was coined to apply to those governments–most notably the communist ones–which set out to bring almost every aspect of life under the control of the ruling party. The junta in Chile is not quite like that. Its government is an authoritarian one, and a very tough specimen of the breed, but it has not sought to impose its ideas on the totality of public life. Politics have been abolished, but men can still pursue their economic activities with a certain degree of independence; there remains a good deal of freedom in the world of culture and religion; people still have the right to travel in and out of the country. These things matter, because they mean that some centers of power and influence and independent opinion can still exist outside the reach of the government's arm. Such a country is not a totalitarian one, because the rudiments of pluralism survive.

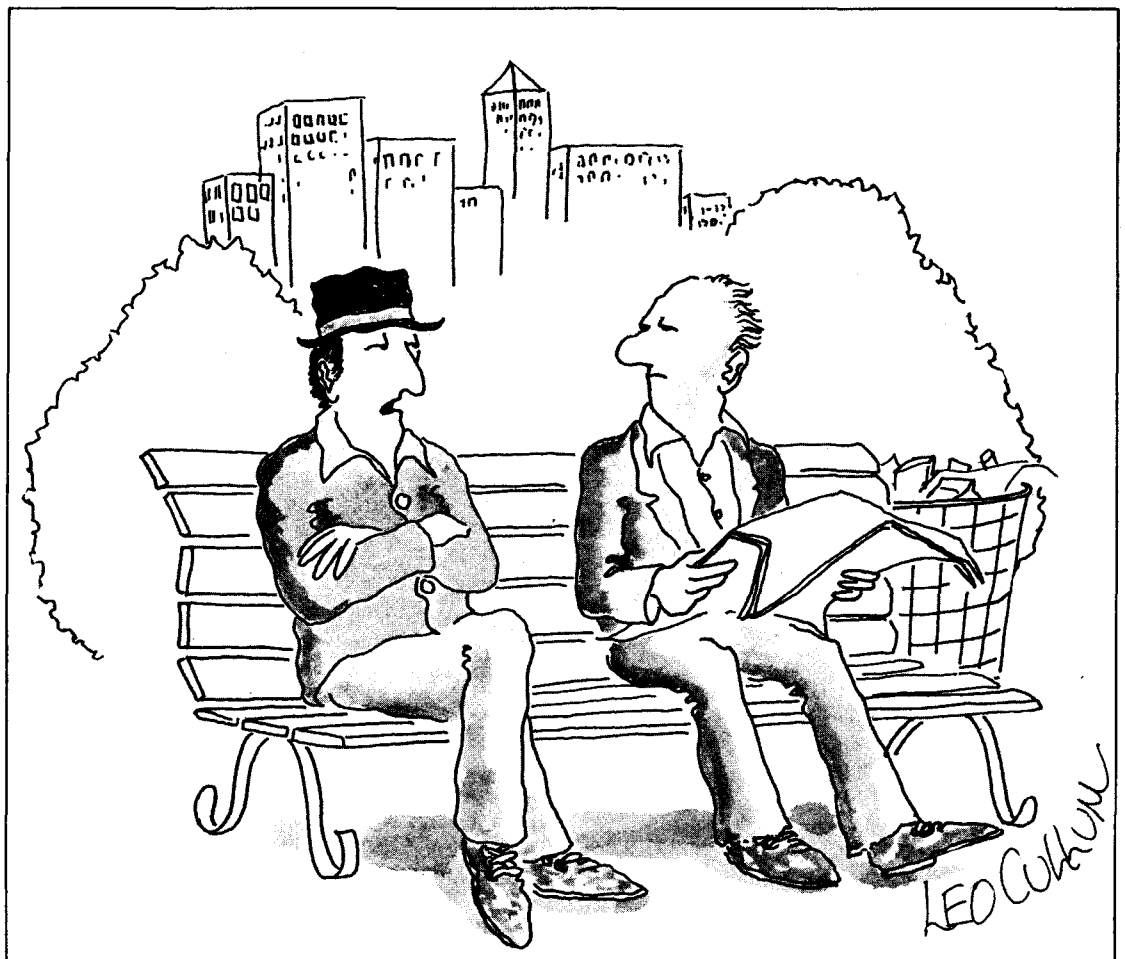
The distinction is important for Chile. The corners of freedom that can still be found even within an authoritarian state give men the possibility to recover the other freedoms they have lost. These fragments of freedom tend to expand as the regime gains more confidence in itself; there is less intrusion into people's lives in Spain today than there was twenty years ago–or than there is in Chile now. There is more hope of recovering political freedom than there is in a totalitarian regime where one center of power commands everything. The Chileans are not one of the world's more repressible peoples. Those members of the present junta who believe they can stamp their ideas on Chile forever will discover that.

–The Economist

Political Trails

The defense attorney for Dwight Chapin, former President Nixon's appointments secretary, in an unsuccessful attempt to change the trial location of his client away from Washington, said, "It would require a resourceful imagination to construct a more prejudicial climate than the District of Columbia . . . with its underlying political and racial overtones."

This is a new experience for the average citizen. If the large cities of our country tend to become racially and politically one-sided, we may also expect to find newspapers and television in these cities catering to the new majority, as is now the case in Washington, New York and elsewhere. No jury, judge or legislative body is immune to partisan media pressures, and one may accurately predict that future political trials, such as the Watergate trial in Washington, will be increasingly with us.



"Don't tell me it was all your stockbroker's fault. Remember I was your stockbroker."

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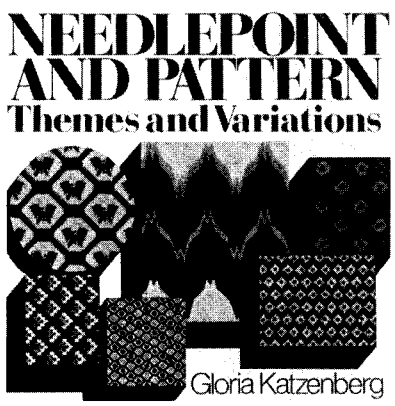

Needlepoint and Pattern: Themes and Variations
Gloria Katzenberg
Macmillan Publishing Company
$14.95

Needlepoint and Pattern has been written for anyone interested in this popular craft, which, according to the author, "has become a fever of activity in the United States." For the newcomer to the pastime, Gloria Katzenberg proceeds from buying yarn and canvas to the first stitch to the finished product, with diagrams and photographs illustrating each step. Stimulated by the colorful artwork, those already proficient with the needle will find new ideas for future projects. Throughout the book, however, emphasis is on creativity. Beginner and expert alike are encouraged to be original whenever possible.

From A Gynecologist's Notebook: Questions Women Ask
Sherwin A. Kaufman, M.D.
Stein and Day
$6.95

From a Gynecologist's Notebook should be of unique interest to women of all ages who recognize the importance of understanding their own bodies. Dr. Kaufman, a gynecologist and obstetrician for twenty-five years, is superbly qualified to answer "questions women ask." Whether it is infertility, menstrual problems, pregnancy, sex, contraception or menopause, the reader will readily find that the specific questions asked might well be her own. In an entirely innovative section, Dr. Kaufman clarifies the subjects of "growths," both benign and malignant, and discusses whether surgery is needed and why. Also included is a balanced discussion of hysterectomy, frequently a cause of much distress.

Wills: A Dead Giveaway
Millie Considine & Ruth Pool
Doubleday
$6.95

This is an entertaining book about the amusing, interesting and at times amazing wills of famous people like Marilyn Monroe, Adolf Hitler, Benjamin Franklin, W.C. Fields, William Shakespeare, George Washington, John Barrymore and some 200 others. For instance, we learn of a will that unwittingly corrupted a town and divided a nation, and of another that enriched Boston and Philadelphia by millions of dollars. In this fascinating book we see people expressing everything from love and gratitude to vengeance and a graveyard humor, as they call the shots for the last time.

The Woman He Loved
Ralph G. Martin
Simon & Schuster
$9.95

At last the love story of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor has been told in book form. In this unofficial biography Ralph G. Martin traces the lives of King Edward VIII of England and Wallis Warfield Simpson, the American divorcee who captured his heart, from their births on separate continents until his death in 1972. Concentrating on the events that led to the beloved king's abdication on December 11, 1936, and on the endless obstacles to be hurdled afterward, *The Woman He Loved* relates a dramatic story.

A Darkening Green: Notes from the Silent Generation
Peter S. Prescott
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan
$6.95

Here's one for nostalgia fans. Book critic Peter Prescott describes, by use of retrospect as well as by quotation from his twenty-year-old diary, his experiences as an introverted Harvard freshman during the 1953-54 school year. Finding himself pitted against eccentric roommates and outmoded college customs, he eventually overcomes his shyness enough to gain a coveted place on the editorial board of the prestigious literary magazine, the *Advocate*. This leads to meetings with such celebrities as Archibald MacLeish, T.S. Eliot, and Edith Sitwell.

On Growth: The Crisis of Exploding Population and Resource Depletion
William L. Oltmans, Editor
G.P. Putnam's Sons
$9.95

Seventy of the world's foremost thinkers focus their attention on one of the most troubling questions of our century: the crisis of exploding population in the face of resource depletion. Among those contributing are Margaret Mead, Arnold J. Toynbee, Claude Lévi-Strauss, Noam Chomsky, Linus Pauling, and Kenneth B. Clark, to name but a few. Every conceivable aspect of the crisis is explored; and the views taken touch the whole gamut, ranging from despair to high optimism. *On Growth* is a sequel to Jay W. Forrester's best-selling *The Limits of Growth* and like it should provoke considerable controversial discussion.

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post*. Please include your name and address along with $.50 above the retail price to cover mailing and handling charges. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

Visiting Europe?

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won't work too much from zee books. Eet weel be very informal. The fee is seven dollars for everything."

"For everything?"

"Yes, ees that O.K.?"

"Oh, sure. Certainly."

I couldn't even read the paper on the train home, and when I got in the house my wife asked at once what was wrong. Of course I didn't tell her. No sense busting up my marriage until I at least got a few lessons in.

At five o'clock the next day, Monique arrived at the office. Descriptions will do no good. I can only tell you that four of our salesmen assumed she was a customer and a big fight broke out over who was going to wait on her.

"I come to see Meestaire Bernstein," she said.

King for a day!

I took her into my office. She was olive-toned and dewy-eyed. I fell in love with her immediately.

It was evening. The light outside had softened just a little. There was that sense of quiet that sets in near day's end. She crossed her legs.

"We begin weeth lesson one. The word for book is *livre*. Eet must come from deep in your throat, and you must move your lips like thees."

Visions of life abroad danced through my head. The capitals of Europe—St. Tropez and Cannes—the small secluded villages of Italy.

"You are not concentrating."

"I'm trying," I said truthfully.

The executive staff bribed my secretary to find out when Monique was returning for lesson two. They were lined up in the reception area trying to act discreet. It wasn't easy for any of them. Monique showed up in—what do you call it if it's shorter than a mini?

I did my best to avoid distractions but Monique sensed that my attention was not riveted on vocabulary. Toward the end of the lesson she made a suggestion.

"Sometimes eet ees bettaire to have a lesson out of the office where eet ees more relaxing. Perhaps a petite French restaurant where we can recite the menu."

That was it. I knew it. My heart started beating—if I messed this up I deserved nothing ever again out of life.

And so lesson three was arranged for a small French restaurant. I told my wife about my sick friend in Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, got a sunlamp treatment from the barber, and met her in the lobby of the restaurant at seven o'clock. She looked spectacular.

I have to interrupt this to point out that I was, through all of this, learning French. I mean, there are probably some pretty concerned people reading this, and I want you to know that this started out as an argument for learning a language—and that's what it is. Whatever else it is, is extra.

We ordered a bottle of Chambertin and smiled warmly at each other. Monique reached into her bag. A present for me—no doubt. It was our French lesson book.

"We begin lesson three. Repeat after me."

"For Chrissakes, Monique, not so loud. I thought we might, you know, just talk."

Monique opened her incredibly beautiful doe eyes and watched me for a moment. I had indiscretion written all over me. French girls learn how to handle this when they are three years old.

"Meestaire Bernstein, please repeat after me, *coq au vin, boeuf bourguignon*."

Lesson number four was held back in my office.

All right, so I didn't sweep Monique off her feet. You have something better to do than learn French from a gorgeous Parisian? I had ten lessons with Monique and I learned a lot—even if it wasn't all about the language.

The following year we decided to visit Portugal.

Friends said, "You're not going to learn Portuguese, are you? That's a terribly difficult language."

Perhaps it is, but that has nothing to do with it. I wouldn't mind taking Sanskrit if Monique was teaching it to me.

I called International House. Visions of a Portuguese Monique were exciting my imagination. Dewy eyes faded into the background. Hot-blooded Latin spirit charged to the fore.

"Hello, International House? I would like to take lessons in Portuguese. Could you have the young lady at my office tomorrow afternoon? You can't? Why not? There is only one Portuguese student at International House? His name is Fernando?"

So I caution you to research your country beyond the limits of Fielding and Fodor. All the countries are fun to visit and all the languages are fun to learn. But all the teachers are not as much fun as Monique.

If you're considering France this summer, think about her. She's still at International House.

How do I know? Must you ask me *everything*?

When you can do the common things of life in an uncommon way, you will command the attention of the world.

George Washington Carver

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The Dress

continued from page 49

patent-leather slippers, a silk nightie and a white Persian kitten with a blue-ribbon bow.

Paying back Betty Brown turned out to be much harder than my mother expected. At first it wasn't too bad. Mama was so happy sewing on her dress, cutting, basting and humming to herself above the whir of the machine that I hadn't the heart to grumble about eating macaroni and cheese twice in one week. That was the week she managed to give Betty Brown a whole three dollars. But afterward, no matter how hard she tried, Mama couldn't pay back a single cent. I knew she was worried because she stopped singing and every once in a while I'd catch her staring at the top shelf with creases between her eyes.

The trouble began with my needing new boots. The ones I was wearing had been resoled so often the bottoms were far better than the tops. Then one day my big toe stuck itself right through the end.

When my mother saw it, she clapped her hand to her cheek and exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, Vinnie! Couldn't you have waited a little longer? High boots are so dreadfully expensive." The doctor had told her my ankles were weak and up to now no amount of coaxing could make her buy me anything different. But this seemed like a good time to try again.

"Couldn't I just have oxfords?" I pleaded. "Oxfords don't cost as much."

She gave me a quick frown and an even quicker answer. "No! Don't start that again!" So there was no use in repeating my arguments about having to lace a thousand holes every morning before I went to school, that it was impossible to fold my long underwear beneath my boot tops without managing anything better than an ugly bulge.

In a way, the new boots were partly the reason for the terrible thing that happened.

It was a slushy Friday at the end of March and perfect weather for playing dibs. The gutters were full of tiny rushing rivers and hillocks of dirty gray ice. That day I won two prize glassies from the best marble player in the school and I don't remember using the sidewalk all the way home. I came in the back door rattling my trophies in a soggy pocket and glowing with pride.

But Mama wasn't impressed. It was almost five o'clock and she was still sitting at the machine, sewing on her dress. I couldn't figure whether she was angry because my new boots were soaked, or because she'd forgotten about dinner. "What have you done to your boots?" she cried. "Your father will be furious. Look at the clock. And me with no dinner ready!"

Then she sent me upstairs with instructions to change my wet clothes and to hurry on down to help with the vegetables. If she hadn't begun banging pots and pans and hurrying me so, I would have put my boots in a better place to dry. They were still in plain sight with wiggly white lines already beginning to show when Papa hung his cap on the hat-tree and started down the hall. By then it was too late. So I bent over the potato I was peeling and pretended the boots weren't there.

He stood in the doorway surveying all the mess—sewing piled every which way, nothing cooking on the stove, and Mama just starting to unwrap the sausages. "Well, well," he said with a smile. "What happened to dinner?"

If Mama had seen the smile she might not have taken offense. "It's not often you have to wait," she retorted.

Papa's smile disappeared and he threw his pay envelope on the table. It landed near my peelings, and only then did I remember. Today was pay day—the worst possible day to make my father angry.

Pay day used to be fun. Papa used to open his little brown envelope and make a game of giving Mama her share. Then they'd sit down together and figure out what next to buy. But this winter my father had been in the habit of leaving his envelope sealed. It wasn't until the night my mother handed it back to him and said, "Open it yourself," that I understood why he did it.

"Go ahead," he said. "Call me a coward. But I need moral support."

Later, when I asked Mama about it, she explained that a lot of Papa's friends were losing their jobs, that usually they got pink slips of paper saying "Services no longer required."

Tonight Mama took the paring knife out of my hand, slit the envelope and looked inside. "You can relax," she said and took out the money for Betty Brown.

Papa pursed his lips in a low whistle and sat down. He was unfolding the newspaper when it slipped from his hands. If he hadn't been so close to the floor he wouldn't have seen my boots.

"How many times do you have to be told?" he shouted. "New leather

Continued on page 82

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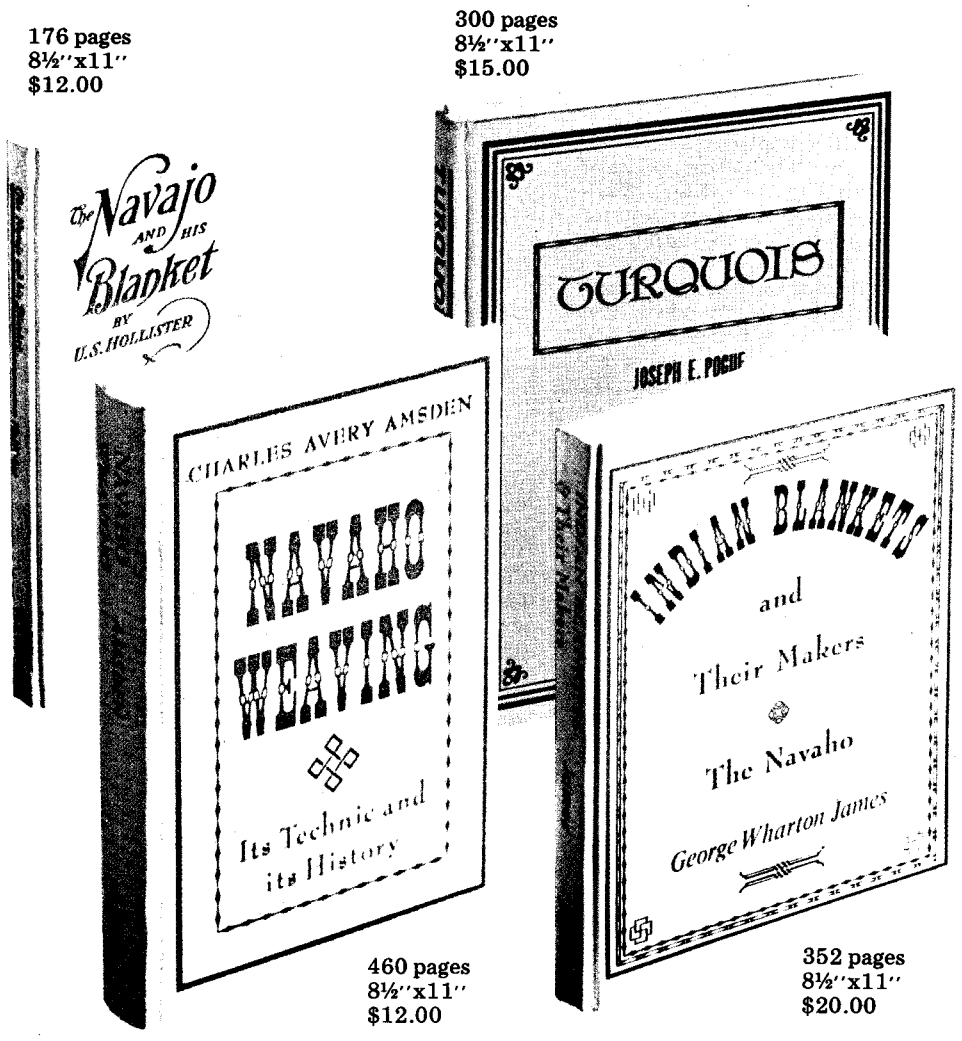

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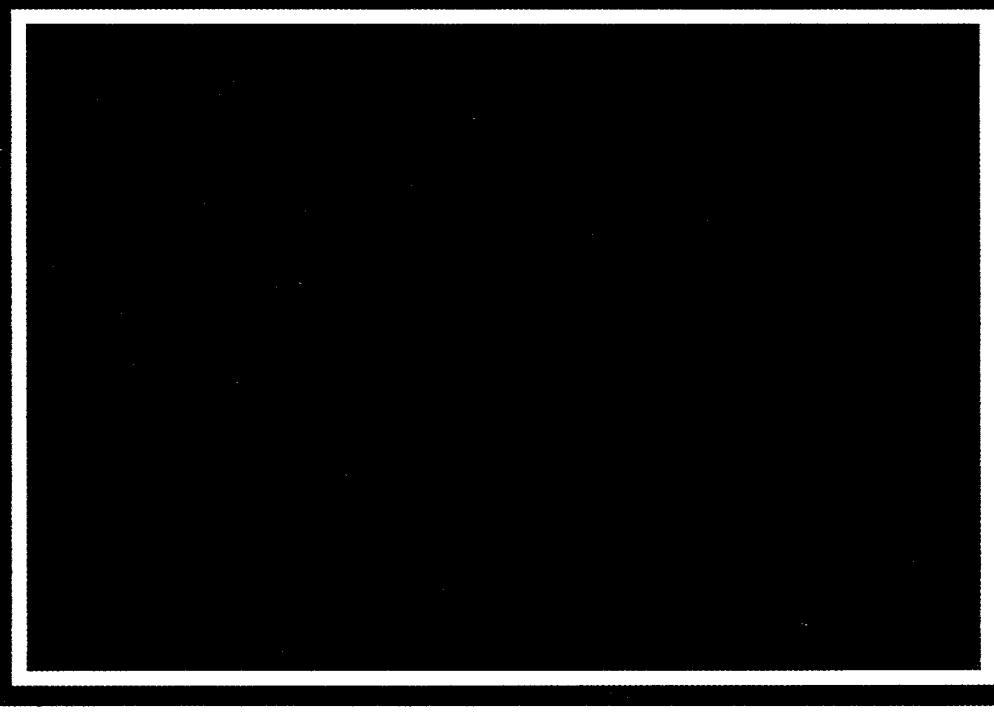

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continued from page 80

needs a good coat of polish. If I break my neck to buy these things, the least *you* can do is keep them in condition."

He went on to tell me it was high time I learned money didn't grow on trees. I made the awful mistake of saying I certainly wished that it did. Papa got so angry I fully expected a thrashing. But instead, he crashed his fist on the table and everything there leaped high in the air.

Then Mama, who had just climbed down from paying Betty Brown, clattered her chair on the floor. "You might watch your temper," she told him icily. "Just because dinner's not ready, there's no need to make such a ruckus."

"Dinner," Papa yelled, "has nothing to do with it!" He was so close, his voice thundered in my ears and I burst into tears. It was then that Mama started bustling angrily about. She rolled up my peelings, banged shut the garbage pail—*and threw Papa's pay envelope in the fire.*

But Papa didn't know what she'd done. He had already gone up the hall and was flinging on his cap and coat. Then he slammed out the door with the remark that no man should have to stick around and listen to that kind of caterwauling.

In the sudden silence I looked up to see Mama standing stock-still at the stove. Bright flames licked through the open hole and her eyes were black with horror.

"Dear Lord in Heaven!" she moaned. "I've burned your father's money!" Her mouth was covered with one hand and she poked wildly at the fire with the other.

"Mama!" I screamed. "You'll burn yourself!" But she paid no attention. Not until the flames died down and she knew there was nothing else to do. After that, she stood there with tears trickling down her face and her arms hanging straight at her sides.

It wasn't often I saw my mother cry so hard. The only other time was when a baby died on our street. That time I said, "Never mind, Mama. The lady can get another." And she stopped crying. So now I said almost the same thing, only I added a bit about the contest.

"If you win first prize," I told her, "everything will be all right."

Mama raised red-rimmed eyes and began searching in her apron pocket. Then she blew her nose and said something about a little child showing the way. After that it didn't take long before she was making dinner again. But first she held me by both shoulders and said, "I want you to make me a solemn promise. Don't say a word about this to your father. It would only add to his burden."

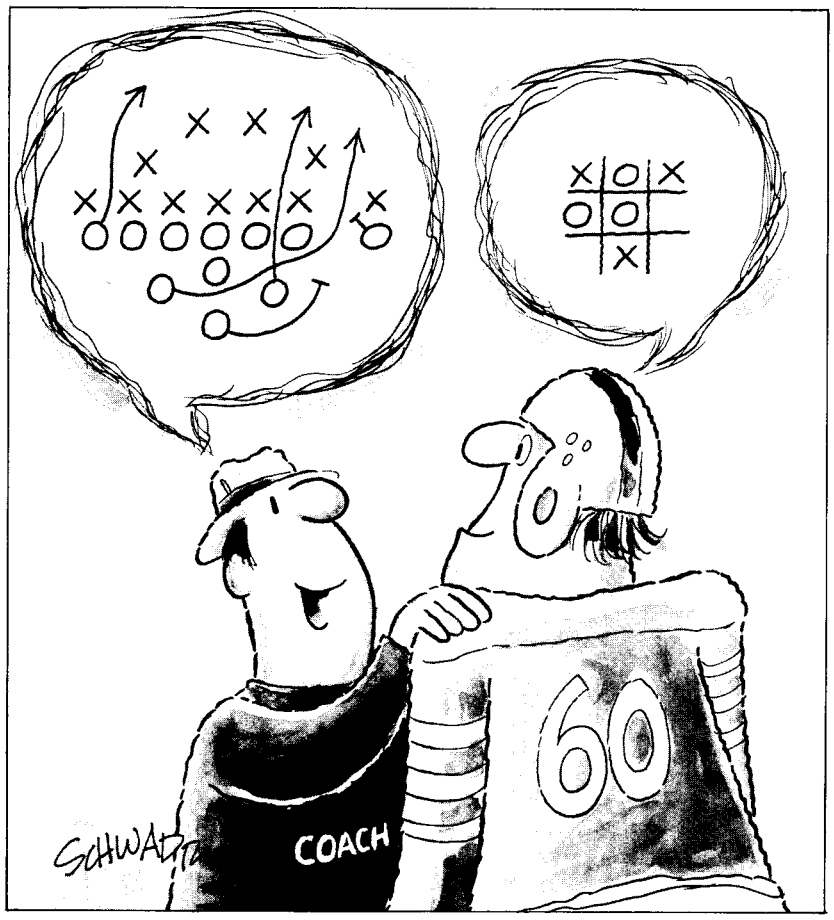
"I promise," I said. "But maybe he won't come back."

Mama gave me a watery smile and began to grease the frying pan. 'Don't worry. He'll be back. As soon as his stomach tells him."

I don't know how she knew, but Papa walked in the door the moment dinner was ready—the sausages were plump and golden, the potatoes fluffy-white, and Mama was in the act of covering hot biscuits with a clean serviette.

The following week was the last one before the contest ended. Mama worked so hard at cleaning house, cooking meals and sewing her dress, I wondered how she could keep it up. Every day after school my nose was greeted with a mixture of different smells—fresh wax on the floors, rock cakes in the oven, lemon oil on the tables and the wonderful, mouth-watering aroma of fresh-baked bread.

If I hadn't seen my mother burn up half my father's pay, I would never have suspected that she had no money to buy groceries. It wasn't until much later that I discovered she had emptied two whole shelves in the preserve cellar—eggs in the water glass were gone, greengage plums, pickled pork hocks and even some of her precious veal jelly.



In between the times of cooking and cleaning, Mama used every minute to finish her dress. Once she showed Papa and me what she was doing to the inside; silk tape on every seam and, as Mama said, "not a raw edge anywhere."

The only time I saw her unhappy was when she bound the buttonholes. These she did by hand with stitches so small I couldn't even see where the needle went in. That night she went to bed with a headache and I heard Papa ask her crossly what the blazes she was trying to prove. But he wasn't as cross as he sounded because right away he boiled the kettle to make her a cup of tea.

Two days later Mama made a special trip downtown with her dress. She wouldn't let my father take it or even wrap it up. She did the whole thing herself, using layers and layers of tissue and folding the dress carefully with the sleeves crossed in front. Papa remarked that you'd think she was handling the crown jewels. But she simply gave him a bright smile and said nothing.

The waiting part was the worst. It would be all of two weeks, I was told, before the names of contest winners were made public.

It was a drizzly Saturday morning, half rain and half snow, when we heard the paper thump onto the veranda. Papa had just finished stropping his razor and was shaving up in the bathroom. I was putting the final touches to The Snow Queen in my coloring book, trying desperately hard to give her pink cheeks without making her look like a painted lady. Mama must have been looking out the living-room window because she was at the door just seconds after the paper landed.

She came into the kitchen with a funny expression on her face, handed me the newspaper and said, "Here, Vinnie, *you* look." Then she went to the sink and began running water for the breakfast dishes. It wasn't till she said, "The names of the winners will be at the back," that I realized what I was to look for.

I ran my finger down the column. 'Here it is!" I shouted. "First prize . . ." But it was Mrs. Scott McDonald who had won, and I didn't know how to go about telling my mother.

"Oh, golly!" I whispered. For a moment it was so quiet I could hear soap bubbles popping in the sink. Then Mama went on washing dishes as if nothing had happened.

"I should have known better," she said, shakily. "Your father . . ." But I didn't let her finish. I was across the kitchen waving the paper under her nose and yelling, "But look, Mama! You came in second. It says so. Right here!"

"Your check will come in the mail," I babbled. "And your dress will be on display."

But nobody was listening. Papa was in the doorway wanting to know what was going on. His braces swung from his trouser tops and his face was only half-shaved; the other half was covered with a foamy white lather.

When Mama told him the good news, he said, "You're joshing!" And he danced her round the kitchen while we all laughed out loud.

That afternoon we went downtown to see Mama's dress. Papa even joked about the snow and rain. "Old Man Winter's putting up quite a fight," he remarked. "Looks to me as if spring won't make it."

But inside the store spring was everywhere. Crepe-paper apple blossoms twined around posts and bluebirds perched here and there. On the second floor people bunched in circles to admire the winning dresses. They were worn by dummy ladies who stood on pedestals, with artificial grass growing under their feet.

"There!" I gasped, and could hardly believe my eyes. Mama's dress was really beautiful. And I had thought it was plain. In one hand the lady held gloves of palest pink to match the trimming at neck and cuffs. The other hand was arched like the neck of a swan with a purse dangling from its beak.

"What a lovely little hat," Mama breathed.

"That's a hat?" Papa laughed. "It's nothing but a hunk of ribbon."

"The turban is the newest style," Mama informed him. "It's a perfect mate for my dress."

"Why don't you buy it?" Papa asked. "You can afford it, with thirty dollars to splurge."

"I don't know," she said wistfully. "A dollar ninety-five is a lot of money. Besides, I had to borrow from Betty Brown."

"Drat Betty Brown!" Papa exclaimed. "In my opinion, you deserve a bit of fluff."

And Mama did buy that hat. It wasn't practical but she never once said so. She wore it all through spring and the only time she threatened to leave it off was when Papa kept embarrassing her with the remark that "this pretty young thing" beside him was his wife.

For Papa, my mother bought something he had always wanted—a swivel vise for his carpenter bench down in the basement.

But for me, spring *really* came when I took off my high boots and put on new oxfords with only four holes.

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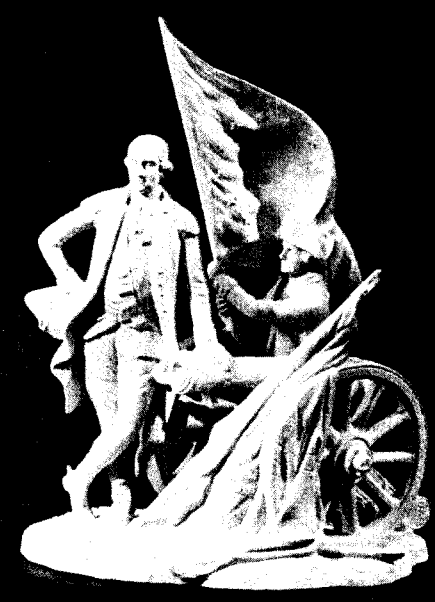

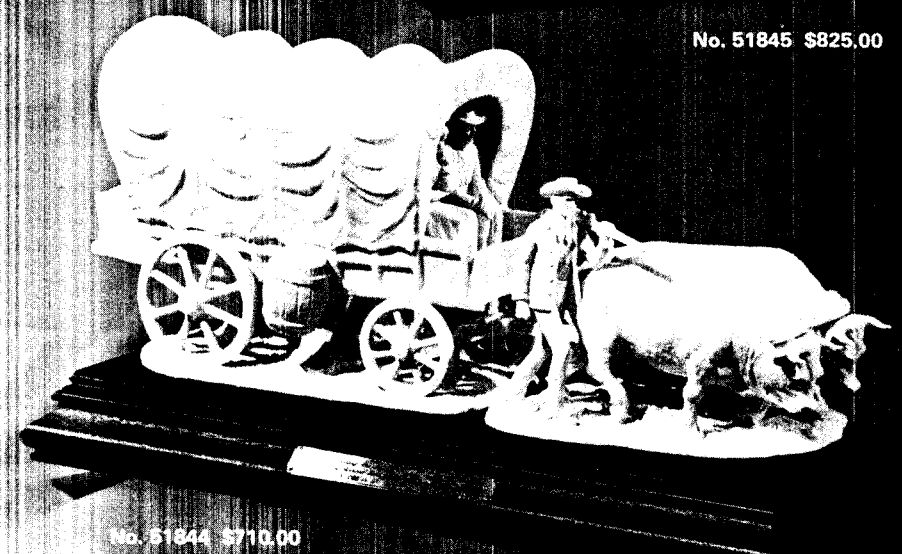

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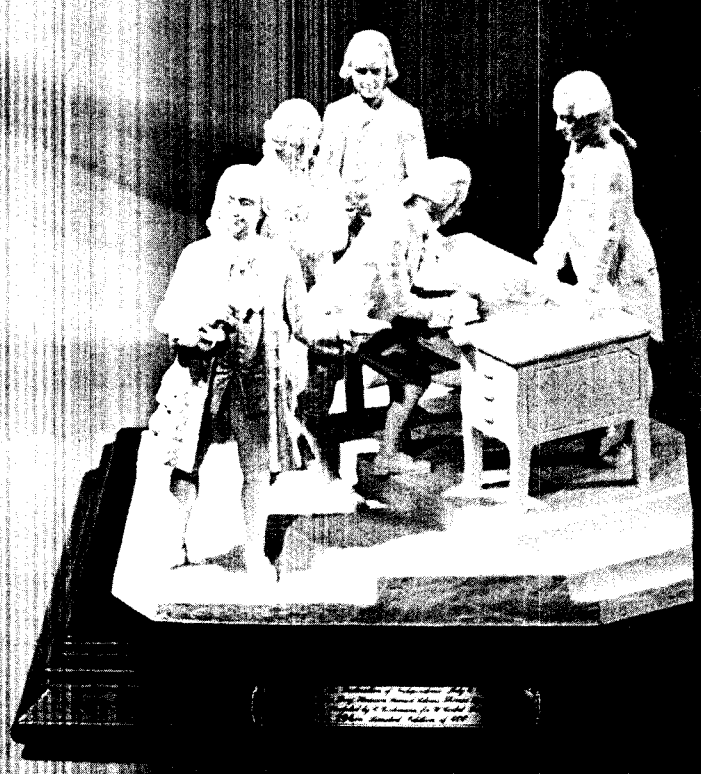

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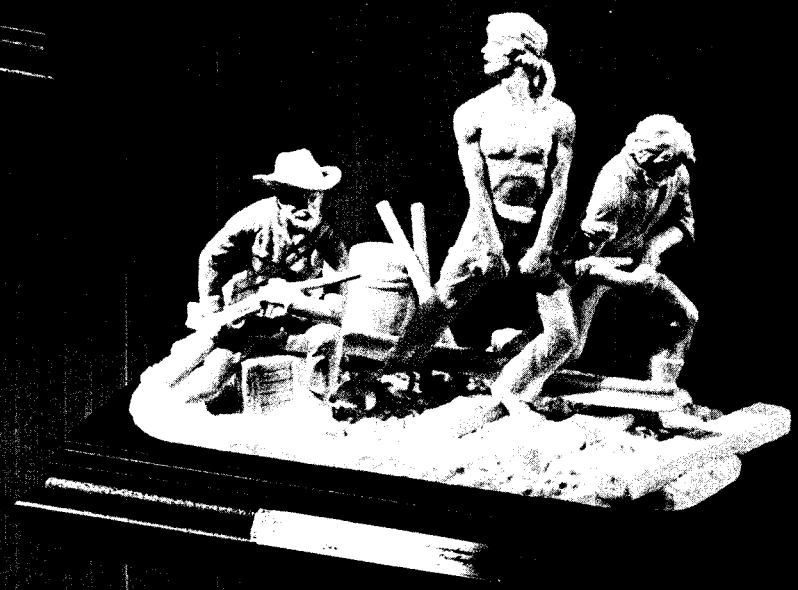

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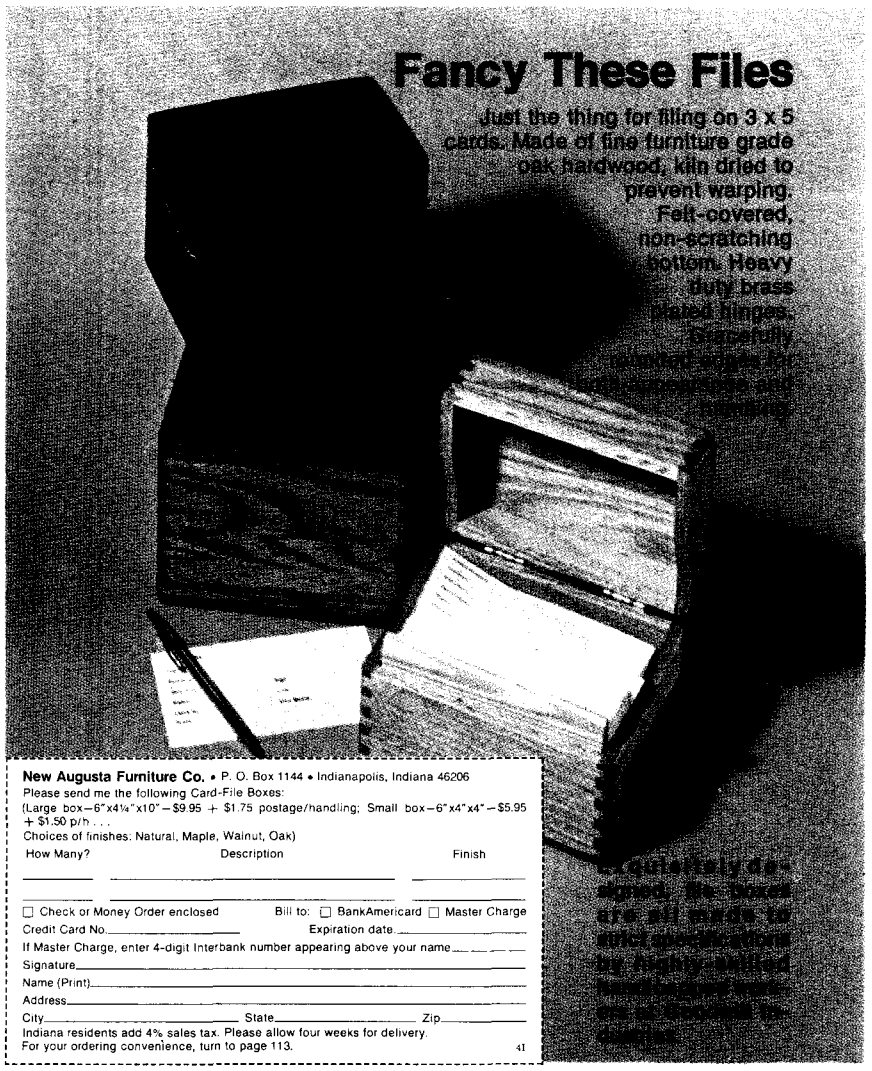
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Beast and the Beauty Parlor

continued from page 57

where customers are pampered, spoiled, caressed, and coddled. Beauticians earn large tips for supplying that "little extra bit" such as massaging the customer's neck during a shampoo, bringing the patron coffee or magazines while she is under the dryer, brushing imaginary lint from the patron's dress, and constantly reassuring the customer how lovely she is. But their most important function is that of sympathetic listener.

And listen they do. Time and time again hairdressers mentioned that they acted like therapists and admitted that they were frightened by their patrons' intimacy. What is even more astounding is that over one-quarter of the beauticians reported that their patrons are so upset and so anxious for an attentive ear that they call beauticians at home and, while fortified with bourbon or pills, pour out their troubles to confused and surprised hairdressers.

Yet these ladies who so earnestly unburden themselves do not think of their beautician as a friend. Sadly the hairdresser admits that she is a paid listener. Just as Milady confided in her maid, so does the American woman chatter to her beautician. The stylist knows that this is part of her role. She learned in beauty school not to disagree with the customer, not to offer advice, not to volunteer any opinions—in short, never to express herself.

Just as Milady of yesteryear whispered her deepest secrets to the upstairs maid and then issued commands in a stentorian tone, so also does today's matron feel it her prerogative to bully and boss her servant-hairdresser. As for the latter, the name of the game is pleasing the customer, but sometimes it can be a vicious game, as one hairdresser angrily expounded:

> I have to make every wrinkled hag in this town look like she's about twenty years old. When I don't get the job done, they sit there and complain like crazy. When I charge fifty cents for a cream rinse, the customer will scream and accuse me of robbing her. But then she comes to me and brags how she paid twenty dollars for a set on her cruise to Bermuda. We make a living by taking other people's abuse. We get treated like dogs. We get shoved around and have to take a lot of nonsense. The customer comes in and is mad about something and takes it out on the girl. I tell you there are days when all the money in the world isn't enough to pay for what I have to take. There are times when my stomach gets tied up in knots.
>
> (38-year-old female)

Tension runs high and cannot be relieved just by pounding or kicking a wall. The upstairs maid retaliated by burning madam's best petticoat or lacing her stays too tightly, while present-day beauticians are much more subtle and devious. *All* beauticians in the study admitted that they have paid back in malicious kind for real or imagined slights. Every stylist confessed to having deliberately sabotaged a customer. Some have cut a customer's hair so badly that it took months for the hair to grow back in evenly. Others told of being so angry over a customer's having tinted her own hair at home that they added permanent wave solution to the rinse water, thus stripping the client's hair of the home-applied tint. Conversely, when a patron gave herself a permanent wave at home, or worse, had it done at another shop, then the beautician added neutralizer to the rinse water and ruined the curl. Intentionally hacking, burning, bleaching, and stripping their patrons' hair, beauticians unleash a whole flood of hostilities.

However, well over 90 percent of the hairdressers (male and female) agreed that male hairdressers do not suffer the same insult and injury as do women beauticians. Why?

The answer is relatively uncomplicated. Since males in our society receive more deference than females, female patrons are more courteous and less demanding toward male stylists than female beauticians. One hairdresser exploded:

> Hell! All Franco's customers are in love with him. He can't do hair worth a damn but he mutters in their ear and tells them how beautiful they are and they all go ape.
>
> (32-year-old female)

Of the five males in the sample, all agreed that they treated their customers firmly and thus were in control of the patron-customer relationship at all times. They boasted that they didn't hear as much gossip as the girls because when things got too intimate, they (the men) immediately changed the subject.

Even though women patrons mind their p's and q's with male hairdressers, the ambience of the shop is as important a variable as sex in explaining the intensity of customer-patron warfare. As we shall see, there is a basic typology of beauty shops with correspondingly different modes of patron-customer behavior in each.

There is first of all the mom and pop shop. This is the neighborhood beauty parlor most often located in the back part of a house, a basement, or a small renovated store. There is usually only one owner-manager-operator, or sometimes on weekends another girl helps out. Styles come and go infrequently in this shop,

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hairdos lagging some five years behind the current fad; still it draws because the overweight clients know that even though they can never be beautiful, they can get a neat hairdo that doesn't "fall out." The clientele all know one another, usually live within walking distance of the shop, and are most often working-class wives who cannot afford downtown prices. Because patrons and beautician are from the same social class and often in the same age range, conflict is at a minimum. The shop has a cozy, homey atmosphere redolent with the smell of freshly baked brownies brought by one of the patrons. But if a customer should go to another, higher-priced, shop for a cut or a permanent, the friendly owner will then take reprisals.

In the play shop operators have more fun than patrons. Usually the beauticians are young, single girls in their late teens or early twenties who worry more about boyfriends, dates, pending engagements, and silver patterns than they do about customer satisfaction. Giggling and chattering endlessly to each other over their patrons' heads, the girls address a few comments to the customers but focus their attention on their fellow beauticians. These hairdressers spend most of their workday experimenting on each other and are constantly seen wearing rollers so that they can be prepared for the evening's date.

Customers are young, white-collar, married women who want more style than can be found in mom and pop shops but who also cannot afford chic salon prices. Unfortunately, they cannot afford baby-sitters either and bring their bored, cranky children to the shop. Patrons become increasingly annoyed at the beauticians' antics, while operators are irritated by their patrons' undisciplined children roaming through the shop. Each patron wants her beautician's undivided attention, while the hairdresser wishes that the customer would leave and take her brat with her. Both patron and customer snap at each other. The hairdresser yanks her customer's hair, or turns the dryer to its highest setting, or uses any of a hundred tricks to bedevil and harass the customer.

Needless to say, the play shop has a heavy turnover of customers. The beauticians also come and go, aimlessly drifting into marriage and out of hairdressing.

While the play shop is a madhouse of children and hee-hawing beauticians, the mod shop is a noisy, bustling maelstrom, where customers and beauticians run about in manic confusion. Hard acid rock blares from stereo speakers hung around the walls; whirling colored lights reflect an insane pattern on the chrome and glass fixtures; operators are young males who lisp and wear the ultimate in fashion; patrons smoke furiously and tap their watches nervously because their favorite operator is always running a half hour off schedule.

Customers are young lower-middle class models, secretaries, and students who want to be au courant in order to be as attractive as possible to whatever young man on the rise (or old man already risen) would like to support them. Beauty is a necessary commodity for the patron's success. No wonder then that temper tantrums are the media of communication.

In the Mod Shop the majority of stylists are male. Note they are called "stylist," never hairdresser, and God forbid that you should say "beautician" or "operator." And *male* stylists are able to dominate the situation.

Periodically one of the stylists will have a violent argument with one of his customers, throw down his comb and scissors in a pout, and stomp out of the shop, leaving a surprised woman with her hair half shorn. Usually, however, there is a mutual admiration between customer and stylist—the stylist assuring the patron that she is a model of up-to-date fashion and the customer crooning that her modish look is due solely to his skill.

In deliberate and studied contrast to clamorous shops of hoi polloi, the most distinctive feature of the snob shop is its studied, restive silence. The snob shop caters to the "carriage trade" and its upper-upper class customers never bring their children to the shop.

Usually the snob shop is owned and managed by an aging homosexual who has devoted many hours to the subtle but elegant decor of crystal chandeliers, Wedgwood bowls, and assorted chinoiserie. Patrons change out of their designer clothes upon arriving at the shop and sit under the dryer in pink, blue, or flowered smocks.

These patrons too are seeking the elusive Grail of Beauty, and become annoyed when they don't attain it. Stylists in these shops carefully guard their tempers, knowing that bountiful tips and Christmas checks depend on their being ingratiating. Hairdressers who have worked in various types of salons told us that customers in snob shops are the least courteous. However, it should be noted that there is a U-curve of gentility and good manners, because hairdressers report that *nouveau riche* super-upwardly mobile, or status-marginal women inflict greater verbal abuse on their hairdressers than do socially secure upper-uppers.

A *nouvelle arrivee*, the upwardly mobile woman, is understandably nervous and correspondingly nasty. Ms. Nouveau Riche comes to the most chic salon in the city to associate with the "in" group, receive the unctuous care of the stylist, acquire the current mode look, and thus peripherally belong. In turn, the stylist, sensing her nervousness and knowing that she is not to the purple born, may play all sorts of malevolent tricks on the unsuspecting patron, or indeed deliberately mis-style the customer's hair, all the while assuring her that it is flattering, as quid pro quo for the patron's ill manners.

Why do beautician and customer tolerate this strange symbiotic love-

Continued on page 94

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The Fox

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grew up and went out on their own, but Loopy did not leave the den.

"It would be murder," the old man admitted gloomily. "I'm not crazy about the idea of the big schmulligan hanging around the place at his age, but never let it be said that a Renault threw his son to the dogs. And that's what it would be, till he learns to run."

"You see, dear," Momma tried to explain, "it's time you went out to make your own way in the world. Oh, not that we wouldn't love to have you with us always, but——"

She used to go on, earnestly and endlessly. Loopy always listened, trying desperately to be impressed. And each time he listened to a lecture by Momma the same thing happened.

It would begin with a twitching sensation at the back of his jaws. He would fight valiantly against what he knew was coming, but he always lost his fight. Just as Momma would reach her most impassioned heights, Loopy would yawn, widely and loudly.

Momma would stop, and most times she would burst into tears. "Oh, you!" she flung out one day. "Why was I ever afflicted with a son like you?"

She fled into the den that time, as Loopy looked after her with grieving eyes. When his mother was out of sight, he turned and slunk into the brush, away from everything except himself.

Why, he asked silently, *wasn't I made like Loomis, the hot shot? On Momma's birthday Loomis brought her two rabbits he caught himself, and what did I give her? A box turtle she wanted like she wanted a hole in the head.*

Whereupon Loopy was struck by a great ambition. He would go out by himself and get a rabbit, a pheasant, a quail, a dove, even a field mouse—something Momma would like. He would run if it killed him—and he had an idea it would—to get Momma a present that would make her proud of him.

He slipped through the woods and at the edge of the second fairway of the Live Oaks Forest course he crouched to survey the terrain. Nothing was in sight. He waited, tensed, ready to spring. Nothing appeared. Loopy went to sleep.

He awoke with a start several hours later. The moon was up by that time and there was going to be one hectic reception awaiting him back at the den.

He came out of the foliage where he had been sleeping. . .and walked straight into the path of a large blue-tick hound.

If the dog Momma had scurried in front of that first day out of the den had been surprised, this hound was stunned. He stared, gulped, hiccuped and then found his voice.

"Hal-loo-o-o-o!" he blasted. "Yoicks! Yoicks! Fox, fox, fox!"

Loopy shuddered at the chill that traversed his spine, and then he was bathed by a great calm. Better to have everything ended right now; better to put a stop to all Momma's unhappiness; better to give the old man's ulcers relief, than to try to escape this hound. Besides, trying to escape would mean running and Loopy still didn't like to run.

He sat down as the hound charged him. The dog, expecting the usual fast break, came close to colliding with the thick-brushed fox before he swerved, crossed his forepaws and lost his balance, falling heavily on his side. As Loopy waited, the hound arose, a bit groggy, and eyed him darkly.

"That," the dog announced, "was a hell of a thing to do. I could 'a' broke my neck."

"Sorry," Loopy said contritely, "but I didn't trip you."

There was a moment's silence as the two stared at each other.

"Well, c'mon!" the hound said finally. "How about gettin' goin'?"

Loopy shook his head. "Unh-uh," he said flatly. "I'm not going to run, if that's what you mean."

"But—but——" the dog spluttered. "Whaddaya mean, you ain't gonna run? All foxes run!"

"Not this fox," Loopy said. "I don't like to run."

The hound's jaw sagged as he looked at the red fox. He was not an extraordinarily intelligent animal, all his master's boasting to the contrary, and it took him some time to digest Loopy's statement.

"You kiddin' me?" he asked.

"No, honestly," Loopy said. "I just can't see it. My folks are great ones for running, but they always seem to wind up back where they started, all bushed out. Why not stay where you were in the first place? But I suppose you think I'm nuts."

The hound sat down and scratched an ear reflectively. "I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he said, "but you are unique."

"My old man has another word for it," Loopy said gloomily. "My mother too. To tell you the truth, I was hoping you'd grab me and wind up all my troubles."

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The Case for America

continued from page 23

dangers. But a continent was won; the world's greatest civilization was founded.

A good illustration of the validity of this nineteenth-century American optimism is provided by a filler story that came over the news ticker one evening in the early 1950's. It tapped out that it was Pioneer Day in Oregon. The oldest pioneer settler in the state, a woman in her nineties, was brought to the microphone. She described how she had come to Oregon as a bride in the 1880's. Her young husband was a science teacher at the Episcopal Mission when science was a new and minor subject. Together, they built their log cabin home and his meager classroom laboratory. But her husband was not less optimistic in his missionary zeal about the future of American science than was the chief of the mission about man's future in the hereafter.

She told of how the visiting bishop took her husband to task a bit for overstating his case. The bishop declared that God in his infinite wisdom had revealed to man the telegraph and steam engine, and indeed, there was considerable talk that the human voice might be transmitted by a new device called a telephone. Under these circumstances, the bishop suggested, the thrust of her husband's ardent teaching should be that his students put themselves in a state of grace for the gifts already bestowed, because God's bounty, it appeared to reasonable men, might be reaching its limit. "No," hotly declared her husband, "I teach that the scientific method is the greatest tool ever placed in the hand of men by God." Then stretching it to the utmost, he declared, "I foresee the day when man will fly." The bishop answered stiffly that such statements approached blasphemy, and, if continued, would result in a review of the young teacher's contract on the bishop's return three years hence.

The undaunted young man stubbornly stuck to his prophecy. Very respectfully, he reiterated, "Bishop, I foresee the day when men will fly."

"There would be little point to this story," concluded the pioneer woman, "except that the bishop's name was Wright, and his own sons invented the airplane my husband foresaw." It must have been a satisfying moment for her.

The point, however, is that the young people of America have at their disposal myriads of tools, intellectual and physical, as compared with what the Wright brothers had, not only for the asking, but begging to be accepted. These tools and theories, vastly better than those of their fathers, will undoubtedly advance the American civilization to heights which will make the present day look like mere foothills; the twenty-first century will outdistance the twentieth as the airplane outdistanced Ben Franklin's kite. All of this will come, provided the pseudo-intellectuals fail to break the American spirit of daring optimism which has been validated in practically every chapter of American history.

But we have reached a danger point. The country is in the grip of a suicidal hysteria. It is this spirit, the soul of America, which stands embattled today as never before. Its savage attackers are its own intelligentsia, and by none more than the cultist Far Left junior faculty members.

Ignoring both America's history and its accomplishments, they have succeeded in Hamletizing large sections of American youth. They teach dissent for its own sake; nonconformity for the sake of blind rebellion; civil resistance to a civilization which is without parallel in the recorded history of man; and cheap eccentricity as the hallmark of genius. Worst is the deliberate and willful misrepresentation of the soul of our country as imperialistic. In fact, in all of recorded history, the American people are the only victors in two great wars who taxed themselves without mercy to revitalize the war-devastated countries, ally and vanquished alike. And this is imperialism?

The mass media pursue sensational incident blindly and without mercy. There is no wound from which America bleeds which does not have the same effect upon them as blood in the water upon sharks. They do this in the name of public service. Actually, they are tearing the sails of the Ship of State. Their criticism is not the flapping of the sail; it is a rip caused by their knives in the national fabric. This, fancifully, is called "covering the story." Yet, the great story and perhaps the greatest moral story yet to be told is the actual story of the accomplishments of the American people.

The worst of this false doctrine is that it has not only dampened American hope and optimism, but introduced desolating spiritual nihilism in its stead. Theirs is not the scalpel of useful criticism; it is a dagger aimed at the heart of the American people.

The underlying fact is that never was the American promise so fulfilled and never did the American promise hold such greater promise for the future. Indeed, it would seem from this mere minuscule cataloguing of part of the greatness and goodness of the American civilization that to our national motto, "In God We Trust," there should be added the words "And Forgive Us, O Lord, For Taking So Much For Granted."

While there is still time.

Beside Still Waters

continued from page 34

in places and it is about four and one-half miles long, yet is only ten to twelve feet wide at the bottom.

The valley is made dangerous because its floor has been badly eroded by waters from cloudbursts, so that actual footing on solid rock is so narrow that in many places the sheep cannot turn around. But sheep and goat herders from earliest Old Testament days have maintained a passage for their stock. It is an unwritten law of the shepherds that flocks must go up the valley in the morning hours and down toward eventide, else there would be endless confusion as flocks met in the defile.

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." About halfway through the valley, the walk crosses from one side to the other at a place where the two-and-one-half-foot-wide path is cut in two by an eight-foot-deep gully. One section of the walk is about eighteen inches higher than the other, so as they journey down the valley the sheep have to jump upwards and across, while on the opposite trip, they jump downwards. The shepherd stands at this break and urges, coaxes, pets, encourages and sometimes forces the sheep to make the leap. As a result of slippery walkways and poor footing, the sheep tire and occasionally miss the jump and land in the gully. The shepherd's rod is immediately brought into play and with its crook encircled around the sheep's neck, the sheep is assisted to safety.

Climate and grazing conditions make it necessary for the sheep to be moved "through the valley of the shadow of death" for seasonal feeding each year.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." This statement seems to convey the boastful, rather pagan thought of gloating over the hunger of others while those in favor of Jehovah feasted.

However, David's meaning is a simple one, said DeAlfonso. On the Holy Land sheep ranges, known poisonous plants abound which are fatal to grazing animals. The most noxious is a species of whorled milkweed. It sinks its roots deep down in the rocky soils and its eradication during the centuries has been impossible. Each spring the shepherd must be constantly on guard as the plant is on some of the best feeding ground.

When the plant is found, the shepherd goes on ahead of the flock and digs out every stalk. In the meantime, the field being free from poisonous plants, the sheep are led into the newly prepared pasture and in the presence of their deadly plant enemies they eat in peace.

"Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." This phrase has been interpreted many times as symbolic of fullness of reward for well doing. Literally, however, it is the statement of a daily task of a professional shepherd in the most time-honored calling. At every sheepfold there is found a big earthen bowl of olive oil and a large stone jar of water. The sheep come in for the night and are led alongside of the wall to the gate in one end. The shepherd lays aside his woolen robe and his staff, but rests his rod across the top of the gateway just higher than the backs of the sheep.

As each sheep passes him in single file, he quickly examines it for bruises in the ears, snags in the cheek, or weeping of the eyes from dust or scratches. Where such conditions are found, he drops the rod across the sheep's back and it steps out of line and waits until all the sheep have been examined. Out of his flock of 250 ewes, a shepherd may find one or a dozen needing attention, according to DeAlfonso. Each sheep's laceration is carefully cleaned, then the shepherd dips his hand into the bowl of olive oil and anoints the injury gently but thoroughly and is never sparing of the oil.

Along with the treatment, the shepherd's love words are poured into the sheep's ears in sympathy. Then the cup is dipped into the jar of water kept cool by evaporation in the unglazed pottery and is brought out never half full but always overflowing. The sheep will sink its nose down into the water, clear to the eyes if fevered, and drink until fully refreshed. Then it is allowed to enter the sheepfold and the next injured sheep is treated. When all of the sheep are at rest, the shepherd places his rod in the corner, lays his staff on the ground within reach in case it is needed for protection of the flock during the night, wraps himself in his heavy woolen robe and lies down across the gateway facing the sheep for his night's repose.

So, said DeAlfonso, after all this care and protection can a sheep be blamed for soliloquizing in the twilight in the words of David: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Jesus said: "Come to me all whose work is hard, whose load is heavy, and I will give you relief. Bend your necks to my yoke and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble hearted . . . ."

With great simplicity, St. Luke shows Christ's mission to be the care of mankind in all its complicated troubles and sorrows. As James K. Wallace stated, no Biblical writing other than The Lord's Prayer has been so widely memorized as has this beautiful poem and as he spent the night in that Nevada desert, he was able to receive the shepherd's literal understanding of the inspirational word picture.

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continued from page 86

The hound widened his eyes, horrified. "Whaddaya think I am?" he demanded. "A torpedo? A killer?"

"But I thought all hounds——"

"Give a dog a bad name, I always say," the hound broke in. "What do I want with a mouthful of fox? I've got an owner who feeds me too much now and——Say, you're not hungry by any chance, are you?"

"I—no, I'm not hungry," Loopy lied. "Not very, that is."

"Nuts," said the hound. "You look downright peaked. C'mon over to the house—it's right over there where you see the lights. By the way, my name's Rebel."

"How d'ya do," Loopy said. "My name's Loopy."

"Okay, Loopy. Here we are. Better stick to the shadows. Old Hot-Barrel Bill, the guy that owns me, starts spraying the landscape with Number Four's every time a chipmunk turns over in his sleep, so we don't want to make any noise while we eat. Pitch in, kid; there's plenty more where that came from."

Loopy, after brief hesitation, took a bite of the strange food that was heaped on the battered pie tin beside the doghouse. He rolled the stuff around on his tongue experimentally and then swallowed. "This is really good!" he exclaimed.

"That slum?" Rebel snorted. "It's supposed to be full of vitamins, if you're interested in vitamins, which I ain't, but it tastes like cardboard."

It was, Loopy decided later, one of the most delightful meals he had ever enjoyed. Rebel, it turned out, was an entertaining host in a rather heavy-pawed way.

"Fah-get it, fah-get it!" the hound said, when the fox tried to thank his host. "Drop around tomorrow night and meet some of the boys. We got a couple of beagles that are really cards. Then, there's a little cocker spaniel down the lane you might like to—— But no, I guess not. See you later, kid, and nice knowin' you."

Loopy expected to catch the devil when he got home, and he did. The old man nipped him harder than he ever had been nipped before. Momma cried and as luck would have it, Gradatia had dropped in to borrow a quarter of rabbit.

"Now start explaining," the old man ordered, "and it had better be good."

"I—I went hunting," Loopy offered.

"Hunting! You! What did you get?"

"Uh—nothing, Pop."

"He probably fell asleep," Gradatia jeered. "Tell the truth, Loopy. Isn't that what happened?"

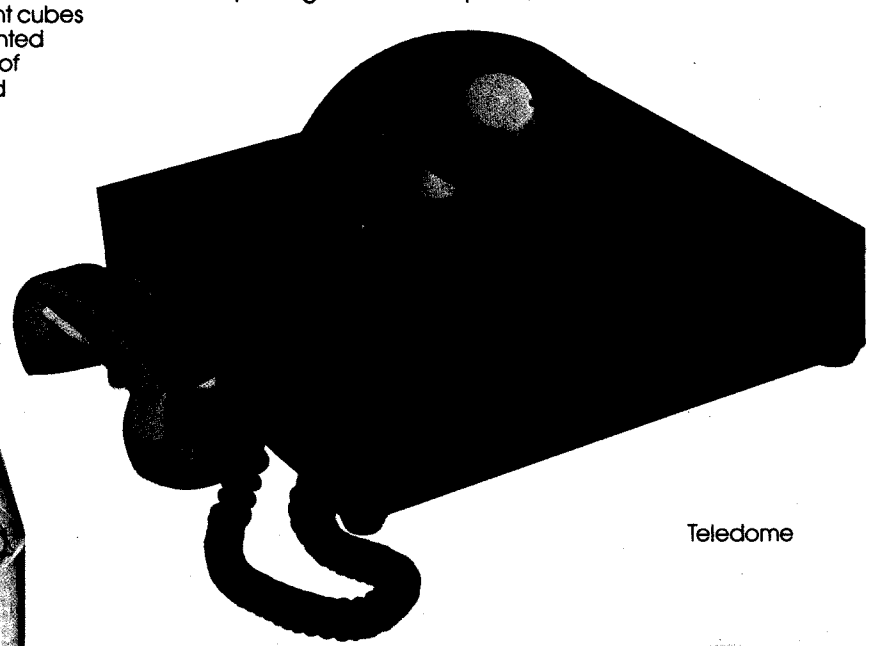
Loopy, despite all his faults, was an honest fox. Under the eyes of his mother, his father and his sister, then, he was forced to nod shamefacedly. What followed was enough to shrivel a young fox's soul.

It was two nights later when he managed to slip away from the den and make his way to Hot-Barrel Bill's barn, where the murmur of hound talk rose and

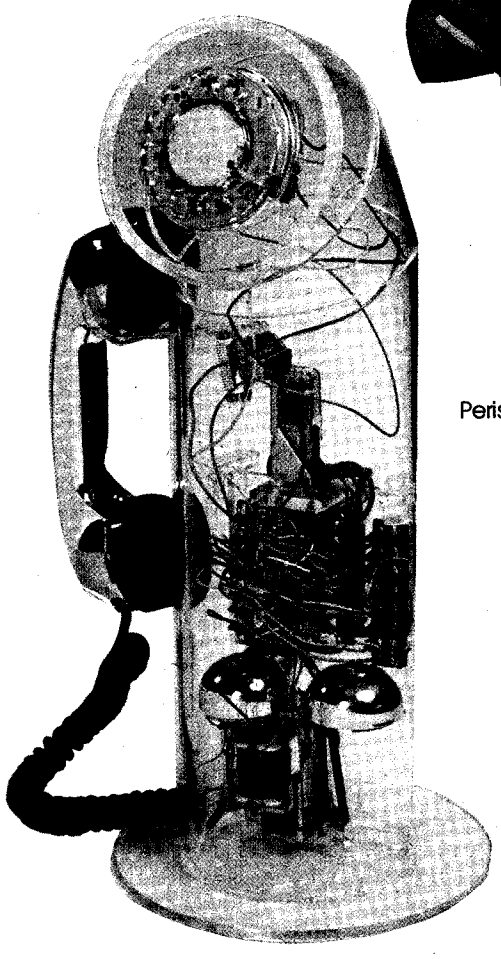
Continued on page 94

Tele-Fun

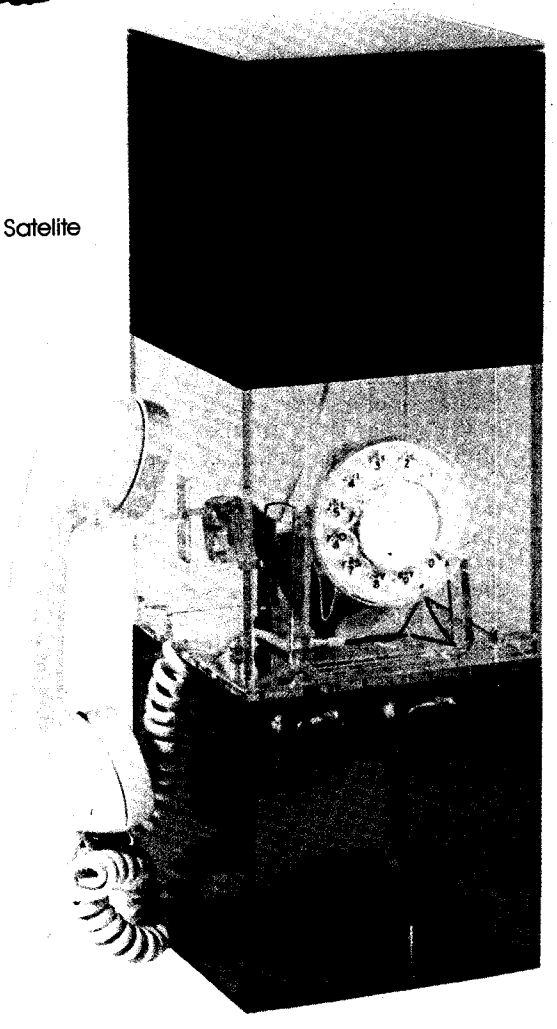
Tomorrow's space age telephones are today's decoration accessory. The acrylic enclosed telephones reveal their inner workings and are real electronic conversation pieces. The sophisticated Teledome rests on a rich black base encompassing a clear hemisphere; the Satelite, fashioned of transparent cubes of tinted smoke and yellow, is accented by a lighted globe; the Periscope, of sculptured clear acrylic with angled cylindrical form, is highlighted by a chrome and black receiver set. They are designed for regular telephone installation.



Teledome



Periscope



Satelite

New Augusta Furniture Company
P. O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me: Total

_____ Teledome, 7½" diameter, 15½" height, at $175. _____
_____ Satelite, 6" x 6" base, 18" height, at $195. _____
_____ Periscope, 7½" diameter base, 15½" height, at $195. _____
I have included $3.00 for postage and handling.
☐ Check enclosed. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____
If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name ____ ____ ____ ____

Signature _____
Name (Print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 41

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Read Aloud

continued from page 71

WELL. Grown-ups weren't much fun. And their dreams weren't the kind of things you could keep in stock.

But there were two grown-ups who came into the store all the time. Mr. and Mrs. Dumpling came in almost every day. Mr. Popinandout would look into their eyes and shake his head and say, "Sorry. Not today. But try me again." It made Mr. Popinandout unhappy to look into their eyes. He knew what they wanted, but he couldn't make their dream come true. He didn't give up, however, "Try me again."

The Dumplings would smile and say, "Thank you, we'll be back." They didn't give up easily, either. They came back to the WISHING WELL every day that it was open.

And they never came to the WISHING WELL empty-handed. On the way out, they would leave a bag of cookies that Mrs. Dumpling had baked, or a bag of whistles that Mr. Dumpling had whittled from reeds. "Give them to the children," they would say. "Everyone likes to have a present."

The Dumplings were the only customers that Pop had ever had to disappoint. Almost everyone knew about them, but no one except Pop knew what they wanted. Pop knew exactly what they wanted, and he was sure that one day he would be able to make their dream come true. Many of the children often said, "Can't we help? Can't we do something for Mr. and Mrs. Dumpling?" But Pop would just shake his head and say, "Let me worry about it."

One day Pop pulled down the shade and made the WISHING WELL disappear. He was gone an unusually long time, and when he came back, he never did explain where he had been. All he said was that he was glad to be back. The line of customers outside the store was as long as a line before Christmas. Pop made short work of his back orders.

As usual, Mr. and Mrs. Dumpling were at the end of the line. Pop looked into their eyes and shook his head. For a moment it looked as though there were tears in Pop's eyes, but he broke out into a smile and said, "Not yet, but I'm sure something good will happen.

"Don't worry," Pop said. "Someday soon your wish will come true."

For weeks, Pop made dreams come true and filled the stock room with his extras. The weather turned crisp, then cold, and everyone knew that Christmas was coming. You could feel it in the air, you could sense it everywhere.

Finally the time came when Pop pulled down the shade and made the WISHING WELL disappear. But this time he wasn't going away. He was getting ready for Christmas. Just before Christmas the shade went up revealing the Christmas window.

A large tree in the center of the window was decorated with ornaments that Pop had made himself. At the bottom of the tree were tiny gift packages. On one side there was a creche, and on the other a snow scene with children playing. The air was filled with Christmas music. All day tiny golden-winged birds flew about the window. At night, when the birds nested in the tree, thousands and thousands of fireflies, illuminated the Christmas scene in the window of Pop's store.

On Christmas Eve, all the children, all Pop's friends, were lined up outside. Each child received a package from the window. No matter how big a child's wish, the tiny package held it. They held puppies, even unicorns and two-wheeler bicycles—no wish was too big for the small packages.

In no time Pop had given each child a gift. When he came to the end of the line of children, he had given away the last package from the window—but then one more child came into the store.

It was a boy, all tattered and torn. A boy Pop had never seen before. A boy with big, brown, sad eyes.

"I didn't expect you," Mr. Popinandout said. "I didn't expect anyone." Then he looked at the boy again. "Oh, you're new. Let's see if I can make your wish come true."

There was a flash of light and a tasty supper appeared on a tray.

"You must be hungry," Pop said.

The boy shook his head.

"Maybe you want a pet," Mr. Popinandout said.

There was a tinkle of bells and a pair of soft white rabbits appeared. The little boy cuddled the pets, but shook his head.

A rainbow lighted the WISHING WELL and a miniature automobile appeared. The boy shook his head again. Tears came to his eyes and he walked around the counter. No one had ever crossed the counter before. The boy wrapped his arms about Mr. Popinandout, hugging him.

"I should have known," Mr. Popinandout said.

The next moment a blinding light illuminated the WISHING WELL, and when the boy could see again, Mr. and Mrs. Dumpling were there, smiling, hands held out to him.

The boy went right to them. He took Mr. Dumpling by one hand, and Mrs. Dumpling by the other—and they started to walk out of the store. Once, the Dumplings turned around to speak, but Pop put his fingers to his lips and shook his head. The three Dumplings walked out, together.

Pop pulled down the shade of the WISHING WELL, and the store disappeared. Pop disappeared. All that remained was the sound of Christmas music.

BRIGHT IDEAS
...for Christmas Giving
7 new children's activity books from
the Saturday Evening Post Company
Hid Book
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Junior Cookbook
JUNIOR PUZZLE BOOK
DINOSAUR COLORING BOOK
Junior Craft Book
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Junior Joke Book
NO! IT'S THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNIOR JOKE BOOK
GUESS-A-GRAPH
12
Shop the easy way.
Please send the following books. Enclosed is $1.00 per book and 25¢ each for postage and handling. Offer good only in U.S.A. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
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☐ Junior Puzzle Book ☐ Dinosaur Coloring Book
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Name _____
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Enclosed is $ _____ Bill to: ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard
Credit Card Number _____ Expiration Date _____
Master Charge, give 4 digit Interbank number _ _ _ _
Indiana residents, add 4% sales tax.
12P4 Offer expires December 31, 1974

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Reddy, Set, Go!

continued from page 67

stick to his stable, forget his wife, except as a boiler of water and duster of his apartment. Jeff believed in Helen, as much because he knew her as because he knew the enormous financial possibilities of owning and being his own bacon. It was perhaps as much Helen's as Jeff's desire to succeed that wouldn't let either of them forget her.

"It was 1967. I had worked three weeks that year. I sat down—I was doing a lot of sitting down that year—and I said I'm not, repeat *not* going to sit at home and do nothing. I went back to school. That was something I could live on—the nutrition of achievement. I could feel myself learning, getting somewhere. I psyched myself. You know you convince yourself you can do it. I still have to do that when I go on stage.

"I have a funny education. Part of it from Anglican schools, part from Presbyterian schools in Australia. Girls' schools. The reading program was more advanced than the one Traci got over here at her very expensive private school, but I didn't like some of the school's ideas about the natural role of woman in the home, and heaven knows I wanted to get out of there, but when I was taking these courses at UCLA I discovered I had a better background than a lot of women who'd been in school longer. Taking those courses gave me a tremendous sense of accomplishment and gave me the feeling that I could be more, that I could make something of my life."

Jeff Wald, Helen's husband, emerges in a Sunkist orange terry-cloth robe. "Jeff is on the school syndrome himself. He likes to maintain the schedule of summer and school and pretend he's off for the summer."

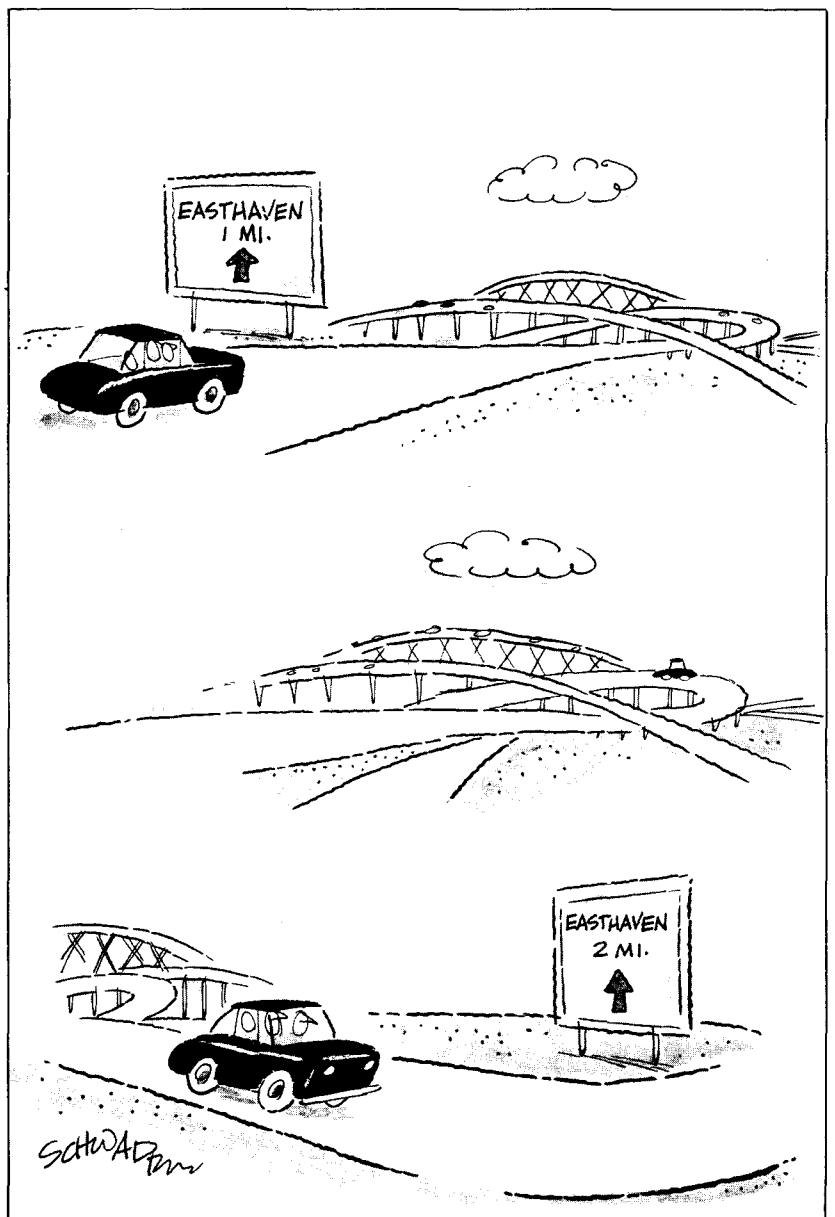
He seems to have no need for illusions or delusions. He is a smooth (skinned) individual whose figure is drifting ever so slightly, a man who has run interference for his wife's career while managing a career for himself in the handling of the stars that are a good part of his conversation.

"When you become successful in entertainment, your friends become strangers and strangers become friends," Helen says. "Helen and I were in a shop in Beverly Hills the other day," says Jeff, "and the clerk said, 'Oh, Helen Reddy, I can hardly believe my eyes, oh, just wait till I tell people I waited on Helen Reddy, is it really you? Oh, I'm so thrilled.' Then she asked for Helen's I.D. when she bought something." He talk-shows on. "Carol Burnett was in Bonwit Teller's once and somebody saw her and watched her, and when she went into the bathroom this hand came under the booth with a pencil and paper for an autograph. Another time [another star] woke up one morning and came downstairs and her whole kitchen was full of people she'd never seen before fixing themselves breakfast. And they were mad at her when she seemed offended. Fans had a certain respect, a certain formality, for movie stars—always called them Mr. or Miss—but television performers are something else. Maybe it's because you've been in their living room. They always call you by your first name, ask you anything."

"You almost have to build a fortress for yourself—a sort of complete home entertainment center—with impenetrable walls. There's no way to hide," chimes Helen. "Star Routes, or whatever it's called by the tour people who point out stars' houses in Hollywood, will find you, or the garbage man squeals—somewhere there's a leak and here they come. Andy Williams found a whole tour group in his pool. They were indignant when he wouldn't peel off his clothes and jump in."

For their own fortress, the Walds have bought (for $527,000) Dore Schary's house, built for him when he was head of MGM. "It has a screening room for twenty-five," says Helen, happy in the anticipation of not having to go out for a movie where she might be mini-mobbed. "I wasn't born poor, but just say we never had a house with a tennis court," says Jeff.

Their present house is a typical Hollywood Hills home with a soda fountain and a swimming pool and Alsatians who jog hungrily around the property in a cycloned fence run, the sort of property that can't be put onto a plat because it is fifty different levels and a plat would only indicate square footage while through miraculous levels there are acres—miles and miles of almost open countryside with a sumptuous view of Hollywood and Los Angeles below.



"The new house has lots of texture. I never wanted to live in a mansion," Helen says. "This house has got all the goods, but in a cozy way."

After Jeff and Helen closed the deal on the house, they gave $250,000 to Cedars of Sinai Hospital. Now under construction, the hospital will have a Helen and Jeffrey Wald Wing upon completion in early 1976.

You sense that Jeff and Helen don't feel guilty about success. Still, it seems they want to conform to a larger right, feeling that success is pointless if it doesn't push them to go beyond themselves.

Not entirely blind to publicity aspects—Mary Worth wouldn't survive in the record business—Helen has become a feature in concerts for inmates in women's prisons. "The men have Johnny Cash and Burt Reynolds. But the women don't usually get live entertainment. I hope to set a precedent for future prison concerts for women."

When she sang to the inmates of Terminal Island Federal Prison on the fifty-third anniversary of the signing of the nineteenth Amendment, which began women's suffrage, Helen wore jeans and her "I Am Woman" T-shirt.

She wrote "I Am Woman" herself, and the song has become something of an anthem for the women's liberation stand, though not, Helen is happy to see, a battle-axe cry. "I'm a feminist, but not a card-carrying women's libber." The song, about which Helen gets bundles of mail, mainly from women it has helped through the day, through a divorce, through a marriage, a miscarriage, brings women to their feet in rallies. The unusual lyrics to the song which she wrote (the music was by Ray Burton) has one-person-inspiration as well as group dynamics. It is not an easy song to sing along with—one reason it will probably never be a "We Shall Overcome"—but there are phrases which invariably draw crowd response such as the repeated refrains, which are accented with Miss Reddy's athletic voice and fitting accompaniment by her musicians in the recording. It was a song that went largely unnoticed on an early Reddy album. Then when Capitol insisted on cutting it again, it took off with dollar signs for wings.

"When I wrote it," she says, "The chorus flowed. I had to work for the verses. It was like I took the Scrabble set and threw it on the music—easy sometimes—on a melody line, a chord progression, lyric phrase.

"If I perform less I will write more," she says of her future as a songwriter. "I don't pretend to be a Kris Kristofferson—but I think there

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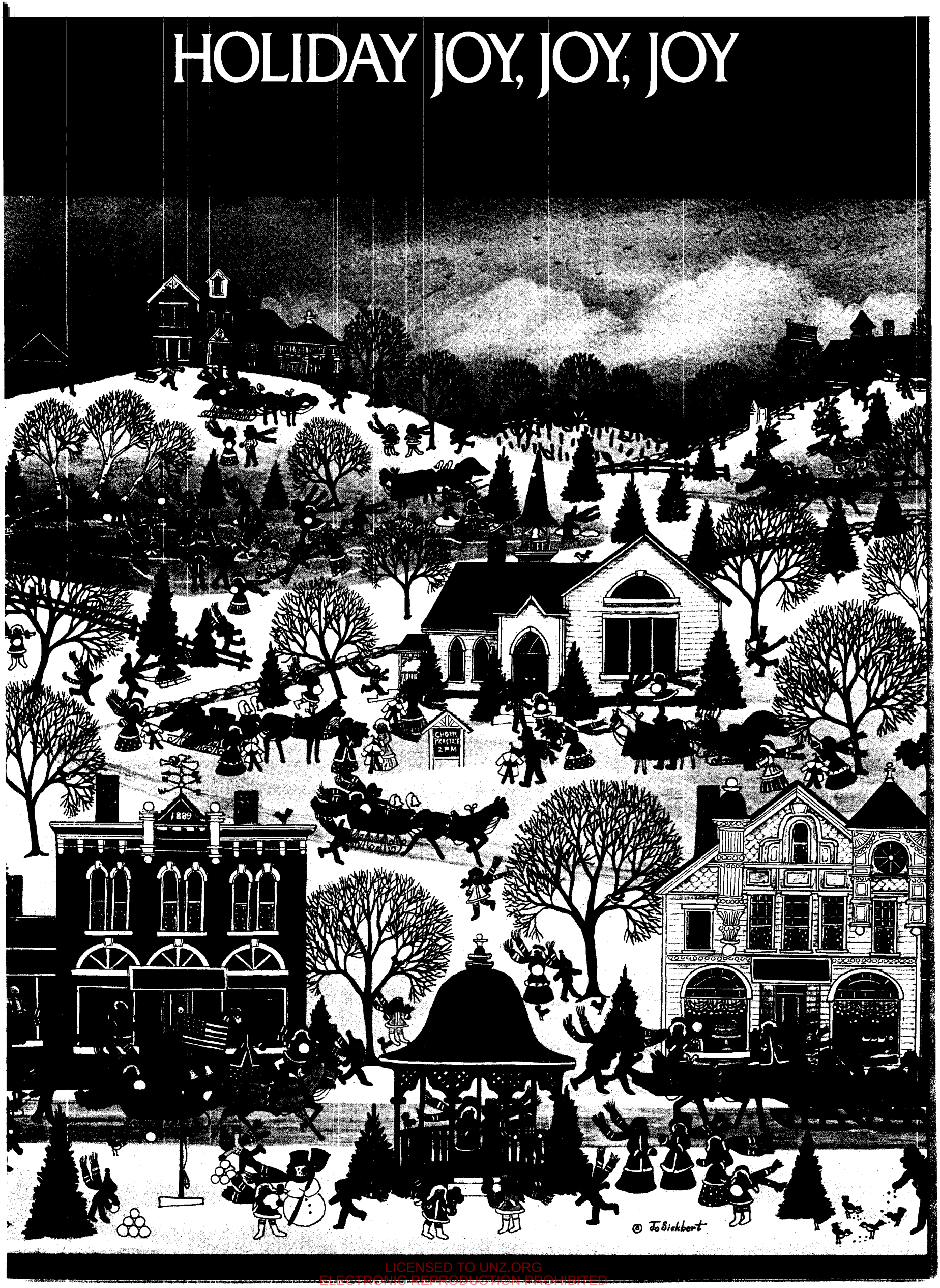
HOLIDAY JOY, JOY, JOY



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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Accuse not Nature. She has done her part. Do thou but thine!" John Milton

Last summer I read an article about the President's physician and his warnings about not drinking too much coffee. What symptoms would one notice from drinking too much coffee?

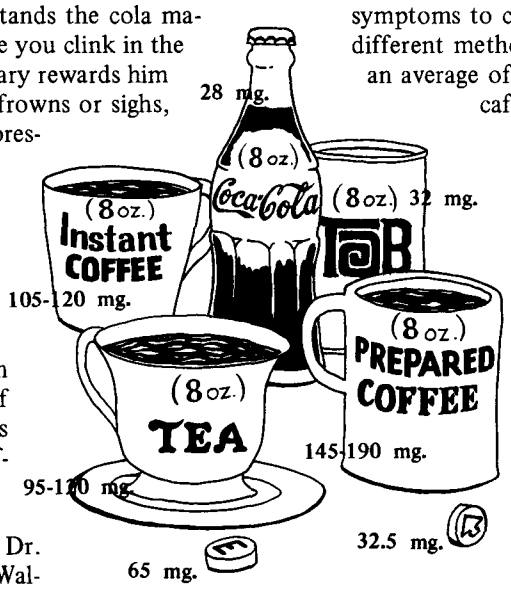
That cup of coffee may not be as soothing as you think. As a nation we have fallen into some comfortable and comforting habits such as the drinking of that nice cup of coffee, tea, or sipping a cola a number of times during our waking hours under the general impression that it's a thoroughly innocent habit which is all to the good in terms of health. The office "coffee break" is an institution which mingles the hot cup and casual gossip in a traditional rite in most business offices at least twice a day. One step up the status ladder in the typical office is the cozy coffee- or tea-making set in the corner which it becomes a ritual to operate every so often—any visitor is offered a cup. And down the hall in the canteen stands the cola machine, ready to spew out a refreshing drink any time you clink in the right change. As for the boss's office, a smiling secretary rewards him with a cup of the brew practically every time he frowns or sighs, which must amount to a lot of times during the pressures of a busy day.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch house, mom has a cup of one or the other after she's sent the kids off to school and dad to the office, which gets her in fine shape for the regular late morning kaffee-klatsches with the girls.

All pleasant, nice, "relaxing" habits.

Well . . . not quite. According to a recent article in *The Journal of The American Medical Association*, if a patient is feeling anxious, not sleeping well, and his hands are beginning to shake slightly, his regular coffee, tea, cola and "headache tablet" may be the unsuspected cause.

Putting it in blunt medical terms, according to Dr. John F. Greden, director of psychiatric research at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, high doses of caffeine can produce pharmacological actions essentially indistinguishable from anxiety neurosis. Not precisely what you'd like to be building up in yourself without being aware of it.



Caffeine Content

Yes, coffee and tea are mistakenly thought of by many as having almost magical powers in promoting clear thinking, quick energy, and decreased fatigue or drowsiness. And some of this is so. But they can also produce dose-related toxic symptoms which relate to the amount of total caffeine in the diet. A reasonable amount is OK; too much can be injurious. The exact amount is interesting: 250 mg. of caffeine a day is considered a large amount. What's happening is that many people are exceeding that without even suspecting any such situation in the slightest. For example, a person who consumes three cups of coffee, two headache tablets, and a cola drink before lunch has ingested approximately 500 mg. of caffeine. Those cups and pills and one little cola drink really don't sound like much, but they're twice what you should be taking.

The symptoms of caffeinism resemble those of an anxiety attack, according to Dr. Greden. They include nervousness, irritability, lethargy, insomnia and headache. More caffeine, and you'll be running into such cardiovascular reactions as palpitations, rapid heartbeat, and flushing, nausea, vomiting, and diarrhea. Not much fun.

One case history tells how easily this can sneak up on you. A 37-year-old career officer had a two-year history of chronic anxiety. His daily symptoms included dizziness, tremulousness, apprehension about job performance, restlessness, frequent diarrhea and persistent sleep problems. Medical examinations turned up nothing. Finally the officer mentioned to the psychiatrist at the post that he drank from 8 to 14 cups of coffee a day and often had a soothing cup of hot cocoa at bedtime. He also drank 3 or 4 soft cola drinks a day. When you think of it, that isn't much for an active man, on the surface: the service job calls by tradition for constant cups of coffee in most Army and Navy facilities.

The officer doubted very much whether this seemingly reasonable intake caused his symptoms, and he was unwilling to put it to a test at first. But when his symptoms persisted, he finally gave it a try. Four weeks later, he reported distinct improvement in all those physical discomforts he had been suffering. When he went back to caffeine for a few days—the medical term is that he "challenged" his symptoms—all the bad effects returned.

Another case cited by Dr. Greden was that of a young nurse married to an Army physician.

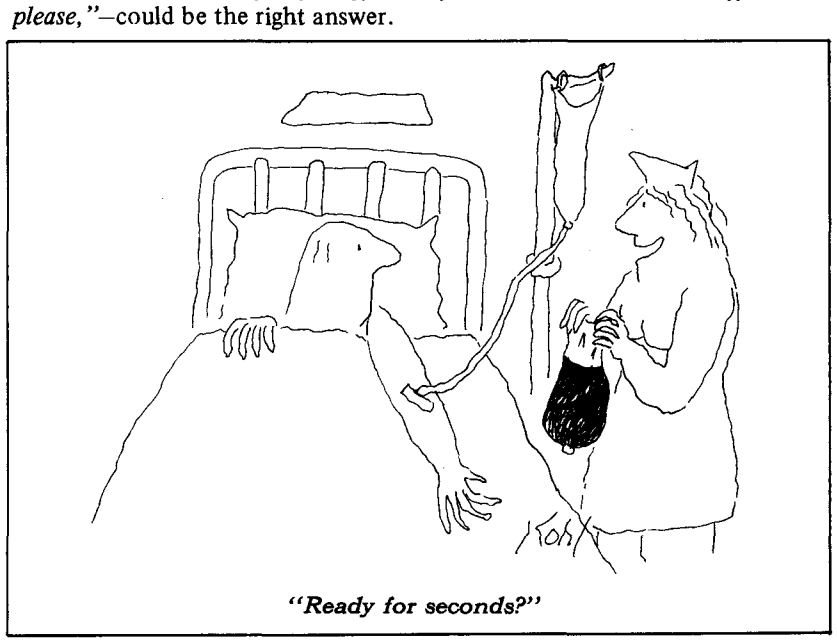
"She came in with a three-week history of light-headedness, tremulousness, breathlessness, headache, and irregular heartbeat. Physical examination showed only one abnormality, irregular heartbeats. The physician referred her to the psychiatric outpatient clinic with a diagnosis of anxiety reaction he attributed to fear that the patient's husband would be sent to Vietnam. The nurse refused to accept the diagnosis; in fact she was the first to suspect a possible dietary cause and in about 10 days managed to correlate her symptoms to coffee consumption. She had started making coffee by a different method which she found superior, and thus had been drinking an average of 10 to 12 cups a day—ingesting more than 1,000 mg. of caffeine. Her symptoms disappeared within 35 hours after she stopped drinking coffee. She was later challenged twice with caffeine after periods of abstinence, and this led to a recurrence of subjective anxiety symptoms and irregular heartbeats. The symptoms have not recurred otherwise during two years of follow-up."

Dr. Greden is aware that the general coffee, tea and cola drinking habits of the public are completely unrecorded and unknown, and therefore it is hard to formulate a clinical perspective of caffeinism which would set up consistent standards. What he feels is that his observations on caffeine intake results may simplify future treatment of anxiety patients. "Many individuals complaining of anxiety will continue to receive substantial benefit from psychopharmacological agents. For an undetermined number of others, subtracting one drug—caffeine—may be of greater benefit than adding another."

According to two Bethesda Naval Medical Center researchers, "Consumption of more than six cups of coffee a day poses a risk of acute myocardial infarctions (heart attacks), twice that of those who drink no coffee."

Small amounts of coffee can produce changes in the central nervous system and the cardiovascular system and can increase gastric secretions. They continued: "No drug with such potential side effects has been so widely used. Half of the world's coffee production is consumed in the United States, with each American using 16 pounds of coffee a year."

"Have another cup of coffee, my dear?" "Yes, but decaffeinated, please,"—could be the right answer.



"Ready for seconds?"

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Our son keeps begging for a hamster and I hate animals in the house. Do hamsters spread germs that are dangerous to children?

You're right in avoiding hamsters, as they do carry a virus which can be spread to children and adults as well.

Hamster-associated viral lymphocytic choriomeningitis (LCM) viral infection may be much more common than has been previously recognized, according to a recent report in *The New England Journal of Medicine.* Extensive studies in Germany reveal that six out of eleven hamster-breeding colonies contain virus-infected animals. Human infections followed from contact with infected hamsters in at least forty-seven German cases. In the United States, hamster-associated viral infections have also been recorded. Hamsters may excrete LCM viruses for several months and may become lifelong carriers as many mice do.

The following case, excerpted from *The New England Journal of Medicine*, describes the plight of one family with a new hamster.

A thirty-six-year-old airport cargo handler, who resided in Boston with his wife, his mother-in-law, and three children, had purchased a hamster from a local pet shop on February 16, 1974. He was well until March 11, 1974, when he had a mild grippelike syndrome with muscle pain, fever and malaise. His wife, one of the three children, and a neighbor who lived in the same house and had contact with the hamster were similarly affected at about the same time. (Only he and his daughter had been bitten by the hamster.) His illness cleared and he returned for work for two days, but the following evening he did not awaken at his usual time and his wife could not arouse him. He slept until the following morning and awoke with a generalized headache, nausea, vomiting, photophobia, muscle pain, fever, chills, and a stiff neck. He was hospitalized and remained in considerable discomfort; on March 20, he was noted to be less oriented. Symptoms of hydrocephalus (edema of the brain) persisted for three days and then gradually began to clear. He was discharged on March 30 with a diagnosis of meningitis caused by LCM virus.

His mother-in-law, who had not been bitten, but had handled the hamster, was well until March 3, 1974, when she first noted fever, chills, muscle pain and malaise. By March 9, she had become so lethargic that she could not get out of bed. Nausea and coughing developed. By March 13, she was confused and had a personality change. She was finally hospitalized the day after her son-in-law had been admitted. By then she was disoriented and her comprehension was impaired. Her mental state remained abnormal for six days, but cleared completely by March 27. She was discharged with the diagnosis of encephalitis due to the LCM virus.

The cases of LCM virus transmission from pet hamsters to humans reported above were proved by virus isolations obtained both from the affected patients and from the hamster.

Attempts by the U.S. Public Health Service are currently under way to locate hamster-breeding colonies infected by LCM virus.

Medical News

Coffee for Hyperkinetic Children

A South Carolina psychiatrist, Dr. Robert C. Schnackenberg, is successfully using caffeine to treat children with hyperkinesis (a behavior disorder characterized by short attention span, poor concentration, and poor impulse control) caused by minimal brain dysfunction. In all but one of the twenty-eight patients tested, caffeine has had the same effect as the two drugs most commonly used to treat this disorder, and without the side effects.

The discovery that caffeine was effective in the treatment of hyperkinesis was somewhat accidental. Dr. Schnackenberg noted that an unusually high number of his young hyperkinetic patients drank coffee because they said that it calmed them down. When eleven of his patients began to have side effects on the standard drug therapy, Dr. Schnackenberg prescribed two cups of coffee a day, about 200 to 300 mg. of caffeine. Their condition became as controlled as it had been when they were on drugs, but with no side effects. Since that experience, he has used coffee therapy successfully with almost all of his new patients.

He noted that there are almost no reports of hyperkinetic children in South American countries where young children drink coffee several times a day, beginning at an early age. South American children may be inadvertently treating themselves and suppressing the symptoms. It is in countries where the children are predominantly milk drinkers, i.e. the United States, Canada, and the British Isles, that the disorder is most commonly reported.

Because coffee contains oils in it that may cause diarrhea and because it is not always convenient for some children to drink two cups a day, Dr. Schnackenberg is having his patients take caffeine "straight" in a time-release capsule at breakfast. Caffeine, he points out, has a number of advantages over the traditional drug therapy, in addition to fewer side effects. There is less potential for abuse, parents do not worry about giving their children the drug, there is no problem getting the prescription refilled, and caffeine is cheaper.

Paradoxically, both coffee and Ritalin, the drug most commonly prescribed to calm a hyperkinetic child, act as stimulants for adults.

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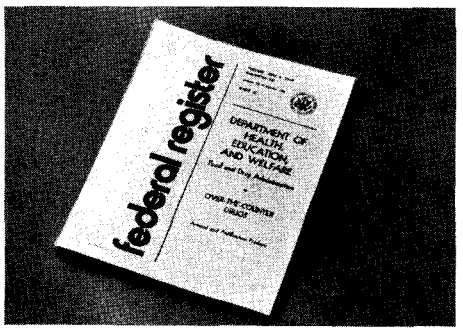

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hate relationship of scorn alternating with adoration that seems to be a feature of every beauty salon?

It is far too facile to explain the seething undercurrents in beauty salons in terms of customer neuroticism, status differences, or the upstairs-maid syndrome, although these are reasonable enough explanations in themselves. For it matters not whether the shop is decorated in early bordello or late Howard Johnson's, patronized by long leggy models or lumpy fortyish matrons; everyone gets some sort of ego boost and tension release.

Some customers enjoy shredding their psyche into bits, while others like to listen to patrons bellow at each other over the whirr of dryers the sad tales of teenage drug abuse and assorted marital problems, and still others find satisfaction in bullying the beautician.

Hairdressers find satisfaction in serving the Great, Near-Great, Rich and Near-Rich, or waging a personal vendetta against anyone who attacks the beautician's integrity in any way.

But rich or poor, teeny-bopper or pensioner, neurotic or near-normal—all the hairdressers and all the customers are caught in the beauty trap. Not one beautician in the sample ever questioned the morality or value of "looking nice" because hairdressers earn their salaries by selling dreams and assuring every Plain Jane that she will be transformed into Raquel Welch. Hairdresser and client know that "looking nice" is a prime virtue in American society, for beauty is the lure in which woman trap their men, keep their men, entice their men, and attain financial security. Beautician and patron firmly believe that a new hairstyle will calm inner tensions, help a flagging marriage, and boost morale.

Both are victims lured by Narcissus's siren call. Hairdresser and customer are linked together in an unholy alliance of cutting, slashing, burning, waving, and bleaching. The customer who wheedles and coaxes for an appointment turns mean when her same tired face stares at her from the mirror after several hours of the stylist's care. Frantically attending their petulant charges, stylists suffer nasty customers, sore feet, varicose veins, cracked and bleeding hands, and frayed tempers. This is the beauty trap. This is why beautician and client are forever locked in mortal combat.

The surprise is not that the hairdresser is unable to perform her fairy godmother tricks but that beautician and customer unequivocally believe that it can be done. The sorrow is that so many are in need of such magic. ☒

Every woman tries to take a few years off her age and add it on to that of another woman. (Anon.)

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fell. Once close to the meeting place, he paused uncertainly, half tempted to retreat. In the midst of the canine bull session, a stentorian voice blared.

"I smell a fox, boys," it said. "Let's go!"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" Loopy heard Rebel yell. "That's prob'ly the guy I invited around! Loopy!"

"Y'mean the fox that don't like to run?" another voice queried. "This guy I want to see."

"That you, Loopy?" Rebel called.

"Yeah," the fox replied. "I just happened by and ––"

Rebel came out of the shadows, grinning amiably. "C'mon down and meet the gang," he said. "I been tellin' them about you."

"Are they–I mean––"

"All grand guys," Rebel said.

So Loopy met the gang. He may have been uneasy for a while, but it didn't take long to find out he was among friends. All the hounds were impressed with a fox that thought running was a waste of effort.

"Y'know," said one old Elkridge veteran, "the kid might have something there. When you come right down to it, running is a lot of work. Most times we'd all rather be home, curled up with a good bone."

"But we're hounds," a younger dog said. "For centuries we've been bred to run."

"Ain't Loopy's kin been bred to run for longer than ours?" Rebel pointed out. "If he can say phooey to running, why can't we?"

There was an uproar of argument as Loopy finished off a plate of Grostrong that happened to be nearby.

"Let's put it to a vote," somebody barked. "Let's be legal."

"Legal-schmeagal," Rebel scoffed. "What do you think we are–elks? Them that want to run, run. Them that don't, don't. As for me, no more runnin'."

Rebel's motion carried. The pack joined in a brief song that was broken up by Hot-Barrel Bill yelling from his bedroom window that if them damn dogs didn't shut up they'd wish that they had.

The Live Oaks Forest Hunt Club came close to breaking up after that night, too. Practically every hound in the pack went Loopy-minded. The Live Oaks M.F.H. worried his family and friends by taking heavily to drink when his pack, in full view of a fox, sat down, one by one, and yawned into the empurpled visages of the whippers-in. No longer could the foxes of Live Oaks try to attain the supreme achievement of Crossing the Red-Faced Man. There was no red-faced man afield; he sat at the clubhouse bar, more red-faced than ever, spraining his knuckles on the solid oak as he blamed everything on Washington, be-bop and the younger generation, sir!

Continued on page 103

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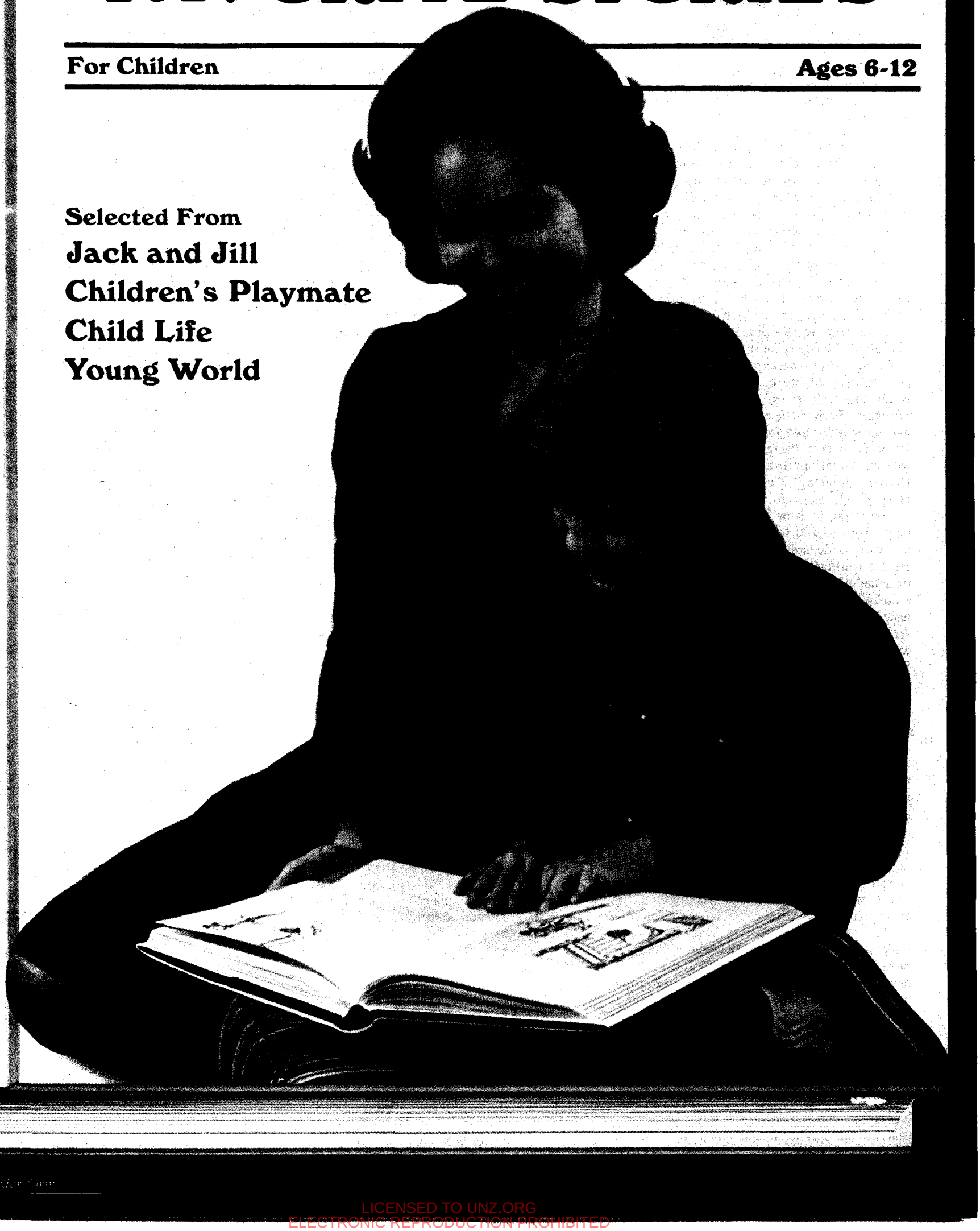

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HAVE A DREAM ON US

There's a dream world out there for travelers. Here's how to make it come true.

By David and Evelyn Echols

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

It's surprising how many people today are content only to hear about how their friends are voyaging all over the world, visiting places they had been dreaming about all their lives, and not even realize that these are fantasies no longer—they are well within reach of most of us. Wouldn't you like to find that Shangri-La where the sun shines bright, cool breezes blow, friendly people make life easy for you, and whisk you from one corner of the world to the other? Maybe it isn't all that perfect, but for 1975 there are beautiful ways to seek peace and adventure without selling the family heirlooms.

Cruises offer perhaps the most luxurious peaceful way of life in the world today, so we would like to start off 1975 aboard the *Queen Elizabeth II* when she embarks on her eighty-day maiden world cruise from New York on January 10 or from Port Everglades on January 12. She will visit twenty ports including Rio, Cape Town, Durban, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, Bali, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Los Angeles and Acapulco, returning to New York on March 31. Rates range from $5,400 to $97,035 if you require the luxury of a deluxe suite. What a lovely way to see the world—no packing or unpacking, no hectic schedules to meet. If this seems too ambitious a dream we would perhaps choose to sail on January 5 on the SS *Renaissance* for a Musical Festival At Sea where one can relax and listen to the world-renowned musicians. Among them are Isaac Stern, Gina Bachauer, Byron Janis, the English Chamber Orchestra under Alexander Schneider, Jean-Pierre Rompal, singer Jessye Norman, dancers Jean-Pierre Bonnefous and Patricia Mocribe. They will perform on board ship and ashore in lovely Caribbean settings.

Still other sea voyages that intrigue us are the Sitmar Lines cruises between Los Angeles and Mexico. Frequent sailings are offered during the winter months and the lengths of the cruises range from six to fourteen days. Ports of call vary according to the number of days. The fourteen-day cruise visits Acapulco, Puerto Vallarta, Mazatlan, Zihuatanejo, Manzanillo, Cabo San Lucas and Guadalupe Island. An optional jet excursion to Mexico City is available. The 25,000-ton T.S.S. *Fairsea* is larger than most cruise ships; hence, cabins and public rooms are more spacious. Rates begin at $300 for the six-day cruise or $700 for the fourteen-day cruise. An Air/Sea program makes it more economical for those of us who live any distance from Los Angeles.

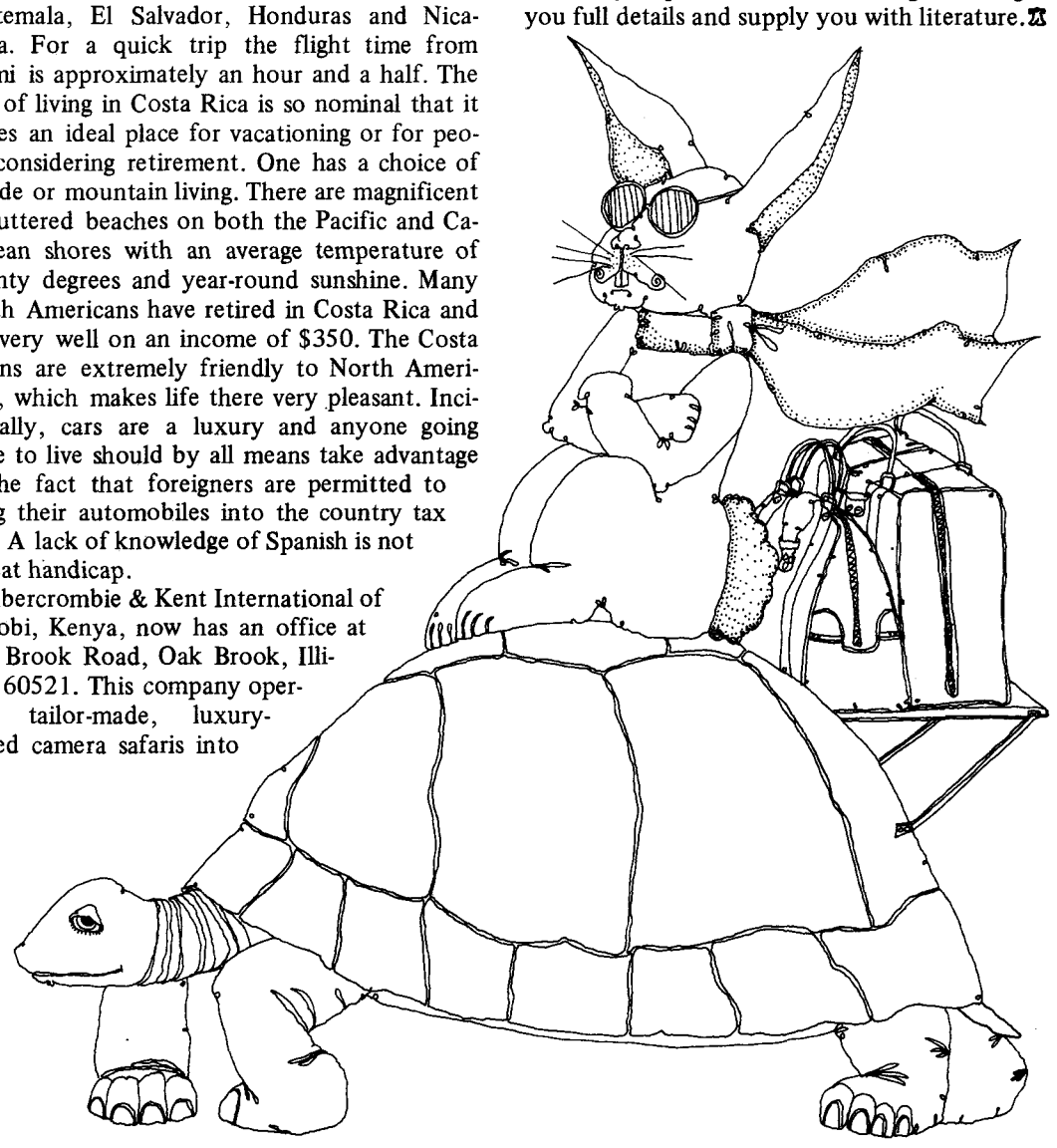
For the winter months we have discovered an ideal spot for tennis buffs. The Wickenburg Inn at Wickenburg, Arizona, where eleven acrylic courts are nestled in a low, wind-protected valley. Other facilities include an instruction center that has an acrylic hitting wall (with a special rebound angle), rebound nets, and stroke developers. Wickenburg Inn is located on 4,700 acres where one can ride trails through rolling hills. Nature lovers will enjoy the 2,200 acres of the surrounding wild life preserve. Accommodations include Spanish ranch-style casitas or the Ranch Lodge. The casitas are of Mexican adobe brick with massive wooden beams and individual fireplaces. There is also an arts and crafts center, and for those who are not inclined to ride horseback, electric ranch carts are available to tour the property. Rates range from $36 double occupancy, including meals, during the winter months.

Costa Rica is another vacation or retirement area that interests us. If time permitted we would consider driving. The trip would take approximately seven to ten days from the Texas border to San Jose, the capital city. Traveling the Inter-American highway can be interesting for the adventurous if one allows adequate time and is in good health. The route takes in parts of Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua. For a quick trip the flight time from Miami is approximately an hour and a half. The cost of living in Costa Rica is so nominal that it makes an ideal place for vacationing or for people considering retirement. One has a choice of seaside or mountain living. There are magnificent uncluttered beaches on both the Pacific and Caribbean shores with an average temperature of seventy degrees and year-round sunshine. Many North Americans have retired in Costa Rica and live very well on an income of $350. The Costa Ricans are extremely friendly to North Americans, which makes life there very pleasant. Incidentally, cars are a luxury and anyone going there to live should by all means take advantage of the fact that foreigners are permitted to bring their automobiles into the country tax free. A lack of knowledge of Spanish is not a great handicap.

Abercrombie & Kent International of Nairobi, Kenya, now has an office at Oak Brook Road, Oak Brook, Illinois 60521. This company operates tailor-made, luxury-tented camera safaris into the more remote regions as well as the more conventional parks in East Africa. No effort has been spared to make these camps as comfortable as possible. All tents are equipped with electric lights, fully sprung beds, and, I am happy to report, are mosquito- and insectproof. There is even a one-day laundry service at no charge. If one feels inclined to explore the parks by camel, horse or canoe, arrangements can be made through Abercrombie & Kent International. This would be an ideal trip for late winter or early spring.

Hawaii is always on our "wish we were there" list. We would particularly like to visit some of our favorite outer islands such as Kauai and Maui for complete beauty and relaxation and then return to Honolulu to enjoy the night life.

Continental Airlines in conjunction with Continental Express has several excellent programs that cover Honolulu and the outer islands. Prices start at $376, including round trip fare for a seven-day trip. Your local travel agent can give you full details and supply you with literature.



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IT'S HEAVEN IN THE CAYMANS

These beautiful Caribbean islands have it all, even a spot which will postmark your letter "Hell" just for the heaven of it.

Hell, it turns out, is not such a bad place after all. In fact, it is positively agreeable; Hell, Grand Cayman Island, British West Indies, that is. The same is true for all the Caymans (Grand Cayman, Cayman Brac, and Little Cayman); all are rare and beautiful islands, and truly unspoiled.

Hell, an obscure, but much publicized community on the northwestern tip of Grand Cayman, is a tourist come-on of the first order: The Club Inferno, and its sign—"Enter with Caution, it's Hell inside," done up in *hellish* fire-an'-brimstone colors, and the hamlet's one gas station advising—"There's no credit in Hell." But all tourist come-ons—appropriately enough—end with Hell. The Caymans and their peoples are innocent and natural in an almost primitive way. If there is a *Great Caymanian Dream* it is unabashed and joyous naivete. And in the Caribbean, this quality is all but lost.

Rudy Selzer, a big red-faced Austrian and president of the Cayman Islands Hotel Association, met my wife and me just beyond the customs racks at the airport. We shook hands warmly, and he immediately began eyeing my Scotch plaid wool tie.

"Pressures of the city," I mugged, loosening it at the collar.

"You won't find any pressures here," he laughed. "Here, give me that bloody thing," he bellowed. "Makes me nervous."

Laughing, I shed the tie and gave it to him, and rolled my sleeves to the elbows; but, fashionwise, I was still some distance from his *Caymanian costume* of walking shorts, sandals, and a beach shirt worn out over the waist and left undone two buttons at the neck. But suddenly my attention shifted from Rudy as he began talking with my wife. At a short wire fence past the narrow loading zone beyond the customs shed stood a figure that temporarily knocked me off balance. He was burned red-brown by the sun, a thick, muscular man in his fifties, with a fierce goatee and a week's whisker growth on his wide face, dressed only in a grubby-looking boxer-style bathing suit, sandals, and a battered Greek fisherman's cap. My senses were screaming at me that this was Mitch Miller! But my mind was saying calmly: "How can this be Mitch Miller, standing half naked at an obscure Caribbean airport, waiting expectantly—waving to someone inside the customs shed—just like he was someone ordinary?"

"Look at that guy over there," I said to Rudy, abruptly turning back to face him. "He's a dead ringer for Mitch Miller.

"I've got to go over and say something to him," I announced. "I'll bet he hears it all the time, but I've got to throw in my two cents." Rudy still said nothing as I bolted off in the direction of the Mitch Miller look-alike who noticed me just as I got to the fence, and stared pleasantly as I approached.

"You know, I'm sure you get sick of this," I began, grinning sheepishly and half laughing, "but you could make a career passing for Mitch Miller."

"That's very reassuring," he answered warmly, "because *I am* Mitch Miller."

By this time Rudy and Ann had caught up to me at the fence and Rudy was howling with laughter.

"It was too good to pass up, Mitch," Rudy said, as he began introducing us.

"Quite all right," Mitch smiled. "Since I've looked like Mitch Miller for years now, I'm glad to know the resemblance hasn't faded."

What a beautiful way to begin a visit. Seeing Mitch Miller standing there *gone native* set the tone of the next week for me Once we were installed in our hotel, I changed into a dingy pair of khaki walking shorts, a pair of rope-soled slip-ons, and a navy blue yachtsman's baseball cap, complete with an admiral's *scrambled eggs* and yacht club insignia (given to me by a real yachtsman), and with my own piratelike full beard and tan *I* became a pseudo Mitch Miller look-alike. Later Rudy told me Mitch had owned a beachfront home on the island for years. He is a fixture for several months of the year—when he's not on the concert tour—zooming around Grand Cayman in his little orange convertible, puffing a big Cuban cigar.

"But nobody bothers him," Rudy said. "Here he's just another fellow." That attitude also attracts singer Eddie Fisher to the island, as well as a host of other public people seeking privacy.

It is the people who ultimately pull off the *idea* of the Caymans; the people and their consummate openness and accessibility. They may be the most socially content people touched by worldwide society. The racial mix is 20 percent white, 20 percent black, and 60 percent "in-between." There is no, *repeat,* no racial tension on the island. There is no class stigma or status in being white, black or in-between. Color and, to a large degree, money mean nothing on the islands. The people are deeply religious, scrupulously honest, and hard-working in an almost Puritan

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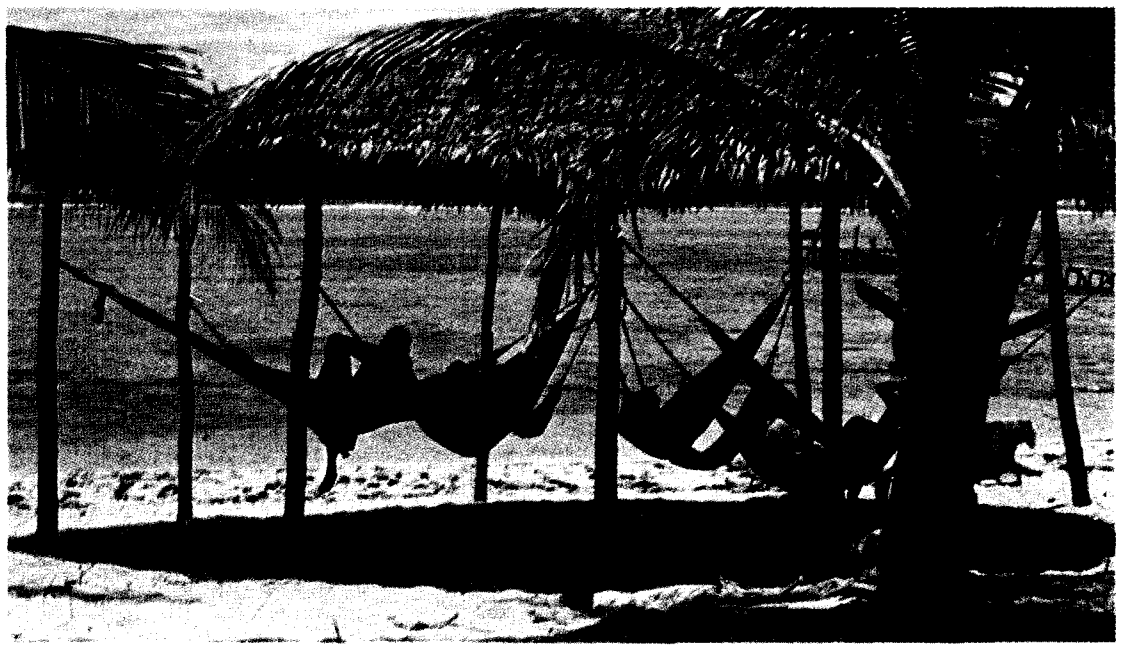

By James McLendon

Some of the vegetation on the Caymans is so lush and primitive that it seems almost prehistoric (far left). Lobster is served whole on a banana leaf (left) at the Lighthouse Club. Shell shock: one of the 150,000 inhabitants (bottom left) to be viewed at the Mariculture Green Sea Turtle Farm. Guests settle into a drowsy elegance at the Tortuga Club (below).

manner; greed, envy, and deceit simply don't have any footholds on a Caymanian's mind; openness, candor, good cheer accrue naturally.

The three islands have a total population of 13,000 (Cayman Brac has 1,700 residents, and Little Cayman, a bare 20)—that's about 27 people a year since the islands were first sighted by Columbus in the spring of 1503.

You can reach Cayman Brac, the most scenic of the three islands, after a daily thirty-minute Cayman Airways DC-3 flight from Grand Cayman. The Brac, as it's known locally, is the scenically superior of the islands because of its *brac* (Gaelic for "bluff") that runs the length of the twelve-mile-long by one-mile-wide island. The bluff reaches a height of 140 feet on the northeastern tip of the island, but the majority of the 1,700 residents are centered on the southwestern tip between West End and Deadman's Point. The other populated settlements are between Tibbett's Turn and Spot Bay near the bluff's high point; the southern side of the island is almost uninhabited.

The Buccaneer's Inn and Skipper's Lodge are the island's only two tourist accommodations. The Buccaneer has fourteen rooms, and Skipper's has five. That means reservations are more than in order, but once registered in one of the island's nineteen rooms (Buccaneer, with meals: $49 to $60 per day in the winter season and $32 to $43 in the summer; Skipper's, with meals: $30 to $32, year round), you can expect excellent home-cooked dishes of turtle, native fish, goat, and lobster.

Fishing off the Brac is excellent and relatively inexpensive ($150 per day for a fully equipped thirty-five-foot deep-sea cruiser; $45 per day for a guide and a seventeen-foot outboard bonefish boat). There are also scuba, snorkeling, and water-ski facilities, with expert guide services.

Little Cayman, a barely sea-level nine-by-one-mile sliver of land, is five miles west of the Brac, and if the other Caymans are back in time, Little Cayman is wonderfully prehistoric—and not to be missed.

You fly to the air field on the southwestern underbelly of the island at Blossom Village in fifteen minutes from Cayman Brac or in a half hour from Grand Cayman, but there is nowhere to spend the night (you might finagle a room at the private Southern Cross Fishing Club) and only a few *home kitchen* restaurants that amount to no more than an extension of the owner's dining room. But Cayman Airways has flights arranged so that visitors go over for the day and return to their hotels on Cayman Brac or Grand Cayman in the evenings. The Lesser Caymans, as Brac and Little Cayman are known, are world famous for their fishing waters, prolific with marlin, shark, wahoo, grouper, and bonefish. Like most visitors, my wife and I roamed the two lesser islands for several days and then flew back to Grand Cayman for the bulk of our stay.

After the total isolation of the Lesser Caymans, Georgetown (pop. 8,000) seemed like a teeming metropolis. Ann and I checked back in our room at the Royal Palms of Cayman Hotel. For years the Royal Palms ruled as the largest hotel on the island (the government tourist brochure says, "We consider twenty rooms *big*!"), until Holiday Inn recently erected a 180-room giant a little farther up famous Seven Mile Beach, a pearl-white strip that runs from Georgetown to West Bay. Today it's still the sentimental favorite on the island; the owner-manager Reg Holland has created an atmosphere that vacillates between island elegance and a riotous three-ring circus.

The hotel's main dining room, where all 200 seats have a view of the Caribbean, features gourmet French cuisine and native dishes, and the Rum Runner Pub boasts good English ale and 150 old-time movies with the likes of W.C. Fields, Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Randolph Scott, the Marx Brothers, and Humphrey Bogart. And if that is not diversion and variety enough, on Friday and Saturday nights Reg plays host to 400-plus crowds for all-night dancing on the hotel's massive palm-shaded courtyard. The Royal Palms is not simply a hotel; like the Caymans themselves, it is an experience.

But to fully appreciate Grand Cayman's *experience*, you need to do two things: first, take an all-day taxi tour of the island ($41.25), and second (having gotten a mini-history, compliments of your driver, and an introduction to many of his friends, whose homes and businesses he will include on the tour), rent a car and then tour the island again as an *instant local*. And you'll be just that, too: you'll be well remembered and you'll be a new friend as well as a customer.

Ann and I took our grand tour of the island with taxi driver Charles Bothwell, a tough, friendly-looking, compact man, with short, muscular forearms, and a cockney voice full of long o's and rolling guttural consonants, *and* a penchant for shifting his black taxi driver's cap up

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and down on his broad forehead for emphasis on the finer points of his stories. For nine hours Charlie guided us back and forth over almost every inch of the twenty-two-by-four-mile island in his air-conditioned American-made station wagon.

Of course, the first order of business for me was to inspect the object of my whimsy—The Club Inferno in Hell. Charlie failed to see all the glee I placed on the idea, but to fully accommodate me he gave us a first-class tour of Hell, going first to the post office. That's right, there's a post office in Hell, and ancient little Mrs. Janette Parsons, the barefoot postmistress, will postmark your mail "Hell Postal Agency, Grand Cayman Island" on postcards she sells depicting her ramshackled wood-frame rectangle of a post office that is also her home. And when you go there, kindly refrain from puns, as the poor woman has heard every corny reference to Hades ever dreamed up by man!

To get my mind *back to Earth,* Charlie took us a few miles down the road to the Mariculture Green Sea Turtle Farm, and I think that of all I saw in the Caymans, Mariculture was the most fascinating sight. Just beyond a gaggy road sign that read "Slow Turtle Crossing," the world's first green turtle farm sprawled for ten acres, and in its 164 tanks, some as large as 90,000 gallons, the unbelievable total of 150,000 turtles were growing to a maturity of four and a half years before being butchered for meat and other by-products.

Everything about the operation, owned by a private company, Mariculture, Ltd., is awesome: 2.5 million gallons of sea water are passed through the spotless tanks daily, and the turtles are fed and cared for at a cost of $5,000 per day!

The egg-laying turtles have been called "the most valuable reptiles in the world," and their delicious meat, a mainstay in Caymanian diet, has more protein, less fat, and fewer calories—by far—than sirloin steak or chicken. After spending time touring the grounds, you can stop by the gift shop and take home turtle leather handbags, shoes, and jewelry of singular beauty.

From Mariculture, we got back out on the highway and drove south through the village of West Bay again, and down past the resort hotels fronting Seven Mile Beach: the Galleon Beach Hotel, Grand Cayman Holiday Inn, Pan Cayman House, Caribbean Club, Beach Colony Club, West Indian Club, Coral Caymanian, Royal Palms, and the Pageant Beach. The nine hotels, each distinct in architecture and color, comprise most of the tourist accommodations on the island, but Rudy Selzer and Eric Bergstrom are quick to point out that the strip is no Miami Beach; and I might add that Georgetown is no Miami.

The words "sleepy little seaport town" are as agreeably pronounced over Georgetown as the crisp seventy-five-degree winter air that engulfed us during our stay. *Downtown* is three hardly paved streets running east and west, connecting to five more at the eastern edge of the town limits, with four segments of streets crisscrossing these from north to south. It is a delightful little low-level port town (on the order of Old Key West, Florida) of regal, if a little battered, woodframe houses, all of which show the gingerbread handiwork of ships' carpenters. If it were not for the ultramodern government buildings (the Legislative Assembly Building and the Court House) and the bevy of banks, the town, named in honor of King George V, would be a museum piece preserved as a colonial memento of George's reign.

The gleaming concrete, steel, and glass bank buildings look singularly out of place in the midst of downtown Georgetown, but in the twenty-one years since they began arriving, they, more than anything, have changed the face and the financial stability of the islands. Little Georgetown accommodates no fewer than an astonishing 162 international banks (from Barclays to the Bank of Tokyo), with more being built or chartered every few months. The "Greenbacks," as the bankers of Cayman are known (an obvious reference to the Yankee dollar, *and* Cayman's own green turtles), rank just behind the "Gnomes" of Zurich, Switzerland in number, but the Cayman Trust Accounts are every bit as lucrative and cloistered as those in the fabled Swiss strongboxes. The trust accounts have become such a household reality among the American rich that they were recently written up in a Steve Canyon comic strip!

Out of Georgetown we rode along South Church Street through the residential district between Jackson Point and Southwest Point, where the island makes a big thumb out into the Caribbean. There are a number of fine little guest houses: Windsor House, the Sea View, Sunset House, and Casa Bertmar, mixed in with the private houses, and the Grand Old House, the most elegant restaurant on the island, is also there; however, the private homes are the real show. They range from inconspicuous little wooden houses to concrete mansions, all surrounded by a lush growth of Australian pines, shrubs, sea grape trees, and colorful flowers, and make up simply the most pleasant residential street I've ever seen. Houses, when you can rent them, average about $300 to $400 per month; they're worth it.

Past Southwest Point the land opened up as we drove along the Coast Road through the little settlements of Prospect, Spots, Savannah, Lower Valley, Pedro (with its famous castle built in 1631 by slaves, and today restored as a restaurant), on across Kitty Clover Land to

Continued on page 108

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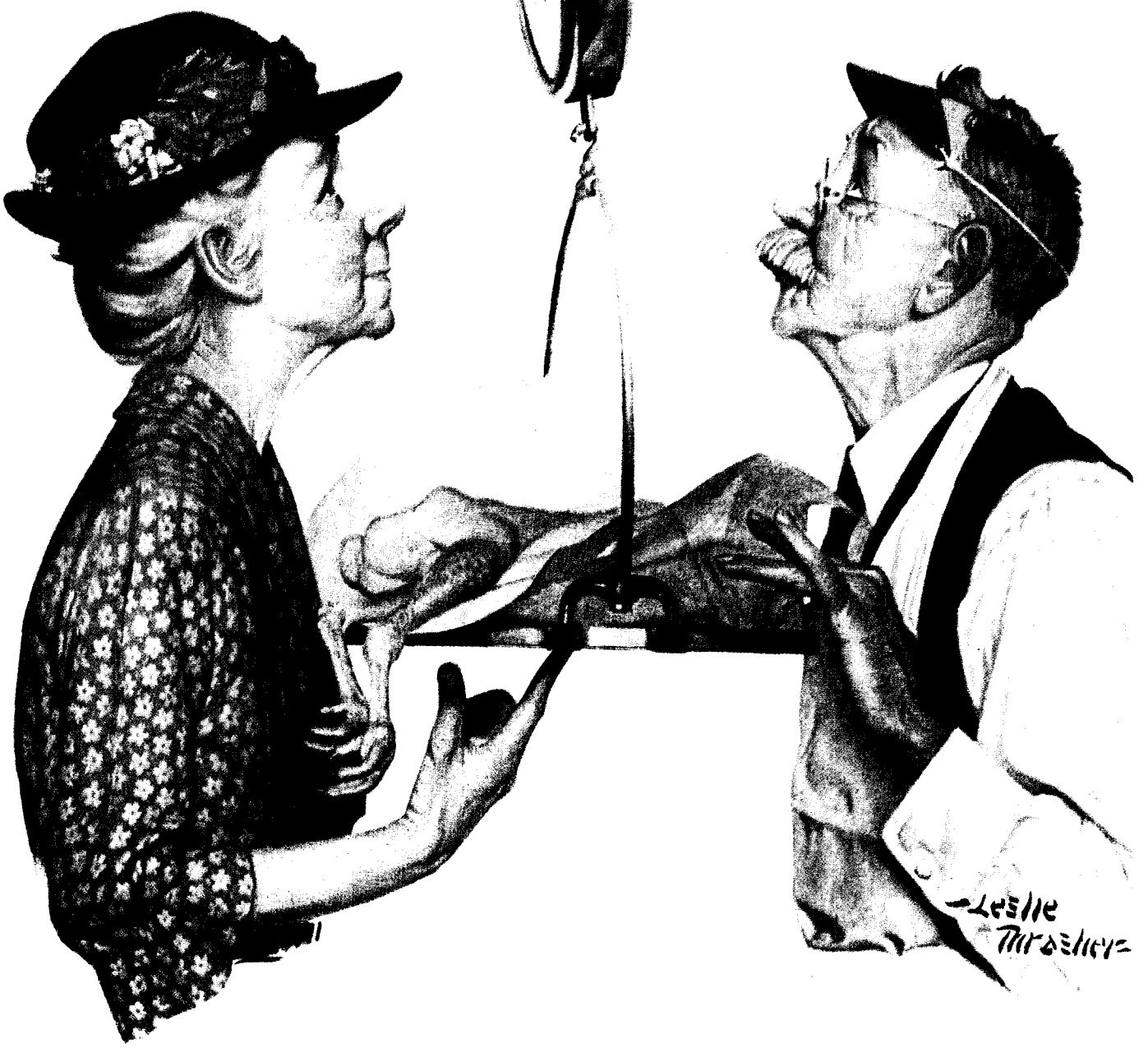

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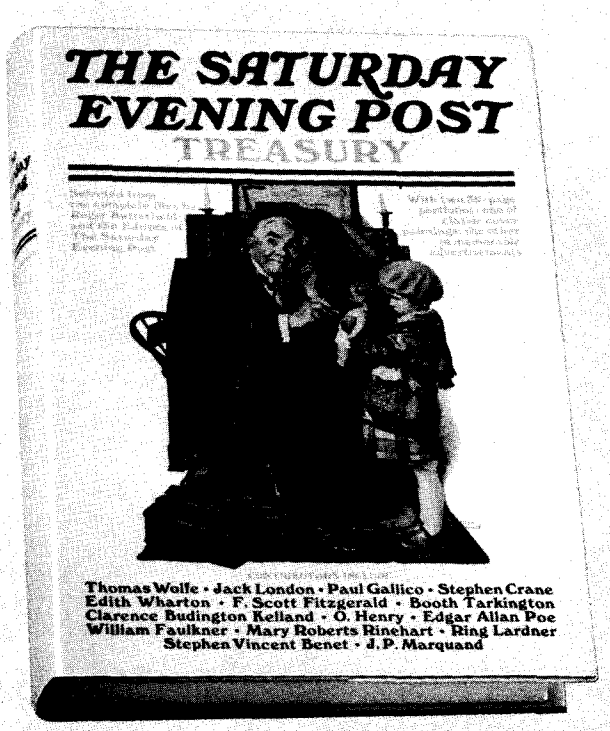
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Tommy Bell

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church every Sunday.

Two years ago we had an Oakland-Cincinnati game. We went into this beautiful cathedral in Cincinnati on Sunday morning. I looked up and there was John Madden, the Oakland coach, across the aisle. So he kind of winked and nodded hello.

In the game that afternoon with about five seconds to go in the first half, Daryle Lamonica hit Fred Biletnikoff on a down-and-out pass to the thirty-five-yard line. That was perfect position for George Blanda to kick a field goal.

As Biletnikoff went out of bounds, I looked up at the clock and saw that time had run out. Well, Madden came charging out onto the field and said there ought to be one second left, that the timekeeper was from Cincinnati and that I ought to give Oakland one more second.

I said, "Now, Coach Madden, you and I both knelt before the Lord in church this morning. You don't think I'm going to lie about the time running out, do you?"

John said, "Damn you, Tommy," and stalked off.

We've been going to a Catholic church for eight years now, and I've learned something. In my church at home, we always have problems with our budget. But we never pass the collection plate more than once. Every Catholic church I've been in passes it at least twice. Out in San Francisco a few years ago at St. Ignatius church, they passed it three times.

So this cute little ol' lady, about eighty years old, tugged on my sleeve and said, "They going to search us next time."

So you want to be a referee. I'm often asked, "How do you become a professional football official?" The procedure is, quite simply, much the same as that for becoming a pro player. If a high school player is good enough, he goes on to play in college. If he proves his worth in college, the pros will scout him and pick him in their player draft.

It's the same for referees. Most of the officials hired by the NFL come from the bigger conferences, such as the Southeastern and Big Eight. The NFL observes officials at that level for a couple of years before it recruits them. That's exactly the way it went for me.

I'd been your everyday, garden variety law student at the University of Kentucky until Bear Bryant took hold of me. He was coaching at Kentucky then, in the late 40's and early 50's, and I was moonlighting to make a little extra money. I was working high school basketball games, mainly. Anyway, Bear asked me to come out and do some of his scrimmages.

My second year in law school, he asked me if I wanted to get into the Southeastern Conference. I really thought he was kidding, because I'd worked only a couple of years of high school ball. Well, the next year I was in the SEC. From there on, it was the result of a lot of luck, being in the right place at the right time. I ended up working some bowl games.

Even so, I had no intention of carrying it on. Then I was asked to come into the National Football League—and I turned it down. Ike Wilson was in charge of officials at that time. He called and I told him I really wasn't interested. He offered a little more money, but I told him that wasn't the point, that I felt I was doing well in college and I'd be starting all over in the pros.

That's when Dan Tehan called me. He worked in the NFL once, and I'd worked college football and basketball with him. He said, "I'm just going to say one thing to you, Tommy Bell. Refereeing in the Southeastern Conference is like practicing law in a magistrate's court—and refereeing in the NFL is like practicing before the Supreme Court. And if you don't have enough sense to know the difference between that, you ought not to be in the league anyhow." And he just hung up on me.

I got to thinking about it. And I took the job. I've never regretted it. You think back over what the eleven years have been like, the people and places, and it's all fantastic—people like Vince Lombardi and Paul Brown and Coach Halas—even the guy who plays that solo trumpet at Dallas for the national anthem. That sends cold chills from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet.

I especially remember the officials I've worked with. Tom Kelleher and Fritz Graf—if it hadn't been for them, I'm sure I'd have set the league back ten years. An old pro, Joe Connell, started out with me and really taught me a tremendous amount.

What does an official do? We're informed about a week to ten days ahead of time as to what game we'll be working. We fly in on Saturday. (By the way, we fly in sober, because the NFL has a no-drinking rule for its officials; the rule is in force from the time an official boards the plane until he returns home Sunday night.)

That Saturday night, we look at films of our game of the previous week. We grade those films. We get the play-by-play report and the home team provides us a stop-and-go projector. It takes us about three and a half to four hours to grade the films.

Along with the play-by-play, the New York office sends us questions written in the margin like, "Why were you out of position here?" or

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To Loopy, it was an idyllic period, for a time. Momma and the old man could not heckle him about not running before the hounds—the hounds, like Loopy, were not running. Momma came back from the course one day, her mask creased in a perplexed frown. Loopy heard her whispering to the old man and heard his father's snort of disbelief. The old man left the den immediately, but he was back soon, wearing a scowl that matched Momma's.

"If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it," he murmured. "There I was, a quarter mile ahead of the pack in the open and those hounds just looked at me and sat down."

"I don't like it," Momma said. "I—I feel sick."

And now Loopy sat on the edge of the Live Oaks Forest golf course and studied the moonlit landscape bleakly. Momma was sick, wasting away to a ghost of the beautiful, prideful vixen she once had been.

The old man, too, was a pitiful figure. Where once he had been a cantankerous, blustering braggart, he now was a listless, hang-fox figure that moped around the den.

The two field mice still danced in front of Loopy as he shook his head slowly. Things hadn't turned out the way he had expected them to, and it was all his fault. Momma and the old man were grieving, getting old before their time, because he, Loopy, had made a deal with the hounds.

"Loopy," he said aloud. The field mice vanished. "Loopy, you've got to do it!"

His role was well rehearsed when he trotted up to Rebel's doghouse.

"Hi, kid," the hound said sleepily. "Don't tell me you're back for some more vitamins."

"Phooey on your vitamins!" Loopy yapped. "Phooey on you!!"

"Huh—wha-what did you say?"

"I said phooey on your cheap charity food and on you, loudmouth!" Loopy hollered. "You want me to spell it out for you, poodle-ears?"

Rebel raised himself from his bed in a rush. He barged out of his house and stalked stiff-legged up to Loopy, his ruff bristling.

"Listen, boy," he growled, "I don't know what's the ideer. But I been a pretty good friend of yours and all of a sudden you start makin' with the phooey-on-you stuff. What's the pitch, pal?"

Loopy laughed long and loudly. "I got so darned sick of you and your dumb friends that I had to come around and tell you," he chortled. "I had to let you know how I made suckers out of all of you."

"Suckers?" Rebel asked stiffly.

"Of course—the I-do-not-choose-to-run stuff," Loopy giggled. "I conned you dumb hounds into thinking it was better to sit on your haunches than to chase up people. So what happens? So there's not a hound in Live Oaks that can catch a broken-legged gray fox that's lost his

Continued on page 117

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"Looking at the film, is your judgment on this call still the same?"

These film sessions are dandies sometimes. We've really had some where we've almost gotten into fights. I've had to separate two or three guys, because they'd get to arguing about something like, "Why weren't you there? I was working my guts out, why were you over there sucking your thumb?"

That's one good thing about working as a crew, instead of individually, the way it's done in college. If I wasn't going to work with you next week, I wouldn't worry about the film. You know, no use getting into an argument about it, no use making anybody mad. But if I'm going to work with you again, and how I do my job depends on how you do yours, it's a different ball game.

We get up Sunday mornings at seven and usually go to church at eight. We all go as a group. We feel it helps us do a better job on the field, and helps us feel better toward each other. Some churches we've attended a couple of times, and the people recognize us. Up at Green Bay, a guy walks around the church with a microphone attached to his coat.

He stopped in front of us once and said, "Now, Lord, help these men make the right decisions for Green Bay today."

After church, the crew has breakfast. Then, religiously, we spend an hour on rules and an hour on mechanics before we go to the stadium. We have to be there an hour and a half before kickoff.

The first half hour is spent with the press, radio and television people. The next half hour, we close out the world. There are just the six of us—Kelleher, Graf, Wells, Dodez, Look and me. We go over the rules again.

Now, people say, my God, if you don't know the rules by now, the NFL is in bad shape. It's not just knowing the rules. The rules have to be automatic in your mind. I go around the room, giving situations and expecting the answers to be spit out in a hurry. Now if a member of our crew can't spit it out, I want to know why. You can't stand out there on that field and think about the rule. It has to be a part of you, like your name and address.

Then we go onto the field. Each of us has a specific duty. I flip the coin and talk to my public-address man. The umpire checks all the players' taping, the casts. The head linesman checks with his chain crew. The line judge checks the timer. The field judge and back judge get the captains and check the field markings. That takes seven minutes, ten at the most.

With twenty minutes left, we go back into our locker room and have one last session on the rules again. One thing we always repeat—it seems silly to do it, but we think it's important—is that nobody gives a touchdown signal with his hands or his head or his feet or his voice until that touchdown is really scored.

If we don't think anybody scored, we never put the ball any closer to the goal line than six inches—because if you put it one inch away, you're never going to convince anybody he didn't score.

If he does score, then blow that whistle like mad. Usually the line judge and head linesman (90 percent of the time) will call the touchdown. When they throw up their hands and blow their whistles, all six of us go up, whether we believe it or not—because you've got to sell that call. I want a symphony of whistles.

We try to have a team spirit on our crew. We feel if you don't have that, you're not going to do a good job. The last thing we do before leaving the locker room for the game is put the ball down and all of us—this is corny, but the corny things are what's good in life, if we're honest about it—put our hands on it and say a little prayer.

When we finish that, Fritz Graf says, "Hats, flags, whistles and guts—you can't work a game without any of them."

Then we sprint onto the field.

Trouble? Knock on my head, but I've never been involved in a really hairy rhubarb. I worked Super Bowl VII when Garo Yepremian did his passing act, and I had the Chicago-St. Louis game when Mike Pyle, the Bears' center, snapped the ball straight up and the Cardinals intercepted it and went 50 yards to score. I guess the closest I came to something crazy was in Los Angeles.

The Bears were in town. So were a lot if hippies. Well, these hippies thought they'd come onto the field. And down they came, in a long procession, king of weaving and curling back and forth—until one got close to Dick Butkus.

Butkus put a forearm on the guy and knocked him three loops. The hippies went into reverse gear, like a covey of quail taking off.

Butkus was in another episode with me. Anytime there's a fight, it's an unwritten rule that you kick out the two guys who started it and leave everybody else alone. So there's this fight and one of my crew, Ralph Morcroft, comes over and says, "Butkus is out, too."

I say, "Why? You know, Ralph, we kick out just the first two."

"Yeah, but Butkus about bit my thumb off," Morcroft said. Sure enough, Ralph had tried to separate Butkus and somebody. Butkus wasn't in any mood to identify this hand reaching through his face mask—so he bit it.

The best way to avoid trouble is just not let the players talk to each other. And the best way I've found to do that is to say, "You can either be a debater and sit on the sidelines, or you can be a player

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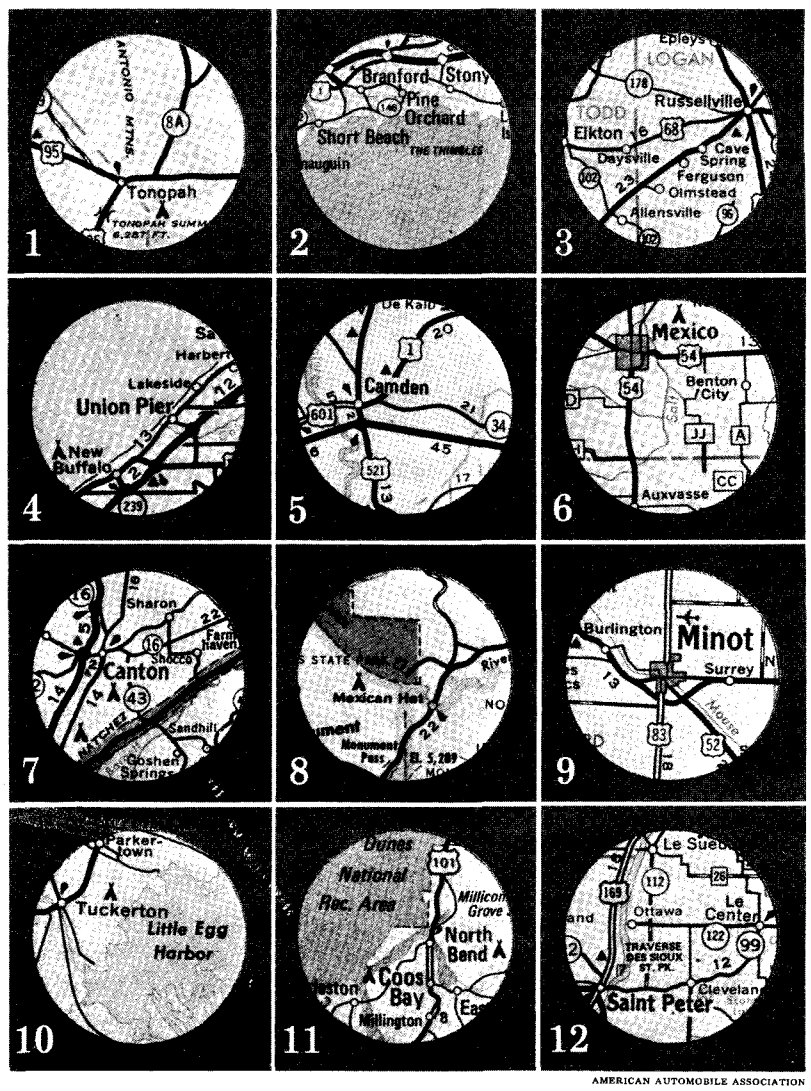
Going on Forever

continued from page 26

The unrewarding nature of such excessive volubility being exemplified by reference to Senator Mike McKool of Dallas, who claimed the national filibuster record of 1972 when he spoke for forty-two hours and thirty-three minutes in trying to persuade the Texas Senate to spend another $17 million on mental health. When he finally sat down sprouting three days' growth of whiskers, the Senate forthwith took less than five minutes to ignore his verbal marathon and pass a budget which included not a single penny of the $17 million demanded.

Sadly, however, it cannot be claimed with any confidence that such literary exhortations will be a major deterrent to those equipped with tongues to cripple donkeys. Other methods may have to be tried in desperate auricular defense. Perhaps we should adopt the old Japanese custom under which all speeches were made before the meal so that simple starvation would compel even a Force 12 windbag to belt up. Or maybe time-controlled trapdoors could be fitted under all top tables in banqueting rooms so that, at the end of ten minutes, the occupying speaker would vanish, still mumbling, into the cellars below. Or giant acoustic hoods about the size of sentry boxes might be mounted in the ceiling and geared to descend over any speaker exceeding the time limit and engulf him with silence so that the next ear bender could get on with his toast. If all else fails, we could ordain as standard after-dinner etiquette the system of the African tribe which allows speakers at its palavers to talk only for just so long as they can stand upright on one leg.



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(Answers on Page 112)

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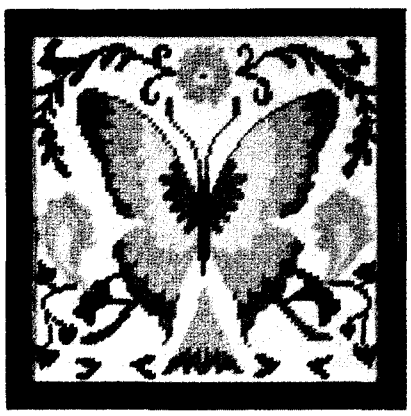

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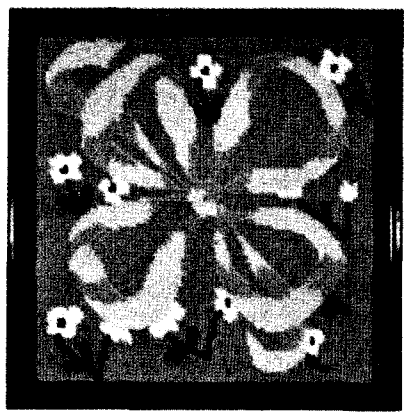

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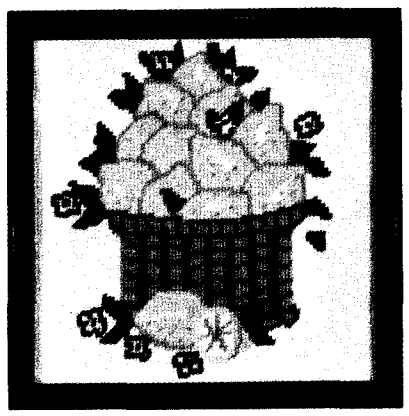

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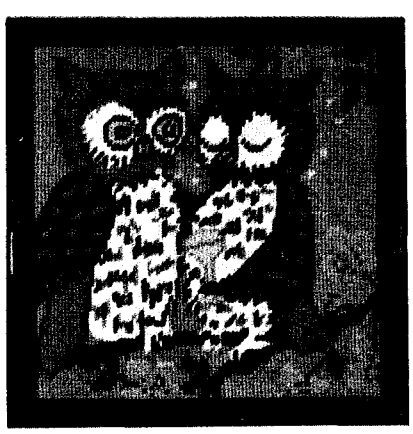

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is a definite place for my songs. Alice Cooper calls me the 'Queen of Household Rock,' but I think there's more to it than that.

"I work very hard. I have a *need* to perform. I get very edgy if I haven't been on stage for a few weeks. There are moments of sheer joy—the wonderful feeling I have of sound coming out of my throat." Other times it doesn't go so well.

A recording studio in downtown Hollywood, right around the corner from the sidewalk where a terrazzo star proclaims Helen's name and fame—the 1,600th star to be added. "I just can't get it," she says to the producer. It is the mood, the movingness of the song, the right feeling, the pleasant surprises when the note hit is new, is alive, is the perfection of something above and beyond the written note that she wants.

It is a sunless day. Saturday, the sort of day a fan would never imagine a star ever endures. Nobody lines the sidewalk as she parks and fumbles for change for the meter. "I'd rather take a couple of clunkers and go with one where the feeling's there than a perfect one without," she says to the two producers inside, young men of genius who mix and match sound, watch it with their intense eyes as though it were a bird loose in the air and they had to imprison it in the gilded perfection of a cage. The cage is several hundred thousand dollars' worth of sound equipment—Nemo knobs, dials, the highest, purest fidelity. "She runs through the song with the full orchestra," says Joe Wissert, Helen's producer, "then against the background of the music, we try it here where we can get a better mix." A better mix—cake batter withstanding—is the softening of orchestra where the voice ought to rise, and the rounding of edges of the voice when it is hard or nasal, the rearrangements of sibilants. "The sound is heavy on the *S*'s," says one of the producers. "Also when you sing as soft as you're singing, all the air takes over." "It's like the stage I sang on last week," says Helen. "The wind blows the sound of the orchestra over the stage so there's a split-second difference that throws my timing and my pitch off. I haven't had such a bad sound since I sang in high school gyms. How long is 'Show Biz?' [the song she's rehearsing.] 'Show Biz' runs 4:12. 'Emotion' 5:6. Too long for a single."

Having tried to talk herself into a mood, Helen is now in the glass box where the aloneness is terrifying. Sound men know things about your voice and your career that screaming fans in amphitheaters don't. She puts on her headsets and sings the first line, then stops. "Oh, sorry, I hit a bad note." A tiny frog rises in her throat. A sound man whistles, "Ooooh—have to change the mike. I've got a filter on it. Let's see what it sounds like—woooo—incredible. . . ."

Earlier she had liked the idea of the English writer V.S. Pritchett, now in his eighties, who said that every time he sat down at the typewriter it was as though it were for the first time. "You learn things, sure. I'm more confident too," she says, "both in being a woman and in being a performer. And Jeff and I are a team. He pushes and creates a receptive environment for my singing, but no matter how hard he publicizes me, if I'm not any good, it doesn't work."

The song that was Helen's torch was "I Don't Know How to Love Him," from the movie—of sorts—*Jesus Christ Superstar*. "I never saw it," she murmurs with faint disinterest. It has a lovely tune and it could mean anything. It didn't need shouting nor did it need sloppiness. It wanted a clear, direct approach. And Helen Reddy has that, either in talking with you or in singing to you.

Some of her other records are mildly belligerent. "You and Me Against the World" tells about the hard days when she and her daughter took on New York; "Keep On Singin'," a keep-a-stiff-upper-lipper which eulogizes her father; and "Show Biz," an abrasive update of the old "Let's Go on With the Show." Helen's version is wry, tough, a peach kernel of experience only an old trouper could come up with. When she performs it—singing would be too soft a description—she dons a lining-lost top hat, grabs a wavering walking-stick and fights her way through a career (on stage) of wrinkles, put-downs, and very unhappy clowns.

Later that night at the Hollywood Amphitheatre, a rock-bowl-promise among the deserted dreams of the old Universal lot, I saw how she psyches herself to go on stage, grabbing a great gulp of air, kissing (lingeringly) her husband, and throwing her shoulders back with some spinachy magic that adds a foot or two to her stature.

"I don't have a show," she says in response to a panning of her performance by the *Los Angeles Times*. "No choreographer, no ostrich feather fans." The audience—there are no vacant seats—seems to prefer Helen to those accouterments. It is a next-door sort of audience. Families. Young people. Those not so young. People who've suffered. And survived. Like Helen Reddy.

She wears no makeup. Never has her hair done. "I've been going to the same barber for six years—the same one he goes to"—pointing to Jeff. Her clothes—for the performance she's in purple sequins—are more Sears than Saks.

She pours out her songs—"this is dedicated to anybody who's ever raised a child alone," "till I make my brothers understand," "this is a love song for married people"—and there seem to be people in every category in the audience. The orchestra is soft and stringy and sometimes unabashedly old-fashioned. She is generous with her performance, giving a long encore to a standing ovation.

Later, in her dressing room, an air-conditioned bar-equipped trailer, she might be any one of the orchestra wives, the agents, the publicists, the managers and mates, the bread and circus that surround the gold record winners of today. A movie agent is there, too. Helen has just finished a small—she uses that word herself—part in *Airport '75*, a star-packed film that will try to absorb some of Arthur Hailey's success from the original *Airport*. "Oh," bubbles the movie agent, "you might be just right for this part . . . better than. . . ." She names a half dozen movie stars it would be an honor even to be mentioned with. "You were simply super tonight," purrs a woman, the vocabulary of insincerity obscuring her very obvious sincerity. Her neighbor, Ruth Buzzi, infinitely prettier in the flesh than in "Laugh In," leans forward and whispers something, they giggle, there are other comments. Helen is calm, polite and at ease, but her head is not turned.

When she won the Grammy, the recording industry's equivalent of an Oscar, last year, she thanked a number of people—husband, producer, friends—then she said, "And I thank God: *She* makes all things possible." It was not a flip remark. She believes in the gentleness and kindness of her sex and she believes these qualitites are part of divinity. Not to mention the toughness, the endurance it takes to succeed in the business where there are 250 new record releases every week and space on radio shows for about 18 to be played.

"They say two things will deter a guy with rape on his mind: a shotgun and ridicule. I remember once, going on in a nightclub after this really big buildup in which the M.C. said, 'And now Ms. (they always draw that out in my case) MSSSS Helen Reddy, star of StagescreenradioTV,' and just as I was walking out this guy in the front row says 'Who?' and my big everything was gone. I limped up to the mike and it was all gone. Took me half the show to get half of it back."

Helen has appearances scheduled for London and Paris. TV specials. A chance at the movies. She is a sellout in concerts. She is a figure—a person more than a performer—a point of view—a name producers and sponsors consider when they're looking for a direction, an idea.

It seems unlikely anybody will be asking "who" again soon.

The Perfect Squelch

As soon as he was introduced to his attractive dinner companion, young Mr. Biddlestone started talking about the subject nearest his heart—himself. He described in detail his job with a brokerage firm. Then, in a few thousand words, he told her about the many important customers he met and how successful he was with them, and how impressed his superiors were with his work.

As the meal and this one-way conversation progressed, the bored young lady tried several times to introduce a new subject. But Biddlestone ignored her efforts.

"You know," he confided finally, "I wouldn't be at all surprised if they asked me to become a partner soon."

"Indeed?" the girl said wearily. "But not a silent partner, I take it."

—GARRETT B. HOLLOWAY.

The Post pays $100 for authentic, unpublished squelch anecdotes. They must be typewritten. Those not acknowledged in a month should be regarded as declined. The Post does not return unaccepted ones or correspond on them.

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The Church That Wouldn't Die

continued from page 12

belfry of the church during a storm the previous afternoon, racing through the vestibule and into the church floor. The wall of the vestibule was stripped to the lathing, two second-story windows shattered, the arch of the sanctuary bulged forward. But already that same day the contractor and mason who had labored on the restoration dropped everything to see what could be done to get the building back in shape. After five days of work it stood, miraculously, as good as new and in the end fire insurance and contributions more than paid for the damage.

In the August of 1972, the Old Southeast Church became the first site in Putnam County to be included in *The National Register of Historical Places. The Register,* originally published in 1969, includes 1,000 landmarks representative of "the heartbeat of the nation."

September 1973 saw an interdenominational service at the church in which several ministers, a monsignor and a rabbi joined in praising the rescue of a common legacy. The church's new "congregation" was a testament louder than words to the wide spectrum of motives that had made it a spiritual focus for the community. There were the Friends of Old Southeast Church who were representatives of local organizations, Southeasters whose roots went back a quarter of a millennium, and newcomers like myself to whom the old Church had held out a welcoming hand.

There was Theodosia Swenson, who would be one hundred years old the next day; not far away sat Henry H. Wells, a sparky ninety-six, whose father had been a major in the Civil War. For them and the other oldsters the church's renaissance signified a renewal of self-importance badly needed. There were grade school children who had acted out a Puritan Thanksgiving in the church.

The moment most deeply satisfying for me came on an icy New Year's Eve when, throwing wide the front door as is our custom at midnight, my husband lifted his hand, silencing the merry tooting of horns. "Listen!" he said. Over the dark trees floated the sound of a church bell, ringing out the old, ringing in the new. Later we learned that schoolchildren and old-timers had pulled the bell rope together, celebrating the final repairs to the sagging belfry. Tears came to my eyes. After its long years of silence the old church had found its voice again and was thanking us all for the concern that had been its salvation.

Soaps

continued from page 47

the air today, is the fruit of a creative personality and the power of putting in long, long hours.

Consider two of the more interesting and lively shows—"All My Children" and "The Young and the Restless," bearing in mind that the plots, as complex as they seem here, are simplified for this article.

In "All My Children" a pretty but slightly insane young model, Erika Kane, is madly in love with Phil Brent, the returned Vietnam soldier who had been presumed dead. Everyone in town hates her, and they make no bones about telling Phil that he should stay away from her. Even Phil's adoptive mother does not hesitate to put in her two cents about Erika. Erika and Phil sleep together, have violent arguments, make up.

Meanwhile Tara Tyler, who has loved Phil since elementary school, was "married in a self-performed ceremony" with Phil before he went off to Vietnam. As a result of this "marriage" she became pregnant. Just when she learned she was pregnant she heard that he had been killed.

But Chuck Tyler, Phil's best friend and a fellow who had been secretly in love with Tara for years, stepped forth to the rescue. He learned of Tara's predicament and married her to give her child a name. The name, incredibly, is Phillip, Jr.

Meanwhile Erika Kane's mother, the aging Mona, is in the throes of a crush on kindly and dignified Dr. Charles Tyler while snobbish wife Phoebe looks on and stirs up Erika against her own mother.

The handsome Paul Martin, in love with his wife Ann (Tyler), daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Tyler, thinks that Ann is in love with her first husband, Nick Davis, so he offers her a divorce. Ann, in a state of confusion, vanishes from town. Paul, disconsolate, finds consolation in an affair with the chubby Margo Flax.

But Nick Davis had divorced his second wife, Kitty, so that he could remarry Ann, who he assumed loved him again. But no one now knows whom Ann loves because she has disappeared.

Nick and Ann originally split up because Nick seemed incapable of giving Ann a baby. Nick, however, said nothing about this when he asked for the divorce. He said only that he wanted out. Ann assumed that Nick did not love her any longer so that when she realized she was pregnant with his child, she did not tell him. Nick, of course, would have

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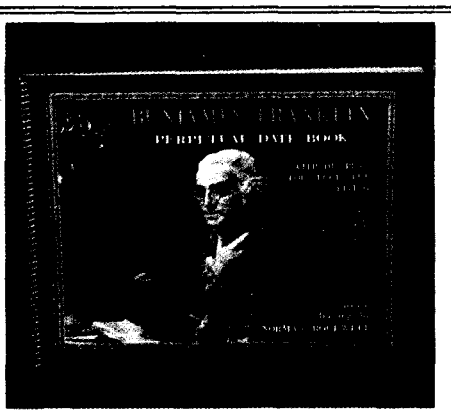

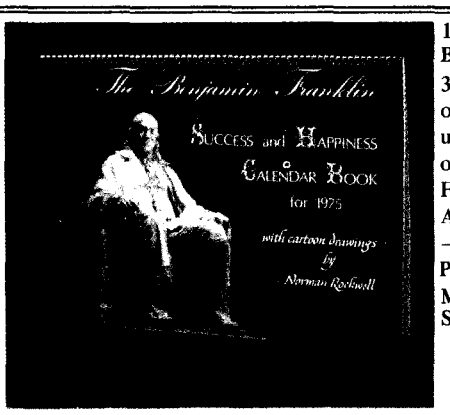

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The Caymans

continued from page 100

Bodden Town, Breakers, Half Moon Bay, Old Isaacs, and finally East End and Gun Bay. We stopped at Mildred Hall's Lighthouse Club for lunch and were served a minor feast of lobster, presented whole on a banana leaf, and Mildred's special grog, served in green coconuts. As an extra attraction, Chicago artist Dave Anderson, recently transplanted to the Caymans, will sketch your portrait while you eat at the lighthouse.

Charlie Bothwell planned our afternoon rest stop well; after lunch he drove us on around past Gun Bay to Colliers Point—road's end on the eastern part of the island—to Suzy Bergstrom's drowsy but elegant Tortuga Club. The fourteen rooms at the Tortuga are as far away from it all as you can get on the island.

Retracing our steps back to George Town that afternoon, Charlie turned north just before the village of Breakers (famous for its geyserlike "flow holes" along the coast), and gave us an extended tour of the mid-interior of the island, through the villages of: Old Man Bay, North Side, Cayman Kai, Brinkley's, Driftwood, and finally Rum Point and its exquisite thatched-roof Rum Point Club, whose dining room has probably the most *island* atmosphere on Grand Cayman. The island's interior, like the eastern coast, is rocky and barren—a look of Sicily or the Greek Isles—but there is nothing foreboding in the barrenness. It may seem odd, but the sometimes bone-dry land has an innate look of joy about it; certainly there is exuberance and joy in the people you meet along the way.

Joyous! That is truly the national attitude of the Caymans. You could go there for a time and be completely joyous. There is nothing to get in your way. No real encumbrances of the last quarter of the twentieth century. There were no telephones on the islands until 1959, generators were still being used in profusion in the early 1960's, and today, as in the past, the main source of water on the islands is pure, sweet rainwater caught in cisterns. And still today, the Caymans rank as one of the few civilized nations without TV.

In the end, of course, I did not buy the Club Inferno. To continue the miserable pun one last time—*it cost a hell of a lot more than I expected!* But I suppose after the first few hours on the island I had no intention of buying a bar of any kind; a little slatboard house with a fine cistern, some shade trees in the yard, a tin roof for rainy nights, and a long front porch with a view of the Caribbean—now that I *might* buy someday. For I believe I could go back to the Caymans and sit on that porch in a rocking chair and let the rest of the world go its merry way, while I achieved a state not unlike bliss.

been overjoyed to learn of it. Ann did not want to "pressure him into anything." But the baby was lost through a miscarriage.

These are just the highlights of the action on "All My Children." It is a world where the most stirring thing that can happen is what does happen.

Likewise in "The Young and the Restless." The story is basically that of three of the girls of the Brooks family. Father Brooks owns a newspaper, prospers in "Genoa City" and has four lovely daughters. Leslie, a high-strung concert pianist and beauty (the show has the most beautiful girls on television) has just been rescued from a sordid big-city mental hospital and taken to the lovely private hospital near Genoa City.

Leslie had fallen in love with Brad. While on a concert tour she wrote him a letter telling him that she loved him and that if he loved her, he should come to her next concert. She foolishly left the letter with her sister Laurie who had her own ideas for Brad. She never gave the letter to Brad. Consequently he did not go to the all-important concert. Leslie cracked up when Brad did not appear.

While Leslie was being horribly treated in a state hospital (attacked by a male guard, caressed by a lesbian patient, having her food stolen from her by other inmates, and threatened by a vicious matron), her seductive and sultry sister Laurie had stolen the affections of Brad. Brad is father Brooks' assistant at the newspaper. Unknown to all but Laurie, he is also a psychiatrist and a neurosurgeon. Laurie has been spending the night with Brad, making love and reading to him selected portions of the "earthy" novel she has written.

Meanwhile the oldest sister, the beautiful blonde Chris, is married to the irritable Snapper, a medical intern who chafes at poverty. When Chris lovingly tells him she is pregnant, he tells her to have an abortion.

Snapper's younger brother Greg is in love with the lovely redheaded Gwen, who desperately keeps hidden from him her guilty secret: she pays for that beautiful apartment by turning tricks.

But unknown to Greg, his own sister Jill had once considered becoming a call girl, and had met Gwen at that time. She is wracked with indecision about whether to tell her brother.

Jill, however, has another secret to keep. She is housekeeper for the drunken Mrs. Chancellor, whom she had discovered in the act of love with her stable boy. Mr. Chancellor, the rich, handsome businessman whose self-sufficiency has driven Mrs. Chancellor to drink, is finding himself drawn to Jill.

There is far more emphasis on sex in "The Young and the Restless" than in most soap operas, but the basic attraction is the same. Life as it is lived on the soap operas goes beyond the restraint of normal life for the viewers.

Soap fans can indulge their fears and fantasies as they cannot in real life. Television soaps let them be a part of a world far richer in material for jealousy, envy, relief, and disdain than even the most lively gossip would wish for.

Moreover, life on the soaps is lived only at the level of the most uniformly felt aspirations and fears. The boring details of life are omitted. It is life in outline, without the rough edges of daily life, and it is an exciting and unrestrained life in outline.

To be sure, love and heartbreak are not the only issues raised on the soaps. Today, far more so than in the past, current "socially relevant" issues are being raised with great effect on daytome dramas.

Because of the enormous followings of the soaps and the intensity with which they are followed, such social messages can be effective.

But certainly the overwhelming purpose of the soaps is escape. And it is a purpose which the soaps serve well. They are invariably within the bounds of good taste, while at the same time holding attention—a tightwire act which many other forms of entertainment are either unwilling or unable to imitate. For those whose lives lack drama and excitement, the soaps fill the bill at no cost except time.

They are a form of mass cultural catharsis and enrichment which has never known any historical parallel. They are often authentic art, and more than that, for tens of millions of Americans, the soaps are a way of life.

Two Printing House Square

continued from page 54

man with a celluloid collar and walrus mustache shuffled in. He slapped the desk and yelled in the old man's ear.

"Wendell, for the zillionth time! The pen points are in the tenth drawer *on the right.* You never could tell right from left! . . . " They both rummaged the desk, argued heatedly, slammed drawers, and grew almost abusive. Holly wanted desperately to know the outcome of the lost pen points, but another door slammed and a very angry young man came out following the Gibson lady who said, "This is Miss Landon. Don't scare her away too. Miss Landon, this is Mr. Brandler—*Junior,*" she added with deprecation.

His appraisal was impatient. "Sorry you had to wait, come in." He led her into a smaller room, a replica of the first except for the desk. This was a wildly modern affair, glass, chrome, a red telephone, a Brancusi lamp, and a huge

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photograph of a girl resembling Elizabeth Taylor. The ashtray was overflowing with unfinished cigarettes as he lit another. "Sit down, please. I know the temptation to stare—I can't blame you; but if we come to terms I'll explain all this trash. Have you worked before? You look so young."

Holly wanted to say that from the promise of the ad he was a bit young himself, but it wouldn't do to be impudent. She handed him two references. "Thanks for the compliment. I'm twenty-six." While he studied her letters she studied Mr. Brandler. His hair was wild, his cheekbones tense, his mouth gripped a pipe as if he'd bite it off, and she wondered if behind his pleasant but grim face he could sometimes be genial. She decided he could not—not with his incongruous desk that shouted at the frayed elegance of this Dickensian world. In fact his very presence, the mod Italian silk suit and white tie, was an anachronism. But so far in the last twenty minutes nothing made sense and because of it Holly yearned to be part of this lost world.

"You look bewildered; not that I blame you, but are you thinking of how to get out of this?"

"Oh God, no! I'd love working here—I'd simply love it."

Brandler looked shocked. "Really? I can't imagine why anyone. . . . "

"Just a minute, Mr. Brandler; are you saying I won't do?"

"Oh no, not at all. I just assumed you'd be like the others I interviewed. But please—do be my guest. You're hired and with my thanks. I need an ally."

"Well, you have one!" she laughed and sat back. "Tell me, how do you manage to keep the world out? It's so clever of you."

"Keep it out? You don't know what you're saying. It's a death struggle to drag it *in*!" He leaned forward and Holly saw the first spark of relief in his eyes. "Now you listen, I'll give you a quick backdrop. I inherited this business when my father died, although my grandfather still ran it. I was in college but my grandfather wanted *me here during vacations*. I couldn't stand it; our ideas had not one but two generation gaps. He died last year and the business became mine—I thought. I was planning to retire everyone with love and kisses and a handsome pension, move the firm to Park or Madison—anywhere, just so I'd be in the twentieth century—and of course I'd get a new staff (there's not a soul here under seventy-five). But it all backfired. Nobody wanted to retire, no one wanted to move and we fought. Finally I agreed to stay provided I could get rid of all these stage props and at least get an assistant, but again, all I heard was the broken record of 'Tommy, Tommy stop wrangling! No one wants a change, no one needs it and for God's sake read the will.' Well, in desperation I finally did, fine print and all, and to my horror realized what my lawyer had been trying to tell me: I was simply trapped. . . . "

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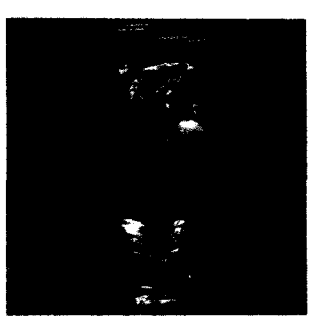

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"Just what do you mean?" She sounded incredulous.

"I just never read the stipulations of the will. Now listen to this." He withdrew a paper from the desk. *"Brandler & Co. will continue with neither additions nor changes in the staff unless so voted unanimously. No one will be retired without voluntary consent; neither monetary nor other coercive pressures may be used. Nothing is to disrupt the morale, security, or comfort of the staff."* He sat back and pinned Holly with a self-satisfied stare. "Now please don't get me wrong; I do love them. They're loyal, devoted and almost like family—but the fact is it's *their* business, not mine, and I do as they say. I'm only 'junior,' " he laughed bitterly. "Anyway that's it. Are you with me?"

Holly smiled almost guiltily. She could see why this angry young man struggled so blindly; it wasn't easy to be stifled by red velvet portieres about seventy years old when the yearning was for see-through chrome and glass. But Holly also saw that grandfather Brandler was a marvelous old gentleman providing for old friends who got lost in this century. Then she bent toward him and asked.

"Mr. Brandler, is the firm operating on a profit?"

"Why, of course; why do you ask?" He seemed both amused and astonished.

"Because," she said confidentially, "You aren't aware of the treasure you have here. A profitable business, the most idyllic setting without noise, tension and commercialism. It's a dream people would give their souls to recapture. I wouldn't change one pen point for all the Xerox machines on Wall Street."

At first Thomas Brandler couldn't speak, his hopes and promise of change plummeting. Then he said, "You're way offbeat, Miss Landon; sympathizing with everything I fought, and I could have sworn . . . but of course, I see: if you were on my side you'd never work here. . . . "

"But I *am on your* side, Mr. Brandler, I just happen to think this is sheer paradise. Now look here, if it's that urgent for you, things could be changed, but slowly and with these people—tactfully. . . . "

"Ha! Slowly? How slowly? Just wait'll you taste feathers and mothballs, wait'll you see the snail-paced inefficiency—we could be a million-dollar outfit—we're in the 1970's, remember? Oh, what's the use? Come on, they're probably all listening at the keyhole. . . . "

The long interview told the staff that Brandler & Co. had its first new employee in forty years. This called for a celebration. A bottle of excellent sherry appeared and Holly's eyes had a feast as each in turn presented himself with the appropriate toast.

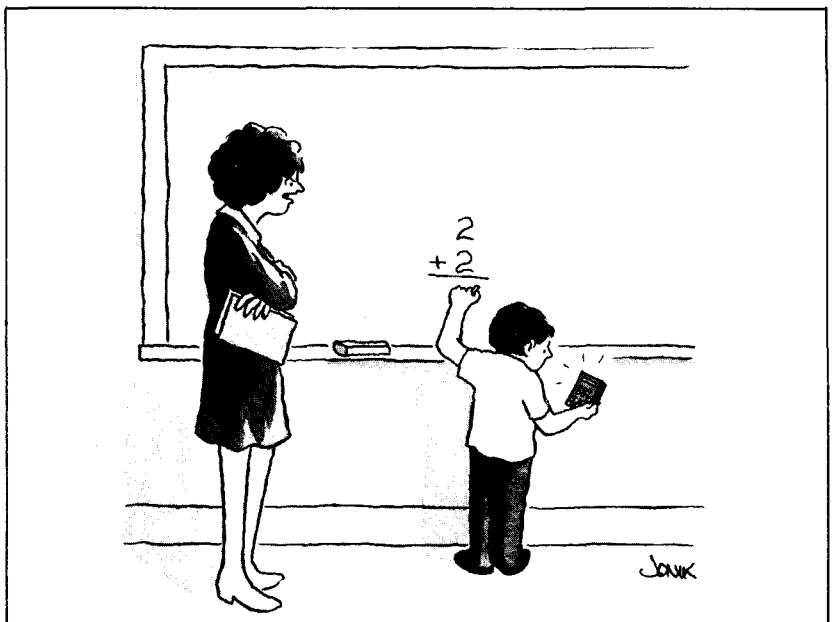
With each day the love affair between Holly and Brandler & Co. was growing. She fell in love with each hand-drawn map, then with the letters that were still handwritten to special customers, with each package that was personally tied with delicate cord and hand-delivered. She began to wear her long skirts and frilly blouses and personally attended to those customers who came in to buy graphic prints and old map manuals. Only Tommy Brandler fumed like an endless tide. Angry with her to begin with, he argued and railed against the dim lights, switches that failed, the bell over the front door, and the red velvet portieres. He sneered at and battled with Pringle's efficiency, Wendell's slowness and Miss Abby's hairdo. When a minor crisis threatened open warfare, Miss Abby guided Holly through those first difficult days, teaching her the indispensable diplomacy at which Holly soon became most adept. In a short time she became chief negotiator, adroitly settled arguments, intercepted Tommy's imflammatory directives, and mollified his fancied persecutions. She admonished him with humor for tempests-in-a-teapot to which he always replied, "If I didn't need you so badly, Miss Salvation, I'd fire you first!" But by mid-November things settled down, tempers quieted, business actually improved. The lit fireplace had a soothing effect on everyone's nerves, and Thomas Brandler, Jr., emerged, somewhat like a butterfly, as a rather nice human being. He began to laugh with Holly as they schemed to increase efficiency without hurting Pringle, consulted specialists with Wendell's approval, and actually got Mr. Blake to use a ball-point pen. Things were looking up, and then one day it happened. In the midst of a new project Tommy was working on as Holly made notes, Miss Abby poked her head in.

"You have a visitor, Tommy. Are you coming out or is she coming. . . . "

Holly never saw such a transformation. With a flush across his face he grabbed his jacket, and almost tore the lining wriggling into it. His fingers combed his hair; motioning Holly to gather up the papers, he nearly overturned his swivel and hissed at the old lady.

"For God's sake, Abby, don't stand there, send her in!" Swishing around like an animated cartoon, he had the office in order in ten seconds as a gorgeous girl swept in on a cloud of Chanel. Arms outstretched, her face deeply tanned, her smile dazzling but controlled, she embraced Tommy, ruffling his hair. Everything about her from the cerulean mink to the feather toque was studiedly expensive. Holly noticed that it was the girl in the photograph, also that Tommy looked flushed and self-conscious as he held her away as if to see her better.

"Gwen, I didn't expect you until Thanksgiving. Didn't you wire?"



"Ahem."

"But it's almost Thanksgiving. Aren't you pleased? I just flew in and didn't go home yet. Ah, a new secretary—and about time. May I meet her?" She extended a black-gloved hand. "My dear, I was crazy to see who'd work in this mortuary for more than two weeks. You're brave. Have you decided how to do away with all this?" She swept a disparaging hand around. "The sooner the better! Don't you agree?"

For a moment Holly couldn't talk. With this well-aimed stroke everything was reduced to a shabby, outlived piece of bric-a-brac, including Holly herself in the sharp contrast with the new, shiny Miss Gwen Wilson. But Holly smiled and replied.

"No, Miss Wilson, I *don't* agree; but it's all a matter of a point of view. We are rather on disparate poles. If you'll excuse me. . . . " Outside she could not control her tears, not only for the unmitigated arrogance, but the uncalled-for rudeness that struck her like a slap. Suddenly everything became clear and the last few minutes created a gulf and a sense of loss. She realized that eventually there would be capitulation and the imminent destruction of this beloved place. Here was a power she hadn't reckoned with.

"You shouldn't cry, Holly," Miss Abby said close to her ear. "It isn't that important."

"I'm not crying," Holly said, blowing her nose. "I'm furious, Miss Abby. What a fool that Wilson woman is; not a brain in her shiny head."

"Oh no, my dear," the old lady pressed a lavender-scented handkerchief into Holly's hand, "she's no fool. She knows what's going on. She wants Tommy out and into her father's business; when we retire it'll all be his and by then—who knows, they'll sell it for scrap. She works him up like a maniac with her pot-boiling ridicule. He's got such a deadly shame of being different it's pathetic. You see he has almost no family, so marrying into hers means—*conform!* Oh yes, she's clever, even though I know he loves this business."

"She's deadly, Miss Abby. And all this time I thought he just wanted to assert himself."

"He doesn't have it. It's his business, but grandfather made sure no one could step in and manipulate the family fortune—that is no one while we're here. But of course, if he decided to leave, there's nothing we can do and Miss Perfume in there knows it. So let's see what happens, Holly; just stop crying."

Gwen Wilson's return had so unsettled Tommy Brandler that Holly began to leave him alone, making their contact absolutely minimal. She would take his dictation, answer questions, but offering ideas and opinions was out. Her messages were terse and to the point until one day he called her in and asked directly.

"Holly, why don't you like Gwen Wilson?"

The question made her defensive. "That's an odd thing to ask. I don't even know her, I've never been rude, and why should my opinion about your fiancée matter?"

"Well, it does," he fidgeted with his pipe. "Besides, you've certainly changed. You're aloof, you don't talk, I don't see you half the time, and suddenly I'm 'Mr.' We used to be friends; what happened?"

"Oh, Mr. Brandler, you're no fool, but you're not part of this office—I *am!* Both you and she hate everything about it. We communicated before she came; now you're back on the treadmill. That means you find fault, you're tragic and everything's an international incident. I may be fired for this, but I'm glad I said it."

He dropped his pipe so hard it cracked the ashtray. "I don't understand you!" He waved his arms. "You're young and bright and with it; the world belongs to us, not to them. Why are you going backward?"

Holly's voice rose defiantly to

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match his. "I'm not going backward—*you* are! Always fighting and screaming. Fighting them and me and yourself. They're doing a terrific job, but instead of respecting that you're trying to force everyone into your mold. Everyone's different; we have a right to our feelings and tastes; change is not pushing buttons. They won't live forever, you know. If only. . . ."

"I can't wait that long, my nerves won't stand it. Besides, I have to decide in three weeks before the end of the year."

"Really? What's the emergency?" She was shocked at her own arrogance but tossed her hair back, thinking he had it coming.

"We're supposed to be married in January. I have to decide whether I stay with this, or just wait, or work for Wilson."

"I see." Holly retreated into her seat. "In that case—but it's a pity to be under such pressure. I know you can have things more your way, and sooner than you think, but not the way you're going about it. You haven't even seen the changes, you're so angry. . . ."

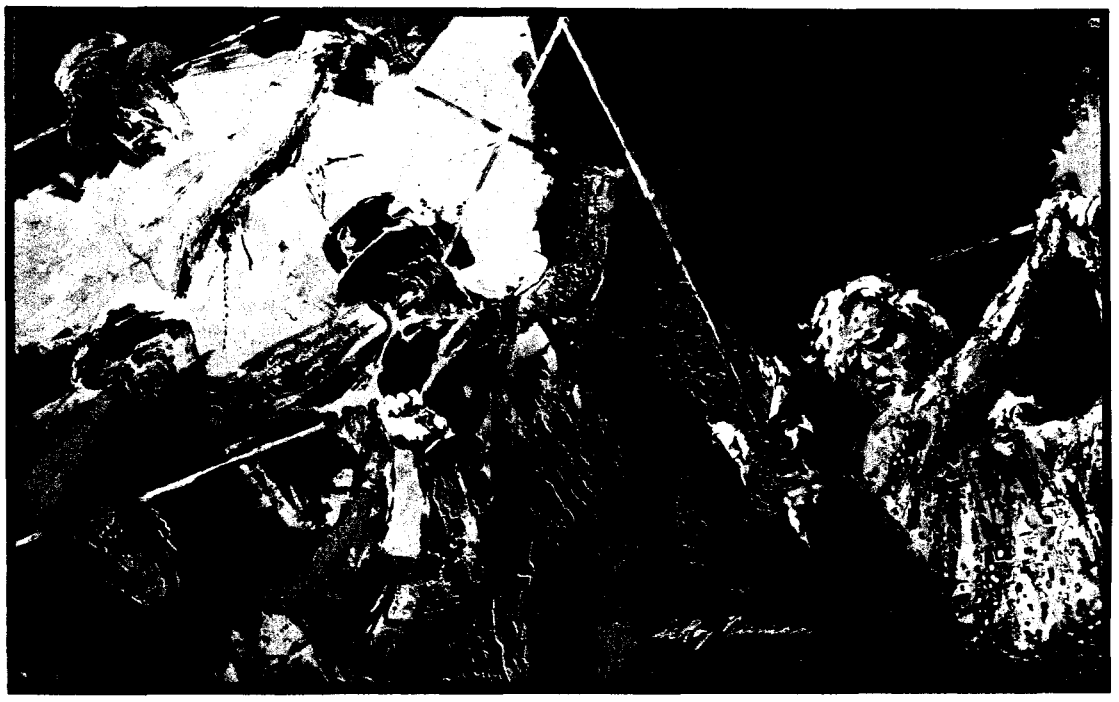
"What changes? I saw nothing."

"Well, the Fultons are using a new photo-offset process; Miss Abby ordered a new typewriter, Mr. Wendell. . . ." But Tommy's mind began wandering, his irritation subsided. He suddenly didn't feel harassed; even though Holly was still furious there was no scorn in her voice, no ridicule, and she never sounded patronizing. In fact, he was admiring her proud, defensive loyalty to all of Brandlers. Although her views were so alien to his, her comments were logical, and insistently disturbing. Sitting there, apparently listening, he remembered almost nothing about how his office was changing. All he knew was he didn't want her angry.

"Look Holly," he finally said. "Let's make a bargain: I'll promise to think things over without temper if we could be friends again."

"I was never not your friend," she said, getting up and smiling. Then shortly before Christmas, Holly took sick. On the second day she received a basket of flowers, brandy, and a note. It read: "Dear Holly: I tried but I can't make it, it's too hopeless. I'm leaving the business for everyone's welfare; you'll be staying, of course. Thanks for trying and for everything. Come back soon and rescue 'them' from their ungrateful Brandler."

With red eyes and a running nose Holly was back next morning. She was told that unexpectedly there was war between Tommy and Mr. Pringle. How it started no one knew, but Tommy was suddenly yelling, pounding the desks, and behaving like a lunatic. Mr. Wendell not only defended Pringle but called Thomas a "sick young pup" who should have his brains examined; Mr. Blake threw an inkwell at his desk and threatened to resign, the Fultons announced that not another order would leave the office until he apologized.



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Tommy shouted he'd never apologize, didn't give a damn about them or the business, grabbed his coat and wasn't heard from since. Miss Abby filled in the details.

"We were here till nine at night in conference. Yesterday we made our decision and we need him to sign papers, but he's nowhere to be found. We even called his apartment at midnight—he hasn't been there. Holly, you must try to find him and get him here even for an hour, just to sign the papers."

Holly was suspicious. "What papers, Miss Abby? What did you decide?" Holly stood very still waiting for an answer. But through her moist eyes (whether through a cold or tears), she really didn't need to question. Miss Abby patted her cheek.

"You have a terrible cold, darling. Try to reach Tommy and then go home to bed. We'll make out."

After three hours of detecting, calling all the unlikely places, Holly tracked him down in the steam room of the Harvard Club. They had a long, wrangling conversation. He sounded as if he were sweating out a hangover. He made a bargain again; he'd come if everyone left. It was arranged; the staff would be out Christmas shopping after lunch anyway. When Tommy walked in, it was painfully quiet. Despite the decorations, the blazing fire, and the glow of a lamp on Holly's desk, the room looked like an abandoned stage set. He threw his coat over a globe and looked around.

"Quite a place you have here, Miss Salvation. Are you convinced I'm the world's greatest heel? Now what's the crisis? Are there bats in Pringle's toupee? Or does he simply want my scalp?"

"No need to be sarcastic, Tommy," she said patiently. "Here's a stack of papers to be signed so they can be sent to your lawyers. Please, read them first."

"Why, hell no; what for? To show my good faith I'll even use Blake's quill." He dipped the pen in the inkwell and loudly scratched his signature nine times as she carefully blotted each one. "Okay, is that all?"

"No, that's not all." She sat down holding the papers on her lap. "Have you any idea what you just signed?"

He shook his head. "Couldn't care less."

"Oh God, Thomas Brandler! Read just the last paragraph. It's the end of all your problems . . . just. . . . " Suddenly the bell sounded and Gwen Wilson walked in. Seeing them huddled over the desk, her fury charged the room, her voice coated with ice.

"I thought I'd find you here. Is this where you slept the last three nights? There's a contract waiting to be signed and you might have had the decency to call."

"I know, Gwen, I'm sorry; I had some thinking to do. If you wait a minute. . . . "

"Sorry, I can't wait. Father's in the car downstairs and the lawyers are waiting."

For perhaps thirty seconds the only sound was the crackling fire. Thomas said to Holly, "Please wait, I won't be long." He grabbed his coat and waited for Gwen to precede him. She managed to get Holly's eye, firmly shook her head and pointed to the clock.

This was the first time Holly was completely alone. She had no idea what would happen or when, but the world she loved seemed to be shutting its doors. In fact she felt this room would disappear if she left. She didn't leave. She sat down before the fire and began thinking. The old clock rasped twice but how much time elapsed she didn't know before the bell tinkled again. Thomas Brandler came in and even in the dim firelight she saw the change in him. He hung up his coat deliberately, pulled up a chair and stretched his feet toward the fire. It was a long time before he turned his head.

"I'm glad you waited."

"Did you decide anything? You shouldn't have before reading the papers you signed."

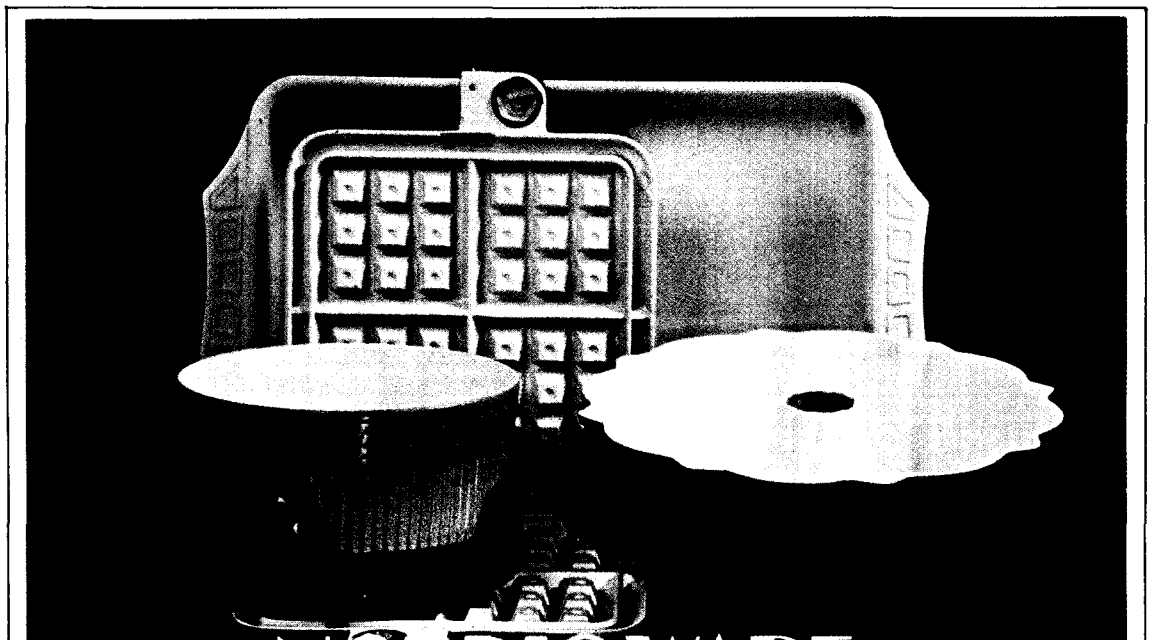
"Why not? What about the papers?"

"Well——" she hesitated. "Well, this is a release of the Brandler will. It becomes effective when you sign accepting the business and releasing everyone here."

He sat up. "Just what does that mean?"

"It means, very simply, that your staff is resigning to save this firm at any cost. It is now wholly your business to do exactly as you wish." She left the papers on her chair and went to the window. A light drift of snow, golden in the street light, made the room recede further into nonexistent time. With her back to him she said, "Those foolish, wonderful people are still planning their Christmas party tomorrow. They hope you'll come to say good-bye." Again time was passing through a long silence. Finally he came and stood beside her.

"I've a Christmas present for you, Holly." He pressed torn fragments of the release into her hand and closed her fingers over them. She looked up at him and her throat was very dry. "Come on, let me take you home and tomorrow we'll have an old-fashioned Christmas."



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YULE DINING

Festive recipes from many lands

By Kathryn Klassen

Illustrated by Bill Ware

In 1770, Sir Henry Grey's of London served a Christmas pie nine feet in circumference and containing four geese, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, two "turkies," four partridges, seven blackbirds, six pigeons, two rabbits, two neat's tongues, two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, and other assorted ingredients. It weighed twelve stone, and had to be wheeled into the dining room.

While you may not go to such excess, still "busier than an English oven at Christmas" applies to kitchens around the world, and that ancient end-of-summer celebration with its overflow of food and liquor, gaiety, and excitement is always a wonderful excuse for putting that diet momentarily aside and indulging heartily in the richness of dishes and tradition from around the world. Time enough to practice that Puritan ethic, when "Yule's come and Yule's gone / And we have feasted weel, / Sae Jock man to his flail again, / And Jenny to her wheel."

Whether it's plum pudding, boar's head, cookies or cakes, symbolism and mystical significance hover about the preparation and serving of food as surely as the mistletoe hangs overhead. The Devil himself gets baked into mincemeat. The variety of its contents symbolizes the variety of gifts presented by the Magi. Once these pies were made in the oblong shape of the manger with the form of the Christ child outlined on top—an idolatry against which the Puritans rebelled and a dish John Bunyan piously refused when served to him in prison.

Fruit and grain dishes baked in the shapes of animals are surely vestiges of ritualistic animal sacrifices and must be eaten with proper reverence for life and respect for the spirits. Sweden and Denmark serve "Yule Boar's" loaves in the shape of pigs. Germany's "stollen" (plum loaf biscuits) are baked in human or animal forms. In some households, a cake is baked for each member of the household, and he whose cake cracks is marked for ill fate. "King's Cake" is baked with a pea or bean and a kernel of corn inside to be served on Epiphany. Whoever gets the kernel is named king; the pea, Twelfth Night queen. English plum pudding must be made the first week of Advent, and everyone in the household, including infants, must help stir it to guarantee happiness. And come Christmas Day, be sure to try Aunt Matilda's pudding as well as Grandmother's, Aunt Zelda's, and Sister Kate's, for each cook whose pudding you eat will bring one lucky month in the coming year.

St. Francis is often associated with the ox and the ass; perhaps it is from him that the lovely custom of giving extra shares of grain or plum pudding to the animals originated.

Spirits and surrounding customs are every bit as steeped in symbolism and ritual as food, if not more so. True wassailing (from the Anglo-Saxon term "waes hail"—be hearty) involves going from house to house, caroling, feasting, having a good time with all. In the north of Britain the "wassail bob," a vessel with figures of the Virgin Mary and the Infant, is carried about by singing villagers—"bobbing." And on St. Stephen's, the 26th of December, "boxing," or carrying a box to homes to collect gratuities for the poor, is common. Occasionally feathers, evergreen twigs, or small cakes or fruit are left at each house for long life and happiness by singers chanting "Up with your stocking, on with your shoe, / If you haven't any apples, money will do. / . . . God bless you all, great and small, / And send you a happy new year."

To grace your table and Yule this season, we have gathered a selection of *Saturday Evening Post* classic recipes from many lands, as well as culinary specials discovered by internationalist Ruth Malone, during her research for the *Holiday Inn International Cook Book.* So prepare the victuals, sing the wassail, dance once around the table, and toast your guests, for

The Boare is dead,
Loe, heare is his head,
Lett Bacchus crowne his fall,
Lett this Boares-head and mustard
Stand for Pigg, Goose, and Custard,
And so yu are welcome all.

BALLOTINE DE DINDE

10- to 12-pound turkey
3 black truffles (1 small can)
½ cup shelled and skinned pistachio nuts
6-ounce piece of cooked ham
6-ounce piece of cooked smoked tongue
1 cup dry port wine or cognac
Pepper and salt
½ pound butter
¾ pound veal and ¾ pound pork ground together very finely
3 eggs
2 onions, chopped
1 clove garlic
2 teaspoons salt
Dash of pepper
Pinch of allspice
½ teaspoon ground thyme
Needle, white thread
Butcher's twine

The day before: put out all your ingredients. Dice the truffles, shell pistachio nuts, cut ham and tongue into finger-shaped pieces. Put pork and veal mixture into a large mixing bowl. Add lightly beaten eggs, thyme, allspice, salt, pepper, crushed clove of garlic, ¾ cup of port or cognac. Mix till light. Gently sauté the onion in a quarter pound of butter. Take almost 10 minutes to do this, cooking onions so gently that they only yellow and do not brown. Add onions and butter to the bowl. Mix thoroughly. This is the stuffing. Put boned turkey flat on the table, skin side down. Season the meat side (inside) with pepper and remaining wine. Spread a layer of stuffing inside the turkey. Then sprinkle pistachio nuts, truffles, ham and tongue over it. Repeat both steps twice. Sew up turkey. Tie in 4 places as you would a rolled roast, making sure stuffing does not go to the ends. Salt, pepper and brush the skin with melted butter. Store in refrigerator until four hours before dinner. Christmas Day: Roast turkey breast side up in a 350-degree oven, allowing 20 minutes per pound. Keep basting top and sides to insure even browning. Serve with natural pan gravy. Serves 8 to 10 easily. If you wish to serve a wine with the dinner, Chassagne Montrachet 1959 is recommended. It is a mildly sweet white wine that will suit most palates.

(Note: The pâté maison used for stuffing the ballotine makes a delicious stuffing for a turkey that has all its bones.)

MERINGUE GLACEE

A memorable dessert that is light enough to follow a Christmas dinner is suggested. You may also use peach ice cream and peach slices, or other combinations.

1 cup sifted granulated sugar
4 egg whites
Pinch of salt
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
Almond extract
1 quart strawberries
1 quart ice cream
1 cup red currant jelly
2 tablespoons cognac

Cover cookie sheet with greased, unglazed brown paper. Beat egg whites until foamy. Add salt, and cream of tartar and continue beating until peaks form. Add sugar very slowly, beating until sugar is dissolved. Add the vanilla. Drop by mounded teaspoonful onto brown paper. Bake in 250-degree oven for 1½ hours. At the end of the time, turn off oven, open door and allow me-

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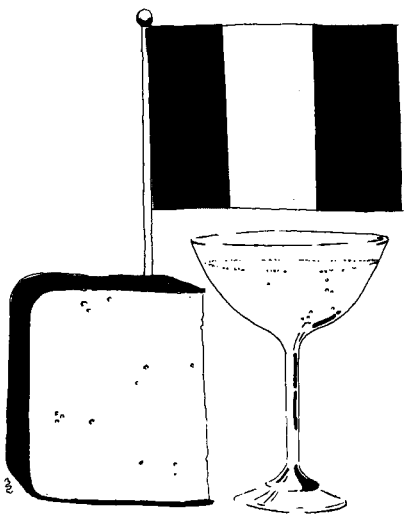
ringues to cool in the oven. Leave on paper until ready to use. Christmas Day: Hull the strawberries. Melt the currant jelly and cognac over a low fire. Put ice cream on the dish, surround it with strawberries. Pour warm sauce on the berries and top with meringues.



QUAIL A LA RICHELIEU

Pluck and draw 4 fresh quail. Season each with salt and a little cognac. Insert raw truffle in each and truss securely—placing them side by side. Sprinkle with fine salt.

Cover with 2 tablespoons carrots, 2 tablespoons onions, and 2 tablespoons celery, all julienne, which have been sautéed in butter. Cover birds with veal stock. Bring to a boil, then poach for 12 minutes. Add about 1/3 more vegetables as prepared before and poach 2 more minutes. Arrange in timbales, pouring off excess fat. Save juice from vegetables and pour over quail. Serve with pilaf. Serves 4.

MRS. VOEGEL'S SPÄTZLES

3¼ cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons salt
4 eggs
¾ cup water
1 cup grated Swiss cheese
1 cup finely chopped onions

Combine flour, salt, eggs and water to make a heavy dough. Place dough in *spätzle* machine or drop by half teaspoon into boiling salted water in 4-quart kettle that is about half full. Cook 2 to 4 minutes. Dumplings rise to top when ready to eat.

Put a layer of *spätzles* on a plate; cover with layer of Swiss cheese; add another layer of dumplings, a second layer of cheese, and so on until all dumplings have been used. Meanwhile have a cup of chopped onions browning in butter. Pour this mixture over final layer of *spätzles*. The cheese will melt, and the dish is ready to serve. Serves 4 to 6.

MRS. MADER'S SAUERBRATEN

4-pound piece of beef (rump, chuck or sirloin)
1 cup vinegar
3 cups water
1 medium-size sliced onion
3 tablespoons whole mixed spice
1 tablespoon salt
1 sliced carrot
2½ tablespoons shortening
1/3 cup flour
¼ cup sugar, white or borwn
½ cup red wine
2 gingersnaps

Mix vinegar, water, onion, spices, salt and carrot in a glass, enamel or earthenware bowl. Under refrigeration pickle meat in this brine for 3 or 4 days, turning over several times. Drain meat and wipe it dry, saving remaining brine for the gravy.

Grease a heavy roasting pan with shortening. Sear meat on both sides. Add part of the marinade and cover tightly; then roast in 300-degree oven for about 2 hours, basting meat occasionally. When meat is almost done, sprinkle sugar over meat. Roast 5 or 10 minutes more, turning meat while roasting until sugar is dissolved. Thicken remaining marinade with flour and crushed gingersnaps. Mix well and pour over meat. Roast meat for half hour or more until gravy is creamy and thick. Remove meat. Stir wine into gravy and strain. Serves 6 to 8.

RATZSCH'S POTATO DUMPLINGS

(to be served with sauerbraten)

3 pounds potatoes
3 eggs, beaten
3 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons raw farina
¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon grated nutmeg
1 tablespoon chopped celery
¼ cup finely cooked chopped bacon
2 cups small croutons
½ cup flour

Boil potatoes until soft enough to mash. Add other ingredients and mix well. Shape into balls. Roll lightly in flour and cook in rapidly boiling salted water for 15 to 20 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

BEER SOUP

1 quart dark beer
3 tablespoons flour
1½ tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons butter
Juice and grated peel of 1 lemon
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
3 eggs or 6 egg yolks beaten

Open beer and let it get flat. Brown flour and sugar in melted butter. Add beer, lemon juice, rind and cinnamon, and cook until boiling. Pour hot beer mixture into eggs, beating well. Serve on toast if desired. Serves 4 or 5.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

2 cups suet
2 cups sugar
4 cups stale bread crumbs
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons cream of tartar
1 cup flour
2 cups currants
1 pound raisins, cut fine
¼ pound citron, cut fine
½ pound figs, cut fine
7 eggs, beaten
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup whiskey or wine

Grind or grate suet. Mix sugar, bread crumbs, spices, cream of tartar and flour. Combine with suet and fruit. Add eggs, one at a time, and mix thoroughly. Let stand overnight. In the morning, combine milk and soda and stir into mixture. Add whiskey and mix thoroughly.

Grease molds, then sprinkle with sugar. Fill each 2/3 full. Place in steamer over boiling water. Cover and use high heat first. Then lower heat and steam 6 to 8 hours, adding more boiling water as needed. Serve with Wine Sauce. Serves 18 to 24.

Wine Sauce

Beat 2 eggs until light and gradually add 1 cup sugar. Add 2 tablespoons wine. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream and serve.

NOODLES ST. NICHOLAS

Prepare 1 pound noodles and keep warm. Melt ¼ cup butter in pan and sauté ¼ cup minced onion, ¼ crushed garlic clove, 1 diced green pepper and 1 cup chopped pork. Add ¾ cup velouté sauce (seasoned butter, flour and veal stock). Then add 1 or 2 ground peppercorns, a little minced parsley and salt. Simmer for about 5 minutes. Add ¼ cup cream and blend until smooth. Pour over noodles and serve. Serves 8.

OLD RENNY'S FAVORITE

1 poussin (1-pound chicken)
4 tablespoons minced shallots
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
1/8 teaspoon fennel
½ cup uncooked rice
1 cup chicken stock

Prepare a risotto (rice cooked in broth) using the shallots, green pepper, fennel, rice and chicken stock. When cooked, use as a stuffing in the chicken. Place the stuffed chicken on a bed of chopped carrot (4 tablespoons), chopped onion (4 tablespoons) and 1/8 teaspoon fennel. Season with salt and pepper. Cook in a moderately hot oven for about 20 minutes. When cooked, remove chicken from pan.

Add 1 cup chicken stock to the extract left in the pan where chicken was cooked. Reduce liquid to one-half over heat. Pour over chicken. Flame with a dash of warm brandy. Serves 1 to 2.

ROAST PRIME RIB

5- to 6-pound standing rib roast
Seasonings

Wipe meat, season and place on rack in open pan with fat side up. Cook in 325-degree oven at 22 to 24 minutes a pound, depending on doneness desired. If meat thermometer is used, rare: 140 degrees, medium: 160 degrees, well done: 170 degrees. Do not let thermometer touch bone. Serve with Yorkshire Pudding. Serves 8 to 10.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
2 tablespoons beef drippings
1 cup milk

Sift flour and salt. Blend well beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon drippings and milk. Add to flour and beat several minutes in mixer or with rotary beater. Use cake pan or muffin tins, well greased. Add another tablespoon of drippings in bottom of pan or tins. Pour in batter. Bake at 450 degrees for 20 minutes. Serves 8 to 10.

CROUTONS

Spread sliced bread (preferably a day old) lightly with butter and cut into cubes. Spread out on a baking sheet. Bake at 350 degrees until brown. Excellent with soup.

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HUNGARIAN CHEESE SOUP

2 tablespoons butter
½ large onion, diced fine
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups water
1 #2½ can tomato juice (28-ounce)
1 (6-ounce) can pimientos, chopped
Salt and pepper to taste
1 green pepper, chopped fine
¾ pound New York sharp cheese, grated

Melt butter in a large saucepan. Add onion and cook until onion is yellow. Stir in flour and add water while stirring. Add tomato juice, pimientos, seasonings and green pepper. Bring to boiling point, then add grated cheese. Stir until cheese melts. Sprinkle paprika on each serving. Serves 6.

CHARLOTTE "UTRECHT HOUSE"

Using a 2-quart mold or a high straight pudding or gelatin mold, chill and line with a round of buttered waxed paper. Then line bottom with a spoke design of ladyfingers (rounded side out). Place 1 row of ladyfingers standing up around mold. Pour semolina pudding into mold to height of ladyfingers. Let congeal in refrigerator. When chilled, repeat row of ladyfingers around mold and add rest of pudding to cover ladyfingers. Cover with foil and refrigerate overnight. When serving, loosen pudding and turn out on a chilled platter. Pour Orange Cream over pudding and decorate with candied cherries. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

Semolina Pudding

Boil 2 quarts milk and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Combine 1 1/3 cups farina, 4 tablespoons cornstarch, ½ cup sugar and pinch of salt. Add to milk mixture and stir vigorously until thickened. Lower heat and add 3 tablespoons butter and 3 egg yolks, one at a time. Cool. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons grated orange peel.

Orange Cream

Combine 1 cup orange juice and 1 cup sugar. Cook over low heat until syrupy. Add ½ cup orange liqueur. Cool. Fold in 1 pint half-whipped cream.

BITTERBALLEN

4 tablespoons butter
1 medium onion, minced
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup beef stock
2 cups cooked beef, chopped
1 egg, beaten

Melt butter in small frying pan and sauté onion. Mix in flour until smooth. Add beef stock and thicken. Set aside until roux is cold. Add beef and season. Shape into 1-inch balls. Roll in fine dry bread crumbs, then beaten egg. (Add a small amount of water to thin egg if necessary). Dip balls in bread crumbs again. Fry in deep fryer at about 400 degrees for 1 to 2 minutes. Drain on paper towels and serve piping hot. Place a toothpick in the middle of each ball and serve with mustard in a small side dish.

SPEZZATO DI POLLO ALLA CACCIATORA
(Chicken in Red Wine)

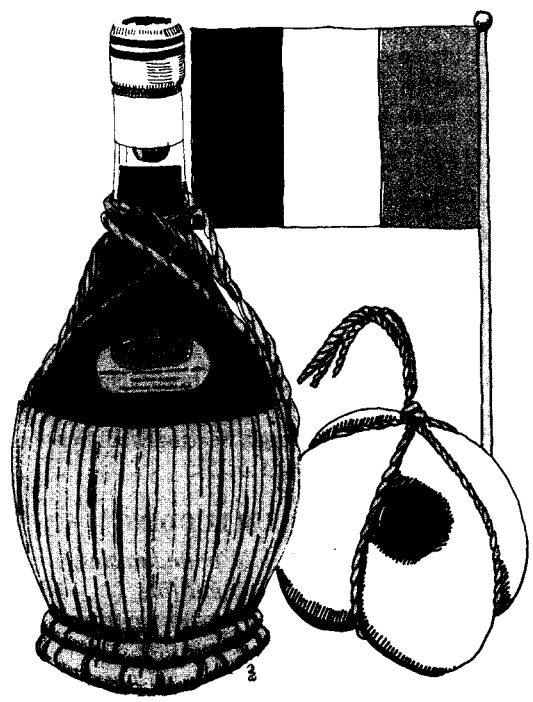
5-pound pullet, disjointed
¼ cup olive oil
¾ cup chopped onions
1 green pepper
1 clove garlic, minced
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
¼ teaspoon oregano
1 cup peeled, chopped tomatoes
¾ cup dry red wine
¼ pound sliced mushrooms

Wash and dry the chicken. Heat the oil in a Dutch oven or deep skillet. Brown the chicken in it. Add the onions, green pepper, garlic, salt, pepper and oregano. Cook 10 minutes. Add tomatoes and wine and cover. Cook over low heat for 30 minutes, or until chicken is almost tender. Add mushrooms, re-cover and cook 15 more minutes. Add more seasonings if needed. Serve with buttered noodles. Serves 4.

LASAGNA, MARINARA SAUCE

8 ounces lasagna noodles
1 pound ricotta cheese
8 ounces mozzarella cheese
½ cup Parmesan cheese

Cook noodles in boiled salted water for 25 minutes, or until tender, stirring frequently. Drain and arrange in a shallow 2½-quart baking dish. Make 3 layers each of cooked noodles, ricotta, mozzarella (sliced thin), Marinara Sauce and Parmesan cheese. Bake in a preheated slow 325-degree oven for about 45 minutes. Makes 6 servings.



Marinara Sauce

1 medium onion, minced
2 garlic cloves, minced
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 pound ground beef
3½ cups Italian style tomatoes
1 can (Counes) tomato paste
2 cups water
1 tablespoon salt
1/8 teaspoon cayenne
1 teaspoon sugar
Pinch ground basil
1 bay leaf

Brown onion and garlic lightly in oil in saucepan. Add meat and cook until browned. Stir with a fork. Add remaining ingredients and simmer uncovered for 1½ hours. Remove bay leaf.

CHILI CON QUESO

½ onion, chopped
1 clove garlic
2 tablespoons butter
3 tomatoes
6 green chili peppers
1 pound cheddar cheese, grated
½ to 1 cup hot water

Sauté onion and garlic in butter until onion is limp. Add tomatoes (peeled and diced) and chili peppers (peeled and minced). Stir in grated cheese and season with salt, pepper, and paprika. Simmer for 20 minutes, adding enough water for consistency to serve as a dip. Makes approximately 2 cups.

RED SNAPPER A LA VERACRUZANA
(Huachinango à la Veracruzana)

1 (2½-pound) red snapper
2½ cups chopped tomatoes
2 onions, chopped
3 green peppers, chopped
3 cloves garlic, crushed
1 bunch parsley, chopped fine
2 chili peppers, chopped fine (small elongated green chili)
1/3 cup finely chopped green olives
1/3 cup capers
4 tablespoons vinegar
8 jalapeno peppers (cut in half, fried and cut in strips)
1 pint oil
1 teaspoon oregano
Salt and pepper
¼ pint dry sherry

Cut red snapper into 6-ounce fillets. Sauté the tomatoes in a skillet, adding onions, then green peppers, garlic, parsley and chili peppers. Then add chopped olives, capers, vinegar and jalapeño strips. Blend in oil. Season with oregano, salt and pepper. Simmer slowly until all is tender and thickened. Add sherry during last part of cooking.

In a separate skillet, heat a little oil and add well-washed red snapper fillets. Cover fish with sauce. Cover the skillet and cook over low heat for 20 minutes. Keep fish from sticking by turning with wide spatula. Serve with rice. Serves 4 to 6.

GUACAMOLE

2 fresh tomatoes
3 very ripe avocados
½ onion, minced
1 clove garlic, minced
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 (3-ounce) package cream cheese
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon white wine

Place tomatoes in hot water and skin. Cut avocados in half, remove seeds and spoon out pulp. Mash and whip with a fork. Add tomatoes, mash and blend well. Stir in onion, garlic and lemon juice. Soften cheese and add to avocado mixture. Season to taste and add wine, if desired. Serves 4 to 6 as a salad. (Serves more if the recipe is used as a dip.)

CHOCOLATE PARTY COOKIES

1 bar German sweet chocolate
1 beaten egg
1 cup powdered sugar
1 teaspoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 package colored miniature marshmallows

Melt chocolate and add egg, sugar, butter and vanilla. Add marshmallows and let set for a few minutes. Press into 2 rolls with greased fingers, sprinkle with chopped nuts and coconut. Wrap in waxed paper and chill in refrigerator. Slice the rolls when they are ready to serve. Makes 2 dozen or more cookies.

INDIAN PUDDING

1 quart scalded milk
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup Indian cornmeal (yellow)
1½ teaspoons ginger
½ cup molasses
1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon butter

Combine scalded milk and salt. Add cornmeal and ginger. Let stand 20 minutes. Add remaining ingredients and pour into a buttered baking dish. Bake 2 hours at 250 degrees. Let stand about 30 minutes. Serve with cream or ice cream. Serves 6.

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continued from page 104

and stay out here." That word "debate" seems to have the connotation of not being very manly, so most of the time that shuts up the talk.

Instant replay? It's been a great thing for officials because it's shown that in 95 percent of the situations, under tremendous pressure, the officials have made the correct call. It's great, too, because it keeps the pressure on officials—it reveals the occasional mistake.

Will the instant replay, or some other mechanical device, ever replace the human referee? No way. For one thing, it would be unmanageable. It would require forty cameras on the field to record the action from every angle.

Then you'd have to delay the game on every questionable call while some committee reviewed the play. You couldn't play a game in less than five hours. The coaches would want to go over every call that went against them.

Too, it would take the human element out of officiating. That'd be like letting the quarterback look at films of the pass he just threw over somebody's head—and letting him try again.

A great game. I was on a program with Vince Lombardi once, and that great coach asked me, "Why, Tommy—why is this game so popular?" Sure, some people go for the slam-bang, the violence. But that's not all that's involved.

It's my idea that professional football mirrors competitive sports in America—and competitive sports stand for the things that made America great.

I hope you'll pardon me if I get on my soapbox a little bit. I want to tell you what competitive sports are. They are free enterprise at its best. It doesn't make any difference what race, creed or color you are. If you can play, you get the opportunity to do it.

And competitive sports might just be the last area where we have true respect for law and order and authority—because if we didn't have that respect in sports, the games would be chaos. Somebody did a film on me a couple of years ago. The theme was, "During the week, he practices law; on Sunday, he is the law."

One more thing. I have yet to attend a game, either as a spectator, official or participant, where they didn't bow their heads beforehand and pray to the Lord. They don't ignore God in competitive sports. The Fellowship of Christian Athletes has over 300 NFL players as members.

You may find this hard to believe. But we've worked some games where we didn't hear one curse word on the field. Now, that's unusual. I can remember when I was playing I was such a bad college gridder I was cussin' all the time, trying to use that as a cover for not being good.

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crutches. And are we foxes laughing! Boy, are we laughing!"

Rebel blinked. As his upper lip drew back over his teeth, Loopy looked for the last time at the face of a friend. But it had to be done, for the only happiness that Momma and the old man knew.

"So you laugh, huh?" Rebel asked slowly. "And I thought you were a right guy. I thought you were—Get going!"

"Make me!" Loopy taunted. "Just try and make me, lead-foot!"

Rebel swung and missed. Loopy danced out of the hound's reach, then darted in to nip Rebel's flank.

"C'mon, you bum!" he shrilled. "Try and catch me!"

Rebel had not had a real chase in weeks and his timing was way off. He lunged and lunged again, his teeth closing on empty air. Then, at last, he raised his cry.

"Hey-y-yyyy, Ru-u-u-ube!" he bayed. "Hey, Rube! Fox, fox, fox!"

They came from all directions, never doubting the urgency of that clarion call. The old gyps came and the pups and the front-runners of the Live Oaks Hunt climbed over or broke through the wire of their kennels to answer the tocsin.

Old hounds that had been in retirement for several years labored up off their beds to respond to the summons. And each one was in full cry.

Loopy was off at Rebel's first general-alarm bellow. He knew what "Hey, Rube" meant. He knew he didn't stand a chance. Still, his heart was lighter than it had been in a long time, even when he was with the gang at Rebel's dog-food-klatches. Nobody might ever give him credit for it, but he was undoing the mischief he had wrought by not liking to run. After tonight, after Rebel told the other hounds the story, there would be plenty of running for Momma and the old man and every other fox in Live Oaks Forest.

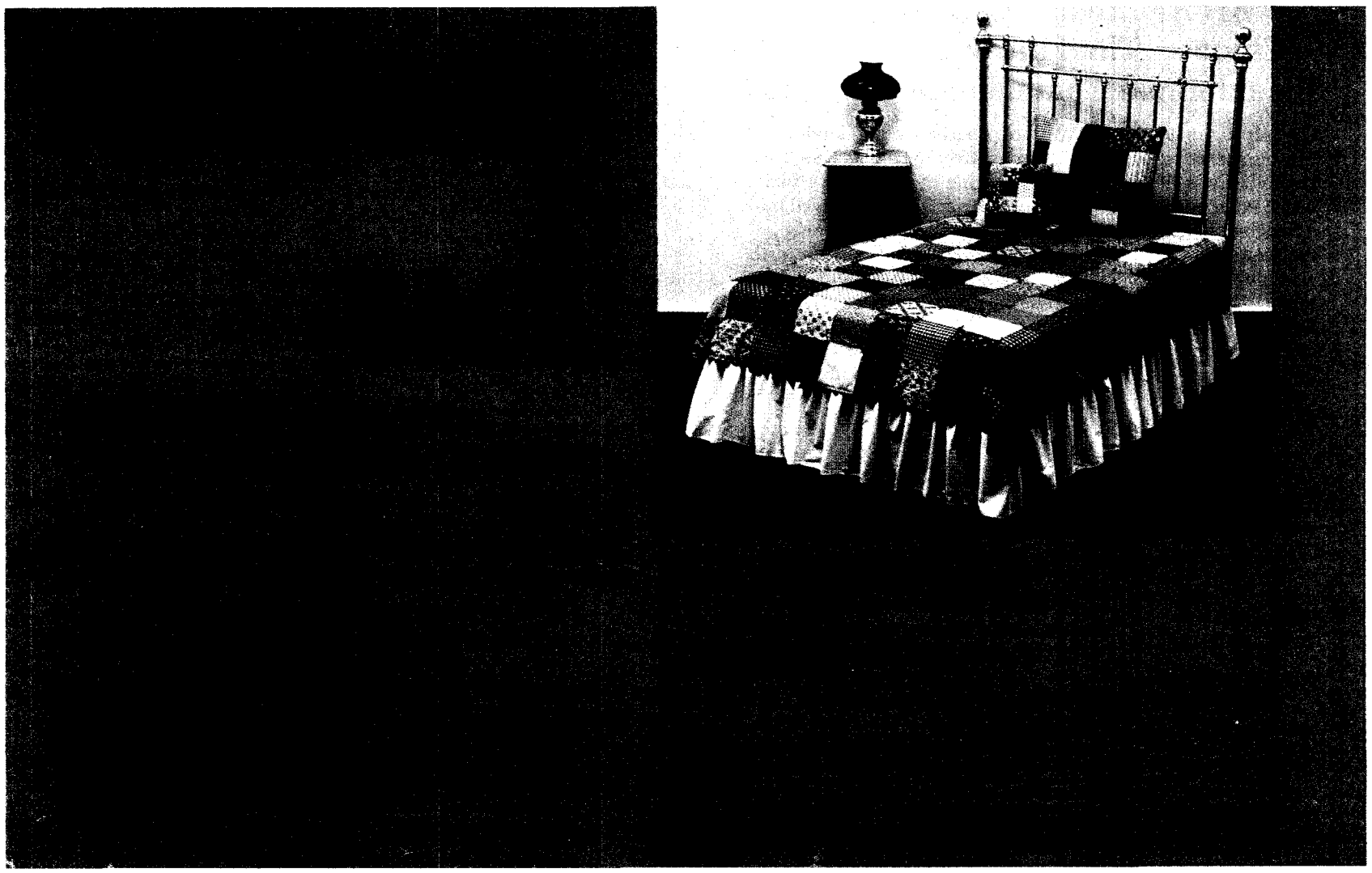
He heard the pack behind him as he stopped on a rise to look back in the general direction of the old den. He started to yawn, but something was wrong. The twitch was not in his jaws; it was in his paws. He raised one experimentally, and then another. He looked up to see the silhouetted treetops streaming past him.

"Looky yonder," he said in awe. "I'm running! And I like it!"

Back at the den, Momma roused herself and pricked her ears unbelievingly. She listened for a moment and then she nudged the old man.

"Listen!" she breathed. "Just listen to them! They're running. Bad times are over and all's right with Live Oaks Forest again!"

Nothing more was heard from Loopy. Maybe he got away; maybe he didn't. But to this day, no Live Oaks Hunt Club hound will trust a fox any farther than a horse can throw a red-faced man.



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Mother Christmas

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The only time we didn't have a tree was the year my father died. At that, the tree was already in its base but untrimmed—it was Christmas Eve—when the cop knocked on our front door. My mother went to the door, wiping her hands on her apron, and the rest of us gathered around behind her. The cop took off his cap when he saw her, swallowed, and told her that Pop had died at his job. It must have been the only time we all cried at once.

We took the tree down, and that was the one year that my Mother couldn't space out and prolong, in her own way, the simple joys of yuletide.

The wake was a part of a vanished age. My father lay so still and pale in his coffin in the middle of the "front room." My mother, some aunts and other women sat on hard chairs around the casket, their faces changing under the four flickering candles that flanked my father's box. They kept their coats on, for the room had no heat, and they spoke so softly that it was hard to follow what they were saying—though one of them seemed to be urging my mother to think about putting my brother George and me in "the home." I had heard about "the home." It was named for St. Joseph and was for boys from poor families, and orphans. I had no idea where it was, but it sounded like a prison. My mother said no.

It was warmer in our dining room and warmest, and best, in the kitchen. That's where the men were, and more food than we had ever seen before or would see for a long time after. The women of the neighborhood had brought in trays of baked beans, potato salad, and bread. Farrell's and the store around the corner, Traphagen's, had provided such wonders as a whole smoked ham, pies, and a cake. Dugan's or Costello's—it didn't matter—had sent a keg of beer. It was much more cheerful in the kitchen than in the room where my father was, surrounded by the women. Some of the men told Irish jokes, and laughed. Others puffed their pipes or cigars—nobody smoked cigarettes—and told stories about how hard "Jim," my father, had worked to strengthen the Central Labor Union. It must have been the latter who arranged for my mother to receive as a token of the union's appreciation and sympathy the biggest bonanza of our lives up to that point—$600.

My mother "made do," as she would say. She kept us together, kept us clothed, fed and watered. She was never much of a churchgoer, and resisted the soft sells of the occasional priest who sought to bring her closer to the God-fearing fold. But she was quite determined that her children live the full religious life. She packed us off to St. Aloysius's, fair weather or foul, every Sunday, Holy Day of Obligation and, for the altar boys of the family, every weekday. We all hated fish, but she would serve us no meat or fowl on Fridays and such other Fast Days as dotted her florid religious calendar from Hanlon's, the undertaker. Instead of fish, when fish-eating came down on us like an ultimatum from the Vatican, my mother would fill us with fried spaghetti or a baked mixture of bread that had passed its prime and a can of stewed tomatoes. My mother made vile coffee, even though she boiled it with eggshells in the bottom of the pot. But her pancakes were wonderfully thin and always crisp around the edges. One morning, as we watched her turning out stacks of these wonders, she held the filled ladle over an empty griddle, smoking on our coal stove, and said to me, "And here's one for you. . . ." Then, carefully pouring the batter, she spelled my name. And I guess it's still the best by-line I've ever had.

My mother stretched that $600 longer than she ever spared a Christmas tree. I don't remember ever being hungry or ragged. She kept us going, I guess, by never spending a sou on herself. She saw to it that we did not live on bread (and tomatoes) alone, but also on her hopeful phrase, "When our ship comes in. . . ." She kept a great secret from us: we didn't know until years later that we had been poor.

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continued from page 17

to the financial, social, emotional, physical, and other hardships which he brings upon those for whom he professes love confirms the appraisal during psychiatric studies of his true attitude. We must judge a man by his actions, not by his words. This old saying is especially significant when it is the man's motivations and real feelings that we are to judge. This lack in the psychopath makes it all but impossible for an adequate transference or rapport to arise in his treatment and may be an important factor in the therapeutic failure that, in my experience, has been universal.

The psychopath cannot be depended upon to show the ordinary responsiveness to special consideration or kindness or trust. No matter how well he is treated, no matter how long-suffering his family, his friends, the police, hospital attendants, and others may be, he shows no consistent reaction of appreciation except superficial and transparent protestations. Such gestures are exhibited most frequently when he feels they will facilitate some personal aim. The ordinary axiom of human existence that one good turn deserves another, a principle sometimes honored by cannibals and uncommonly callous assassins, has only superficial validity for him although he can cite it with eloquent casuistry when trying to obtain parole, discharge from the hospital, or some other end.

As in attempting to delineate other aspects of the sociopath, we find ourselves again confronting paradox. Although he can be counted on not to be appreciably swayed in major issues by these basic rules, we often find him attentive in small courtesies and favors, perhaps even habitually generous or quasi-generous when the cost is not decisive. The sociopath who causes his parents hardship and humiliation by repeatedly forging checks and causes his wife anguish by sordid (and perhaps halfhearted) relations with the housemaid, may gain a considerable reputation in the community by so often volunteering to cut the grass for the frail old lady across the street, by bringing a bottle of sherry over now and then to bedridden Mr. Blank, or by leaving his work to take a neighbor's injured cat to the veterinarian.

Outward social graces come easy to most psychopaths, and many continue, throughout careers disastrous to themselves and for others, to conduct themselves in superficial relations, in handling the trivia of existence, so as to gain admiration and gratitude. In these surface aspects of functioning, the typical psychopath (unlike the classic hypocrite) often seems to act with undesigning spontaneity and to be prompted by motives of excellent quality though of marvelously attenuated substance.

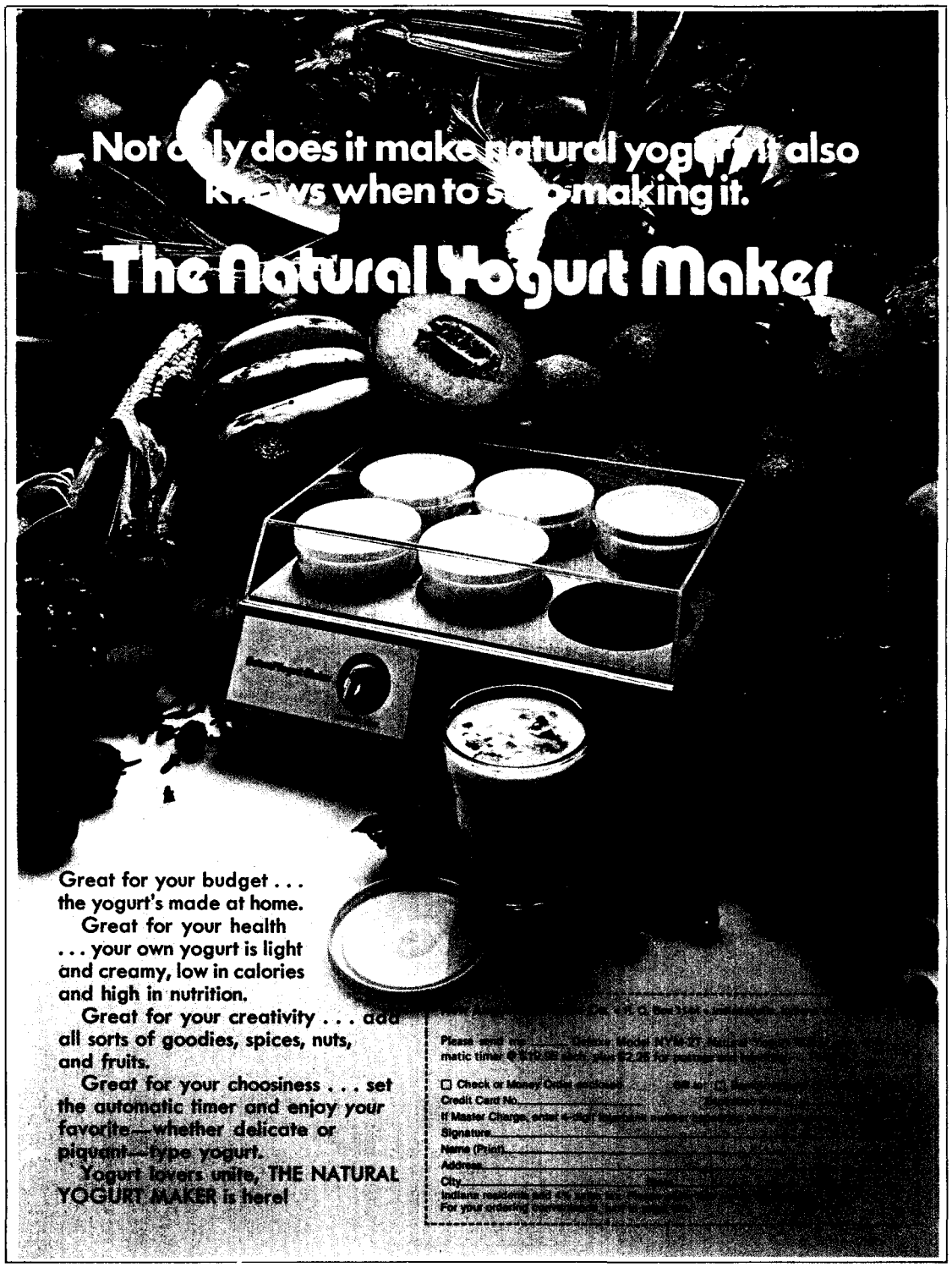
Although some psychopaths do not drink at all and others drink rarely, considerable overindulgence in alcohol is very often prominent.

A major point about the psychopath and his relation to alcohol can be found in the shocking, fantastic, uninviting, or relatively inexplicable behavior which emerges when he drinks—sometimes when he drinks only a little. It is very likely that the effects of alcohol facilitate such acts and other manifestations of the disorder. This does not mean, however, that alcohol is fundamentally causal. Good criteria for differentiation between psychopaths and others who drink, moderately or excessively, can be found in what tendencies emerge after similar amounts have been consumed.

A peculiar sort of vulgarity, domineering rudeness, petty bickering or buffoonish quasi-maulings of wife, mistress, or children, and quick shifts between maudlin and vainglorious moods, although sometimes found in ordinary alcoholics with other serious patterns of disorder, reach full and precocious flower in the psychopath. Even in the first stages of a spree, perhaps after taking only two or three highballs, he may show signs of petty truculence or sullenness but seldom of real gaiety or conviviality. Evidence of any pleasurable reaction is characteristically minimal, as are indications that he is seeking relief from anxiety, despair, worry, responsibility, or tension.

Alcohol, as a sort of catalyst, perhaps contributes a good deal to the long and varied series of outlandish pranks and inanely coarse scenes with which nearly every psychopath's story is starred. Free from alcohol, such a patient would scarcely sit under a house all night idly striking matches or, concealing himself behind book stacks, urinate from the window of a public library on passersby in the street below. Nor would he, like the psychopathic son of a prominent family, suddenly, as a prank, decide to climb into a tree at a busy street corner, where he deliberately undressed, shouting wildly and puerilely to draw public attention. This man could not be persuaded to withdraw until the local fire department was called to remove him. The alcohol probably does not of itself create such behavior. Alcohol is not likely to bring out any impulse that is not already potential in a personality, nor is it likely to cast behavior into patterns for which there is not already significant subsurface predilection. The alcohol merely facilitates expression by narcotizing inhibitory processes. In cases of this sort very little narcotizing may be needed. The oil which lubricates the engine of an automobile neither furnishes the energy for its progress nor directs it.

Sociopaths often indulge in these strange performances after drinking relatively little. They know perfectly well what they have done before when drinking and, with these facts squarely before their altogether clear and rational awareness, decide to drink again. It is difficult indeed for me to see any substantial grounds for placing the responsibility for the psychopath's deeds primarily on alcohol instead of on the disorder which, in ways no less serious even if less spectacular, he shows also when entirely sober.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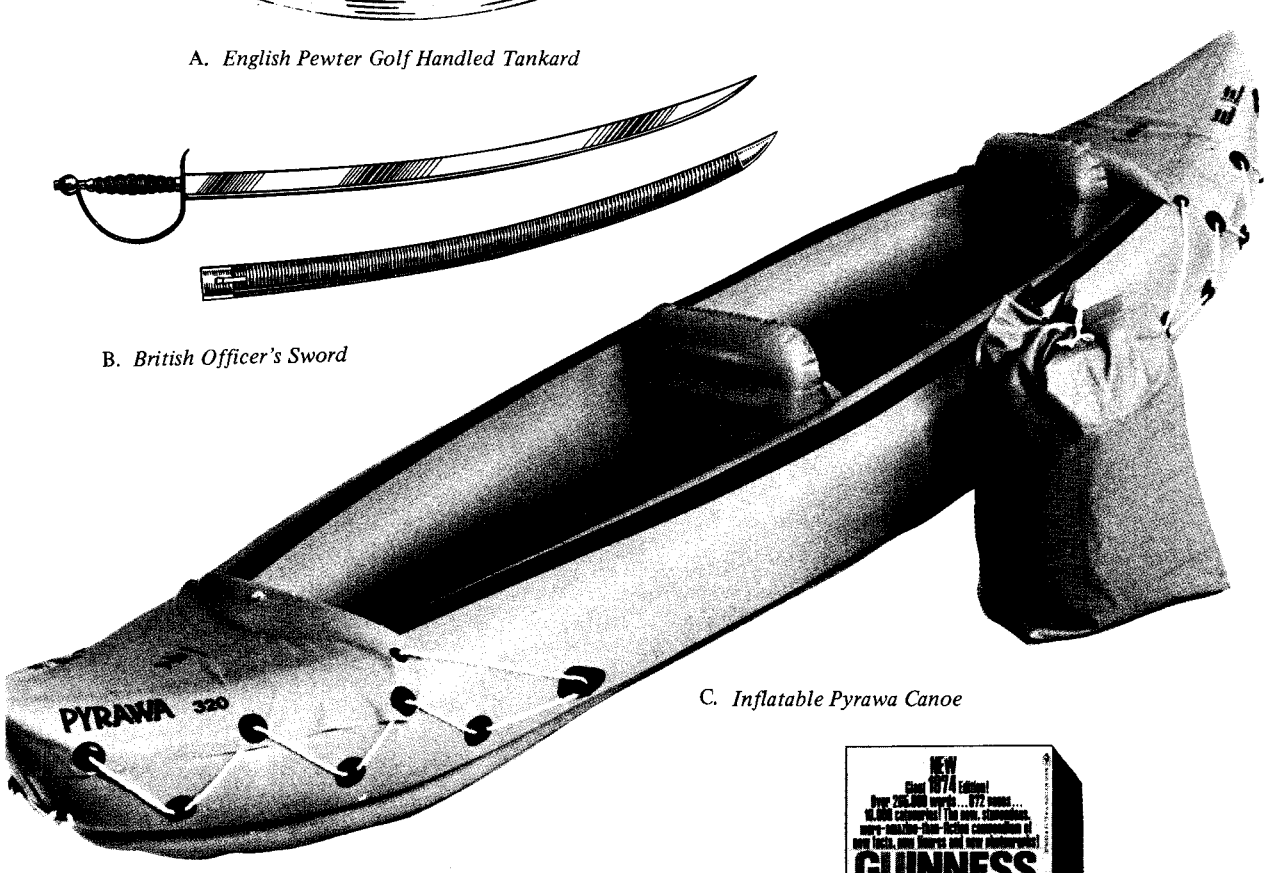
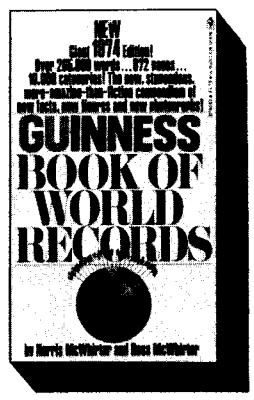
DIRECT MALE

A. *English Pewter Golf Handled Tankard*

B. *British Officer's Sword*



C. *Inflatable Pyrawa Canoe*



D. *The Guinness Book of World Records*

In this first edition of a happy hunting ground for matters masculine (which could appeal as well to the girls—we've got a story you may suspect is shaggy dog, but really it's true, or 'roo, as you shall see. Two U.S. travelers were journeying through the Australian badlands, encountered a kangaroo, and decided to polish him off, dress him up like one of them, and send the photo home. So they bopped him with a club and he obligingly passed out (but happily not on). They propped him up against a tree, put an expensive Borsalino hat on his noggin, and over his droopy shoulders draped a natty Glen Uhrquart sports coat. It was a great picture. But the roo-se failed; the 'roo woke up at the click of the shutter, and zoomed in, made fifteen-foot jumps, clear over the horizon. No harm done to either party, really. Except that the 'roo was now the possessor of a fine hat and sports jacket, and in the pocket of the jacket, of about seven hundred dollars and the finest collection of credit cards Down Under. The Moral: never give a guy with a pouch another pocket.

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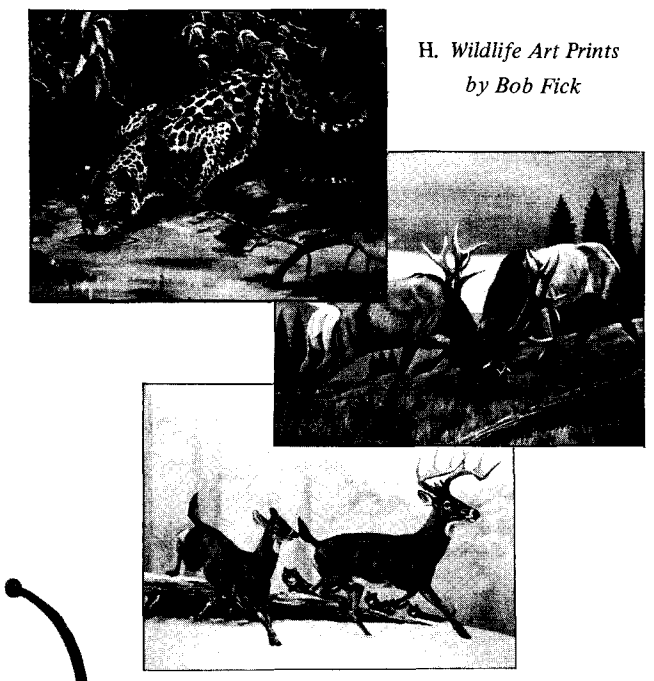
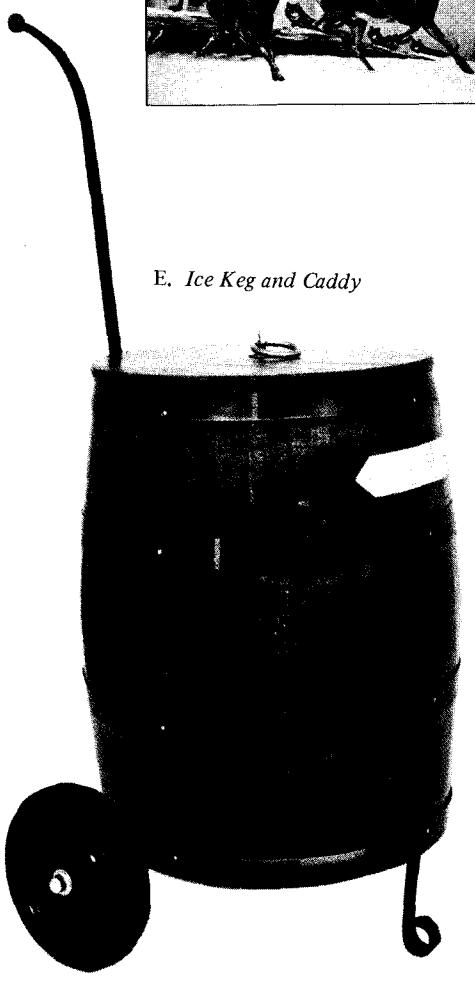


H. *Wildlife Art Prints by Bob Fick*



E. *Ice Keg and Caddy*

F. *White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers*

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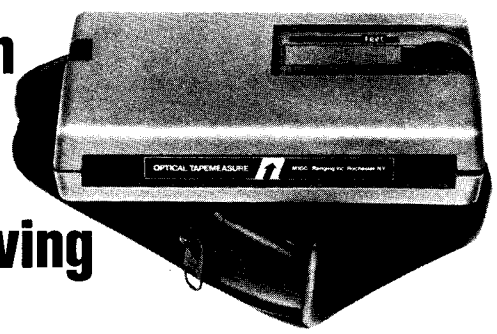

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George C. Scott

continued from page 31

"This film has some definite possibilities. I don't know of anything really close to it—with the possible exception of William Golding's *The Lord of the Flies,* which has the same quality of appearing to be about one thing but being really about something else. I was attracted to it because it exists on any number of levels. I think you always have to look for things that are not reminiscent of other things. *Savage* appealed to me because of that."

Trish volunteered that apart from the story the film offered her the best woman's role she'd come across in ages. "At a time when in nine out of ten scripts that you read the female part is simply 'the girl' someone threw in gratuitously as a sex object kind of thing in a caper film, Maida in *Savage* is a full-blooded character with true dimension. Where are the good parts for women?" she asked in mock despair. "The McQueens, the Newmans and the Scotts have their choice of really rich parts—they're just not writing them for women anymore."

"Nonsense," Scott said with just the trace of a smile in his voice. "This whole gender colloquy just doesn't hold water. If a person is interesting or his situation is, what the hell difference does it make if it is a man or a woman? It's like equal employment or the quota system . . . there have to be so many parts for cross-eyed Polish optometrists," he snorted. "Should we have 67 percent films where the male is the main protagonist and 33 percent for women? Or should we make it more equitable—making it 53 percent for men as against 47 percent for women? Foolishness, sheer foolishness. There *are* good parts for women—there always have been and there always will be."

Trish eyed her husband evenly—showing just a hint of impatience by tapping her tapered fingers on the arms of her chair. "Oh, *George,*" she said, rolling her eyes up to heaven. "I *used* to call him Mr. R and I," she confided, "old rigid and inflexible, and you can see why."

"*Angel,*" Scott said, "you qualify for that title as well as I do."

What was working together really like? I asked Trish. Heaven knows it could hardly be an easy task to be directed by a man who has been called "The Greatest Actor in America," especially if he also just happens to be your husband.

"There *have been* problems," she confessed. "George and I approach acting from opposite ends of the spectrum, although the meeting ground in our work is everywhere. You see, I'm more of a trained craftsman than he is. I have to weigh everything down from an intellectual angle. George, on the other hand, has this fantastic ability to get a character by osmosis. He almost breathes it in—that's the best way I can describe it."

"Trish feels that I have been inconsiderate of her needs as an actress at times," Scott said, "that I have moved over things too quickly that should have been made more comprehensive. I'm not so sure of that. I felt that she wasted time on things that weren't important. An actor should be ready, have done his homework and not want to stand around and talk, talk, talk about what he is doing all the time. I suppose you can say there was a certain amount of friction between us. We went through a couple of very bad weeks toward the middle, but now we are doing fine. Just fine."

Scott laughed. "I didn't promise you a rose garden, darlin'," he crooned.

Earlier Trish had told me that working on *The Savage Is Loose* with George had, if anything, strengthened their marriage. They've been together close to four years now—acted together twice before and have seemingly resolved the myriad problems of maintaining a marriage while pursuing their own careers.

"I was driving home the other night," Trish said. "The sun was setting and I started to think. I'm where I want to be, doing what I want to be doing, doing it with whom I want to be doing it and doing it the way we want to do it. It is the one time in your life, Trish girl, that you're well met—everything has come together.

"I think a project like *Savage* is an all-around satisfactory solution to our being together—to making our marriage work in the best possible way. For a while when we were first together, I went away and did some work on my own but neither one of us was happy being separated. Then I tried going for months without working and that didn't work, so when we worked together in *The Day of the Dolphins* that was good; and this of course is the jackpot. Because of this experience the nature of our relationship has become more communicative, more harmonious and more centrally focused."

Scott had gone to his portable dressing room to be made up for the final scene of the film. Del Acevido, who has been with Scott for nearly ten years, carefully applied age lines and fixed a gray shoulder-length wig on his head. The film takes place over a period of ten years, and by the end of the film Scott, in desperate confrontation with his hostile son, has aged considerably. Looking at him through the mirror on the makeup table, I studied his eaglelike presence. His eyes stared back at me.

"Why," I wondered aloud, "now that you have achieved recognition as one of the greatest actors ever to have appeared on the American stage and screen, do you insist that within

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a year's time you'll call it quits with acting forever? It just doesn't make sense."

"Acting is a beastly life," Scott answered softly, "a very hard life, destructive in so many ways. I wouldn't wish it on anybody, and frankly, after twenty-five years, I've had it. For a long time acting was, in every sense, my means of survival; that is not true anymore. After *Savage* I'm committed to another picture, and then I intend to direct—and to write—if I possibly can.

"You know," he said, "maybe I just don't *like* it that much anymore. I feel I don't do it as well as I used to, I simply don't. And when the desire goes in anything—well that's the time to move on, to get off the catherine wheel. I've never been crazy about the peripheral things in this business, and I find as I get older I'm less able to deal successfully with everything that attends to being a star. I cherish my privacy and I'm less and less patient with the people who invade it. That's no good, no good at all."

How does he feel about Trish's continuing her career?

"No way to stop her," Scott said. "She needs it too much. Unfortunately, though, my youngest daughter, Devon Scott, who is fourteen, was just signed for Alan Alda's new series. No, she didn't ask permission. No one would tell me she had done the pilot. They were *scared* to tell me. I'd heard she'd done a couple of commercials and I had hit the ceiling. There isn't a thing I can do about it now except encourage her, and I *don't* intend to do that. When I told her I totally disapproved of her going into the TV series and of her being an actress, she said to me, 'I have to.' I said OK, but you're not going to get any help from me—no phone calls to anybody from Daddy. If you make it, it is yours entirely. And if you fall on your face, that's yours as well."

Scott stood up abruptly.

"One last question," I said. "Does the whole concept of *The Savage Is Loose* fit in with your rejection of the Oscar several years ago? Is it yet another expression of your hostility toward the industry establishment? Aren't you thumbing your nose at the bigwigs?"

"Good heavens, no," he said. "Now I've said *all* I can possibly say about the Oscar business. Hostility? Maybe to awards in general. We are a nation of award givers. We give awards to traveling salesmen, for heaven's sake—we *love* to give awards. The full measure of gratification is in choosing a project and in doing the work. The rest is childish. As for *Savage*, I'd sincerely like to see the public have a chance to exert *some* kind of influence, and I think I've hit upon a way to do it with this film by reactivating the role of the theater owner, making him the decision maker.

"Maybe this time we have come up with something that will foster changes, finally. That's what it is *all* about, isn't it?"

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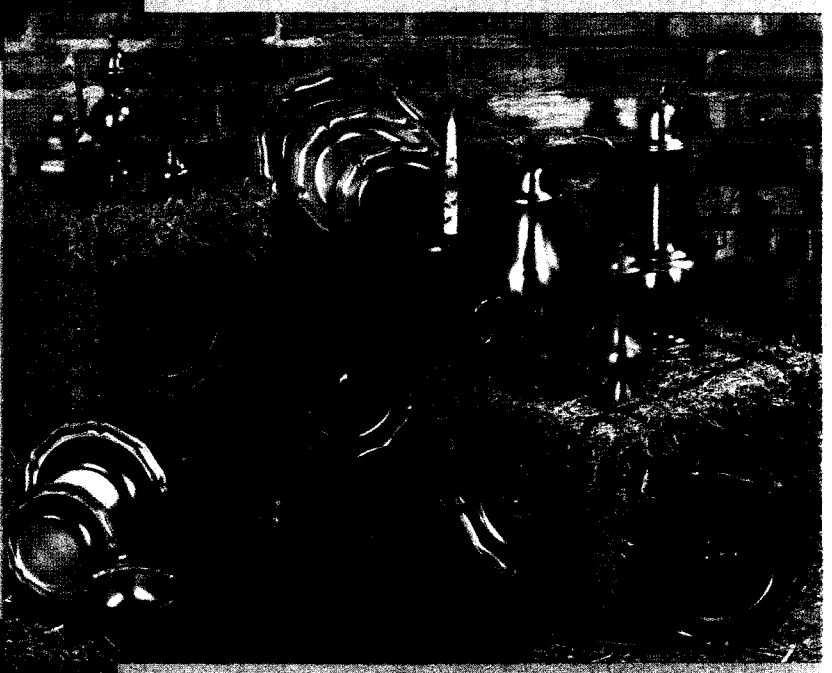

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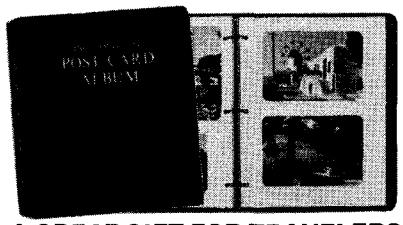

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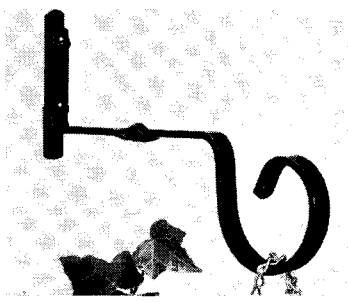

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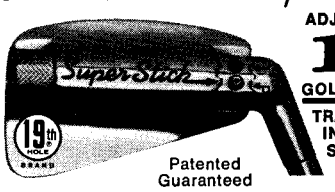

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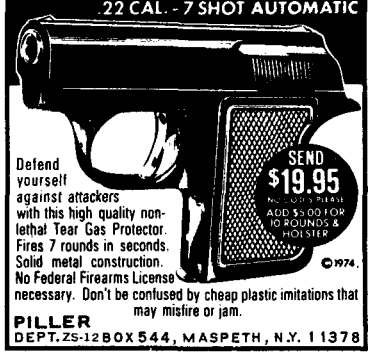

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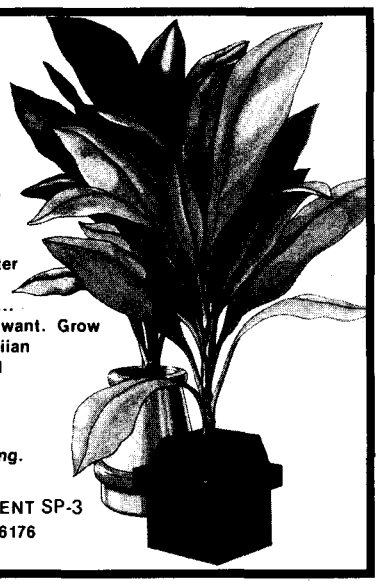

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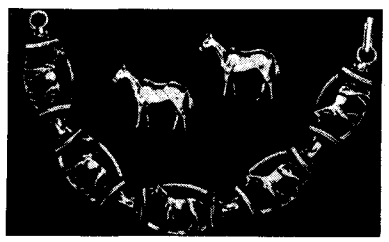

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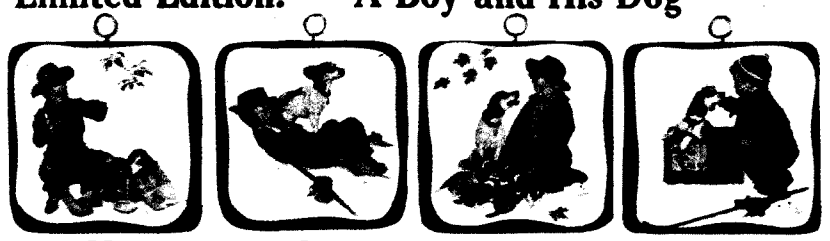

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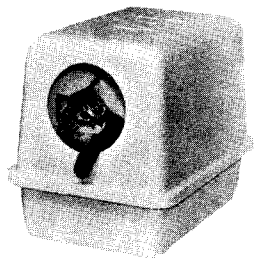

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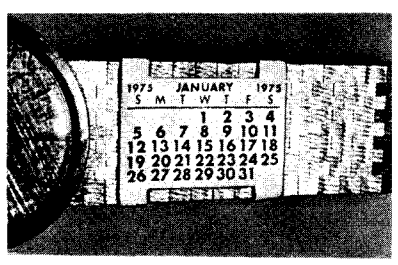

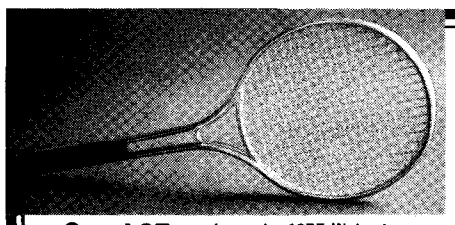

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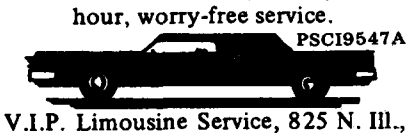

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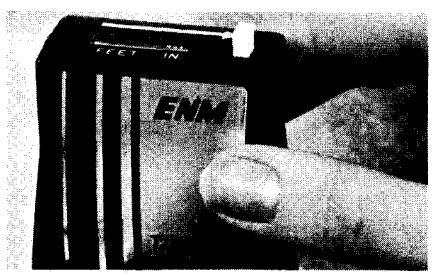

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YULE DINING

continued from page 117

Jewish cooking today is an amalgam of contributions, picked up by generations of merchants and migrants who wandered the countries of the earth. In the melting-pot processes of the big city these culinary contributions have simmered down to a tasty heritage known as "New York-style Jewish cooking."

BLINTZES

1 cup flour
2/3 cup water
3 eggs
1 pound pot cheese
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
Salt

To make filling, mix 1 egg and the pot cheese with the cinnamon, sugar, vanilla and a pinch of salt, stirred to crumbly consistency. To make wrappers, beat 2 eggs lightly and add to cup of flour with pinch of salt and sugar. Add 2/3 cup of water slowly and stir to make smooth batter. Pour 4 tablespoons of batter from a cup onto hot greased skillet–about 10 inches in diameter–over low flame. Remove to working surface after 2 minutes. Should yield 12 wrappers. Spoon filling into center of each wrapper and fold lightly into flat rolls closed at either end. Fry filled blintzes in butter or preferred grease over low flame until golden brown. Serve with sour cream.

MATZO MEAL DRESSING FOR ROAST CHICKEN

3 eggs
½ cup matzo meal
3 tablespoons shmalts
1 small onion
¾ cup water
1 sprig parsley
1 teaspoon grated carrot
1 teaspoon salt

Dice the onion and brown in the shmalts. Beat yolks and whites separately and blend. Fold in the matzo meal. Add onion and its fat with the water, carrot, parsley and salt. Stir thoroughly and pour into chicken cavity, sewing all skin openings to seal it. Dressing shouldn't fill cavity because it will expand while chicken roasts for about two hours, or until tender. Baste every half hour and turn chicken once after first hour. A 5-pound chicken serves 5.

HALEKULANI SALAD

Take 1 fresh Hawaiian pineapple and cut horizontally. Core the fruit meat and rinse the shell in water. Fill the shell with the freshly cut pieces of pineapple, mango, papaya and orange. Garnish with slices of apple and bananas. Center with cottage cheese or fruit sherbet and sprinkle with shredded coconut. Serves 1 to 3.

MAHI-MAHI MACADAMIA

Cut fresh fillet of Mahi-Mahi (dolphin) in 4 portions, 8 ounces each. Sprinkle with butter and lemon and broil until golden brown. Garnish with macadamia nut pieces and serve with steamed island rice and tartar sauce. Serves 4.

TERIYAKI STEAK

6 (8-ounce) cube steaks
Marinate for 6 to 8 hours.

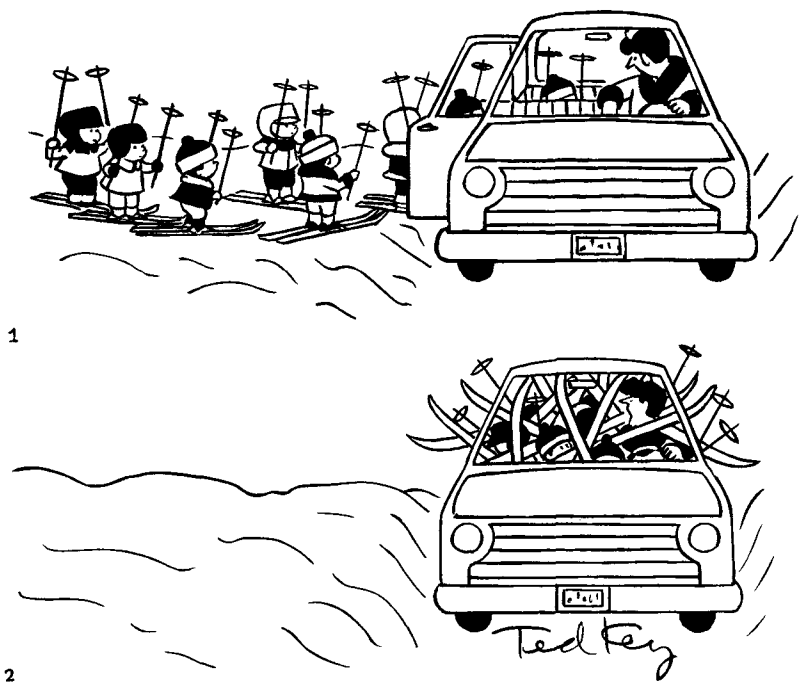
Marinade: ½ soy sauce and ½ water. Dice finely: garlic, ginger, onions, sugar and bay leaves and add to marinade.

Broil steaks to desired doneness and serve with Hawaiian steamed rice. Serves 6.

ACKEE BREAKFAST RECIPE

Ackee is the national fruit of the island. When ripe it is completely open and looks like a gold star. (Caution: Do not use when unopened).

HAZEL



"Shall we try that again?"

Boil ackee fruit and peel gently. Drain off the water. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a frying pan. Add 2 tablespoons chopped onion and 2 tablespoons chopped bacon. Add freshly ground pepper and some salt. Fry onion and bacon until onion is glazed and bacon is crisp. Add ackee and simmer for 5 minutes. (Ackee fried looks like scrambled eggs). Presoak salted cod for 24 hours and serve portion with ackee.

ORANGE FLAMBE

Cut an orange in half and section out as you would a grapefruit. Cut a small piece from the bottom of the orange so it will sit flat on the plate. Top with a scoop of orange sherbet and place on top of this a lump of sugar which has been soaked in pure lemon extract. When served, the lump of sugar is lighted with a match. Serves 1.

WEST INDIAN PORK CHOPS

4 double pork chops (6 ounces each)
¼ pound Swiss cheese, sliced thin
¼ pound baked ham, sliced thin
Flour
1 egg
3 tablespoons milk
2/3 cup bread crumbs
3 tablespoons Parmesan cheese
Salt
Shortening

Cut a deep pocket in each chop and stuff with a slice of cheese and ham. Then seal each chop. Dredge meat with flour. Beat egg with milk and dip each chop in mixture. Mix bread crumbs, cheese and salt. Roll pork chops in mixture. Fry uncovered in hot shortening for about 20 minutes, reducing heat after browning on each side. Cook until meat is done. Serve with broiled tomato half filled with mushrooms if desired. Serves 4.

WEST INDIAN SHRIMP

2 pounds large shrimp
1½ teaspoons cumin seeds
1½ teaspoons whole black peppercorns
½ teaspoon crushed hot red pepper
2 teaspoons curry powder
1 cup finely chopped onions
1 teaspoon finely , chopped garlic
2 cups canned tomatoes, chopped
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lime juice

Combine cumin, peppercorns, red pepper and curry powder. Place in blender until pulverized. Heat 3 tablespoons vegetable oil in heavy iron skillet. Sauté onions and garlic until transparent. Add spices, tomatoes (drained), salt, lime juice and 1 cup water. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil until liquid thickens. Add shrimp (cleaned and deveined) and simmer 10 to 15 minutes. Serve with rice and mango chutney. Serves 6.

FRENCH BREAD

1 ounce dry yeast
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons sugar
2 cups lukewarm water
4 cups sifted flour, or more

Dissolve yeast, salt, and sugar in lukewarm water. Mix in flour gradually until mixture will absorb no more flour. Knead dough on floured board until light and elastic (3 or 4 minutes). Let rise for 1 hour in greased bowl covered with a damp cloth. Place in a warm spot. Butter a baking sheet and sprinkle with corn meal. Shake off excess meal. Without working dough too much, divide into 4-ounce portions. Let rise for 45 minutes. Mark a row of diagonal slits across top of loaves with sharp razor. Brush lightly with butter and bake in a preheated oven (450 degrees) for 5 minutes. Reduce heat to 375 degrees and bake another 35 minutes. To get a crust on bread that is as tender as it is crisp, put large shallow pan of hot water on lowest rack of oven during baking. Makes 4 loaves.

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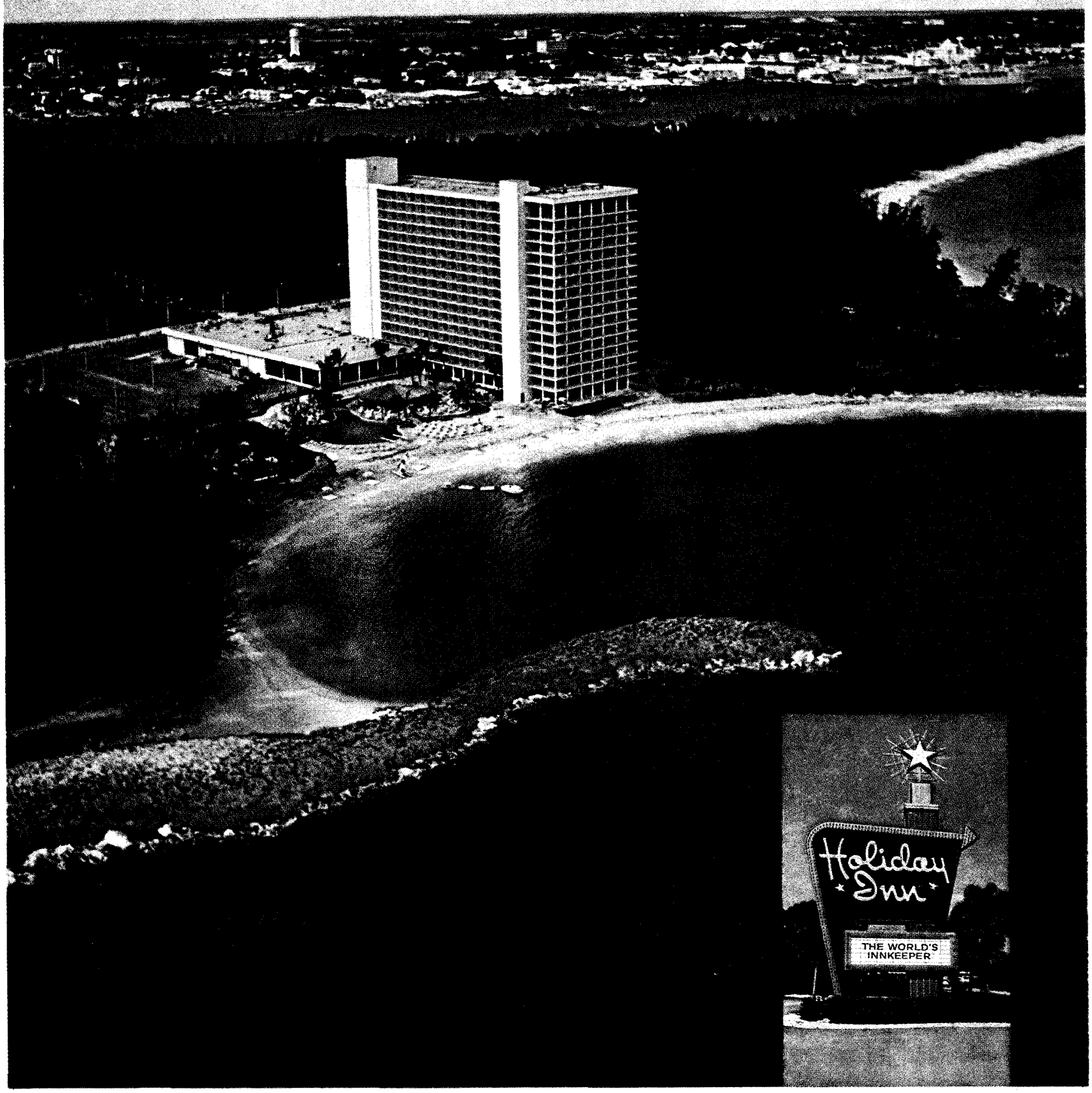

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